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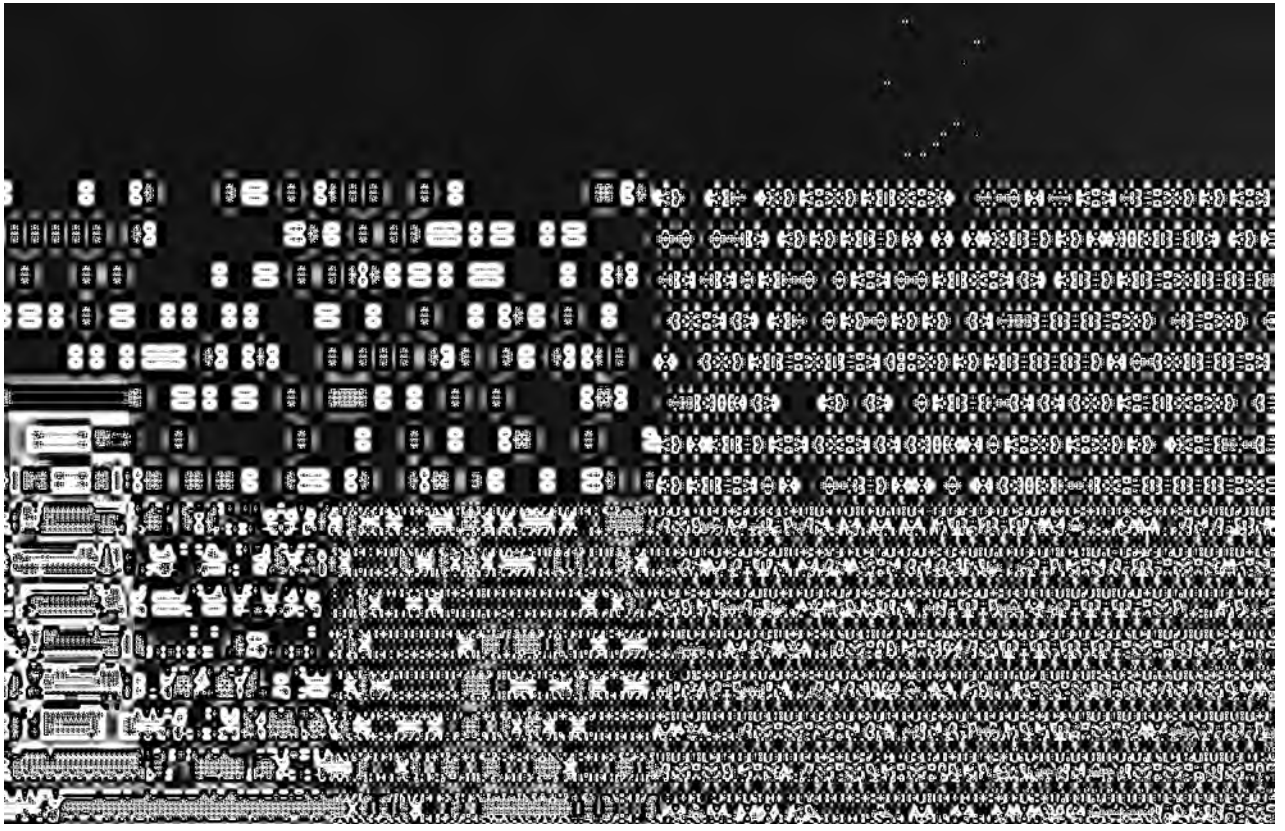

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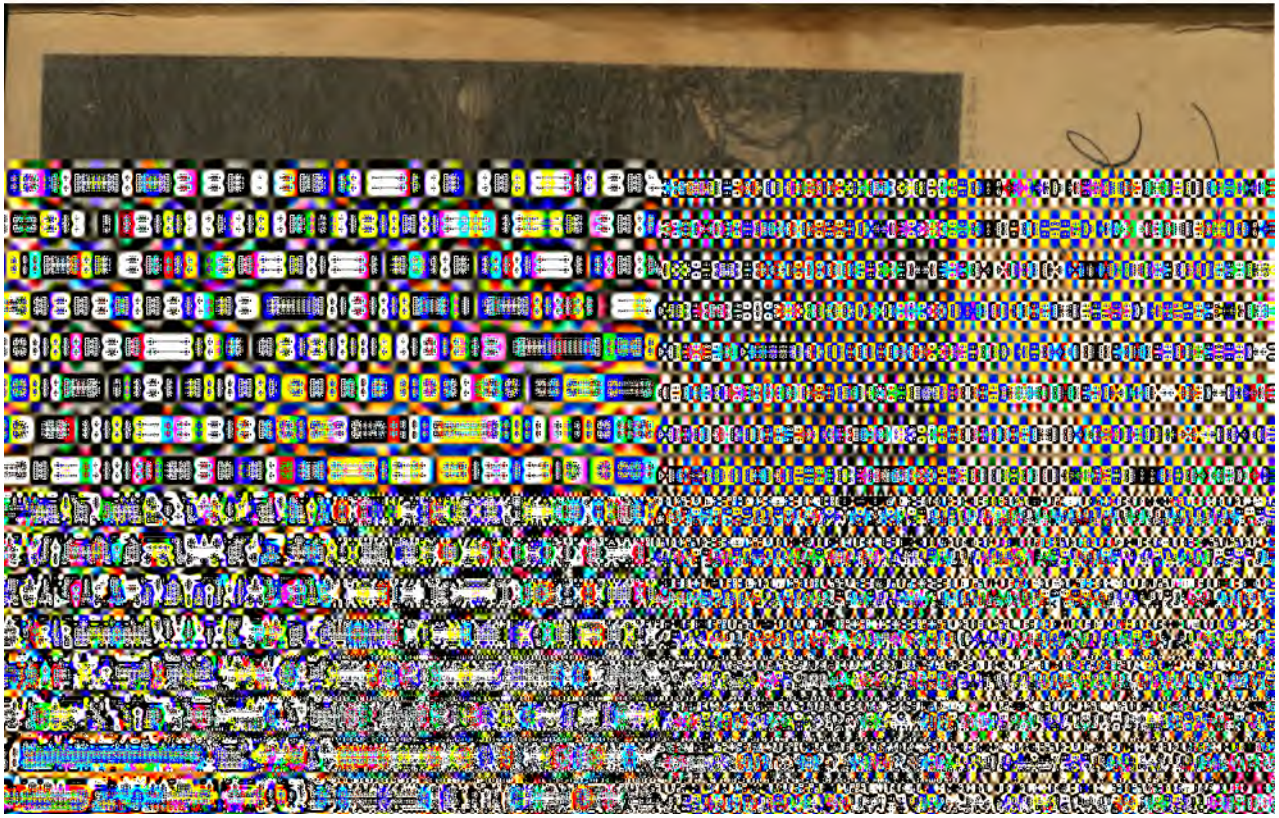

MEMORANDA

OF

THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND,

BY

N. PARKER WILLIS.

"Not by the wondrous powers
That witch this world of ours,
Does she my homage bind;
Her glorious mind and soul
On mine have a control
More potent and refined!
For all thy deeds that grace
And bless the human race,
I bless thee, Jenny Lind!

LUCK, *(the Deaf and Dumb Poet.)*

PHILADELPHIA:
ROBERT E. PETERSON,
N. W. CORNER FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.

1851.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDA

OF

JENNY LIND.

THE visit of Jenny Lind to America, professionally considered, is the first step in a new epoch. While St. Petersburgh and Vienna were *within* the circle of demand for the first talent in its prime, New York was, hitherto, far *without* it. No singer, who could still please a court and an European capital, thought yet of a trip to the transatlantic Republic; and though sometimes, as in the case of Malibran, we have had great celebrities here *before* they were famous, and oftener still, have had them here *after*—in their dawn and in their twilight—we had never seen one of the first magnitude during her meridian.

It was time that our advances in wealth, civilization, and the more refined arts, should be recognized, however, and time that all genius, which had homage to pay to nations, and fame to ask from them, should turn as promptly and eagerly to new and republican America, as to the monarchies of decaying Europe. We might think, perhaps, that this recognition was due to us long ago. It is true, there might have been an ear-

lier Columbus for this as for other discoveries. But it needs a leading and bold spirit, late or early, to take the first step in new valuings and believings, and Jenny Lind is such a spirit—capable of pioneering in this, as in things more sacred and loftier. The coming professionally to America, was not her first exercise of a bold and far-seeing originality of judgment, nor will it be, if she live, by many a stronger and more inspired instance, her last—or, so at least, we venture to predict, after some study of her character.

Deferring to the latter portion of the volume, however, what we have to say, individually, of the professional merits and career of the great songstress, let us proceed to our more immediate purpose, viz: the *collecting together such material as there is, for knowledge of her life and its incidents, thus far, and such data as are within our reach for a fair and critical estimate of her powers.* It is, of course, far too early, in the life of such a woman, to be time for a biography. She adds a new chapter to it every day. But the excitement of her influence is so universal, and the desire "to know all about her," is such a present demand of public interest, that the volume we propose is wanted, if only to assist in appreciating her while the enthusiasm is taking form for remembrance. We have one other impulse to the compilation of the work. There is a spirit of disparagement forever lying in wait, and from which there have been, from time to time, malicious murmurs of misrepresentation as to the deeds and motives of Jenny Lind; and, for the check and correction of this, there should be kept before the public a counter record of her merits and good-

ness. The anecdotes suggested to memory by her coming, and now on the lip, are therefore best recorded before forgotten, and the impressions on different minds, fresh now, but difficult of gathering together by and by, are therefore best arrested and portrayed.

Let us commence our collection of the scattered memorials of the life of Jenny Lind by the touching narrative of Frederika Bremer:

"There was once a poor and plain little girl dwelling in a little room, in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sung to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sung.

"The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sung. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music-master, whose name was Croelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Pücke, whose truly generous and kind heart was con-

cealed by rough speech and a morbid temper. Croelius introduced his little pupil to the count, and asked him to engage her as 'elève for the opera.' 'You ask a foolish thing,' said the count, gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. 'What shall we do with that ugly thing? see what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her. Away with her!'

"The music-master insisted, almost indignantly. 'Well,' exclaimed he at last, 'if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene: and then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world!'

"The count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for elèves, at the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song school of the opera.

"Some years later, at a comedy given by the elèves of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young elève acted the part of a beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicksome and full of fun as a child.

"A few years still later, a young debutant was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Freyschutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made

the members of the orchestra at once lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up and was to appear before the public in the rôle of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene as a morning in May—perfect in form—her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance, through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her 'mezzo voce' was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

"From this time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And, year after year, she continued so, though, after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public, being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Pamina

(in Zauberflote) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

"By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

"And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted everywhere, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, 'In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people.'

"One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seemed to belong to the upper classes of society,) thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered, and waited and looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buzz on the shore.

"'There she comes! there she is!' A large steamer now came thundering on, whelming on its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, toward the shore of the 'Skeppsbero.'—Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer; now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And, there on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale graceful young woman, her eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on shore.

"It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

"Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public written by the beloved singer, stating, with noble simplicity, that 'as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where elèves for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge.' The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera was crowded every night the beloved singer sang there. The first

time she again appeared in 'Sonnambula,' (one of her favorite rôles,) the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of hurrahs. In the midst of the burst of applause a clear and melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, sowewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournelle of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain,

'No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart.'

"She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people. She is expected this year in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with a general feeling of joy. All now heard of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out;—the expected guest, the poor little girl, of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of Nature and Art, is —JENNY LIND!"

It may assist the reader in forming an *imagination frame* for the above picture, to copy the following:—

A recent traveler in Sweden gives the following animating description of the scenery of a certain region in the native country of the Nightingale who is at present delighting our people with the melody of her voice: "It is a soft and quiet region. The fine rivers of Nor-

way are replaced by small voiceless streams. Little sheets of water are very abundant—lonely and beautiful, generally with a clear sandy bottom, a cottage or two among trees by the distant shore—a little skiff to convey the occupants to church or merry-making, and sometimes a water-fowl rippling the wave in its undisputed progress from shore to shore. Now, that we were almost as far north as the most northerly point of the British Islands, we expected that vegetation would become dull and flowerless; but nothing could be more delightful than the richness and variety of the wild blossoms that still adorn the wayside or gem the margin of every lake. The splendid water-lily, among the most lovely of all the floral ornaments of the north, is seen in great profusion; and, if we understand aright, the natives give it a name whose signification is not unlike that of the appellation by which it is known by the Highlanders of Scotland, who, in Gaelic, speak of it always by the very appropriate name 'drowned blades.' The wild myrtle, with its waxen leaves, was now also in full splendor. It grows in such abundance that the woods, in many spots, are one blush of flowers. This plant, and some of its allied shrubs, usurp the place occupied by our heaths in Scotland and England, little of these being seen here."

A sketch, with some other details, is given in the programme of her concerts in New York:—

"Jenny Lind, this greatest of modern singers, was born in Stockholm. Her parents filled a comparatively humble position in life, and when Jenny first came into the world nothing augured her future reputation. She

was a lovely and modest child, and from her earliest days was passionately fond of melody. Her first accents were almost made in music. One day, when she was merely five or six years of age, a Swedish actress heard the child singing, and was so surprised by the almost marvelous purity of her voice and the talent and native skill even then displayed by the child in its management, that she spoke of it to the Herr Croelius, a music-master, then resident in Stockholm. He came and heard the child sing, and instantly determined on presenting her to the Count Pücke, as a candidate for admission to the musical school attached to the Royal Theatre, of which he was the manager. The Count Pücke at first made some difficulties, but after hearing her sing, was even more astonished than Herr Croelius had been, and consented to her admission. She accordingly entered the conservatory at this early age, and was placed under the tuition of Erasmus Berg, a profound and skillful musician. After studying under this master for several years, the public were surprised one evening at seeing a child appear in a *vaudeville*, in which she had to sing. This child was Jenny Lind. Such was her success, that she became a public favorite. and after a short time, began to appear in opera. At this period of her life, every thing seemed to bid fair for the future, and the child looked forward to the day in which she might hold a high position in her art.— This, however was a dream which was destined to be dispelled by a misfortune to which she had not looked forward. It was the loss of her voice, when she was about fourteen years of age. She was compelled to re-

tire from the theatre, and again practice her art alone, and in the privacy of her own apartments.

"At length her voice returned to her, but it was no longer the voice which she once had, nor had it yet acquired the wonderful beauty and purity which now marks it. She now managed to go to Paris, and place herself under the tuition of Signor Garcia, who, however, at first little foreboded the future eminence which his pupil was to obtain. And very frequently has he said: 'If Lind had more voice at her disposal, nothing could prevent her becoming the greatest of modern singers; but as it is, she must be content with singing second to many who will not have one half her genius.'

"Her voice, nevertheless, gradually strengthened, and she was at length summoned back to Stockholm. Here she again entered the Theatre, and speedily became again a public favorite in Sweden. But during her residence in Paris, she had made the acquaintance of Giacomo Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer. This great man had formed a friendship for Jenny, and e'er two years had elapsed, she received an invitation from him to join the opera at Berlin. To this she consented, and soon after repaired to Berlin, in 1842 or 1843.—We are unable to name the precise year, but it was in one of these that she first appeared there. At the commencement, she made little impression upon the public, for her voice had not yet completely returned to her.—One evening, however, when she was singing in *Robert le Diable*, she felt that it had returned, and inspired by the consciousness, sang the music of *Alice* with such a force and power, combined with the sweetness to which

the public had become accustomed, that she electrified them and astonished Meyerbeer, who from that moment regarded her as the first of modern singers. Every thing was now changed for her. She rapidly progressed in public estimation, and her reputation soon spread through the whole of Germany, which at present is perhaps the most musical nation in Continental Europe.—Soon after this, a musical festival was held at Bonn, upon the Rhine, and the Queen of England, who was then on a visit to His Prussian Majesty, attended it.—Jenny Lind was engaged at the festival, and the English critics who attended it, wrote back such warm accounts of her genius, that it was not difficult to foretell that she would soon come to England. Accordingly, toward the end of the year, M. Belinaye came to Berlin, and through the medium of Lord Westmoreland, was presented to Jenny Lind, whom he had the satisfaction of engaging to appear, under Mr. Lumley's management, the following season.

"Her success in England was such as at once to rank her in the estimation of London as the very first of modern singers, and this, too, at a season when Alboni had made her first appearance there, and Viardot Garcia had returned to the English stage in all the triumph of a continental reputation. From this period her reputation has been unchanged. Incredible sums have been paid for the purpose of hearing her—sums, in comparison with which the $225 paid for the first seat which was on Saturday exposed to auction in the Castle Garden, can indeed scarcely compare. She has sung in Vienna and every capital of Germany with the same

extraordinary success. In Edinburgh, at the two concerts in which she sang, near £2000 were cleared above every expense by Mr. Howard Glover, who was the *entre preneur;* and at her Majesty's Theatre crowds have been in attendance round the pit and gallery doors as early as three in the afternoon on the nights on which she was to appear. She has sung before the Queen of England repeatedly in private, and has indeed appeared at all the Courts in Germany and northern Europe, excepting that of Russia; nor has she been merely received as a singer, but as a woman, the spotless virtue of whose life and whose extraordinary and splendid charities equally entitle her to the admiration and love of the public. While she lives her talents and her genius will constitute the highest of her claims to public admiration, and after death she will be remembered by those to whom her voice has been productive of so much and such abundant advantage."

A writer in the Home Journal gives an outline of the early struggles of Jenny Lind, which is still more complete, and though there are the same events described in this as in other portraitures of her which we copy, it is best, perhaps, to give each artist's likeness of the great songstress, without mutilation. Thus says the writer we speak of:—

"The sons and daughters of song had, until very recently, seemed, by a prescriptive and inalienable right, to spring from the soil of Italy. The rich and mellow climate of that delicious land had produced them so abundantly, that it was almost at length believed to be a right attached by nature to its warm and sunny shores.

A change, however, had gradually come over earth, and nature was slowly asserting her right to bestow her gifts where and on whom she would. Some strong voices found a birth in the laughter-loving land of France, and some found one in sober and tranquil Germany. Even England was not without them, and at length a change was to destroy forever what had hitherto appeared to be one of the fixed and immutable laws of nature. Sweden was the country from which Jenny Lind took her birth.

"She was the child of two earnest and laborious Swedes. Her father kept a school in Stockholm. There was this exquisite warbler born.

"Scarcely had she attained the age of nine years, than a Swedish actress named Madame Lundberg, heard the child sing. Struck with what nature had done for her, she introduced the child to Herr Croelius, a music-master well known in Stockholm. The old man soon became enthusiastic about her abilities, and presented her to Count Pücke, at that time the manager of the Court Theatre, requesting him to take the child under his protection. The Count measured the pale and gentle little creature with astonished eyes, and asked Croelius to what end such a request was made. Croelius persisted in telling the Count that it would be a sin not to reach forth his hand to such manifest talent, and at length Count Pücke consented to listen. Already her voice possessed that heart-searching quality by which it now exercises so irresistible a spell. Count Pücke was overcome, and he decided that she should partake the advantages of the *Ecole Musicale* attached to the Theatre Royal in Stockholm. Here her studies were conducted by the

Herr Berg, a profound musician. Shortly after this, Jenny commenced her career by appearing in the children's parts in musical *vaudevilles*, and by her quaint humor, and the striking originality of her musical style, even then remarkable, soon became a public favorite. She nevertheless pursued her studies with untiring ardor, until she at length attained her thirteenth year. The morning dawn of the girl's young life now became suddenly obscured. The high notes of her delicate voice vanished. The middle and lower ones grew husky, and vainly did her master essay to re-awaken the silver tones of his pupil. Under this deprivation, it was obvious that she could no longer appear upon the stage, and, as is usual with precocious prodigies, the former impression made by her was speedily obliterated. Her musical studies were nevertheless pursued with unremitting ardor for the four years during which she completely slipped from the public memory. It happened then, that in a concert in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was to be performed, a singer for the part of *Alice*, who has a short *solo*, was wanting. Herr Berg, remembering his pupil, thought that this attempt might be ventured upon by her. She commenced the study of the *solo* with a desponding and palpitating heart. But on the evening of performance, the long-missing voice reappeared. The surprised public recognized the voice of their former favorite, and the most tumultuous applause followed her appearance. Herr Berg, overjoyed, went to the management of the theatre, and, on the succeeding day, had the pleasuse of informing the wonder-stricken girl that she must, without delay, prepare herself to sing

the whole of *Alice*. In this character, at the age of seventeen, Jenny Lind made her *début* upon the operatic stage in Stockholm.

"Her appearance in this character was a perfect triumph. Jenny Lind was at once engaged as *prima donna* by the management.

"Yet while singing in this position opera after opera, who that has now heard her pearly *fioritura* would believe that she was struggling hard with her master to conquer the native inflexibility of her voice? Such was, however, the case, while, during eighteen months, she was engaged in interpreting *Euryanthe*, *Alice*, *The Vestal*, and other parts which required exertions that were most violent for her comparative youth.

"She then determined on leaving Stockholm for Paris, and placing herself under the tuition of Emanuel Garcia. Declaring her intention to the directors of the theatre, vindicating it by unanswerable reasons, the resolute maiden obtained the wished-for leave of absence. Her parents did not attempt to dissuade her, and so the girl departed for the French capital. Her first visit was to her proposed instructor. Garcia received her kindly. She sang. He listened to her, and when she concluded the air, said calmly, 'My dear child, you have no voice, or,' added he, correcting himself, 'you have had a voice, and are going to lose it. Do not sing a note for three months. Then give me another call.' Such was the comfortless reply of him upon whose tuition had rested all her hopes. She, however, would not return without procuring from Garcia another trial. After the lapse of the stipulated time, he found that her voice had im-

proved by its rest, and commenced his instructions. At this time he was teaching a Mademoiselle Nissen.—This lady possessed a fine voice, but no abilities sufficient to make use of the advantages it placed within her hands. Often did it make Jenny despond to hear Garcia hold this lady up as an example. He was indeed wont to say, 'Had Jenny Lind Nissen's voice or had Nissen Jenny's intellect, one of them would become the greatest singer in Europe.' In the following year, letters came from Stockholm requiring her return, and the promise given to her parents before she left it, drew her back. She was received with enthusiasm, and soon gave her former admirers proofs of the ample use she had made of her studies. Her reputation had now, however, spread beyond Stockholm, and the subsequent spring brought an invitation from Meyerbeer, with whom she had become acquainted during her residence at Paris, to assist at the opening of the opera in Berlin. This invitation was accepted by her, and in August, 1844, she went to Dresden, where Meyerbeer was then writing an opera, with the purpose of perfecting her studies in the German language. This capital she quitted for Berlin.

"Here she remained four months, during which time her reputation extended with a speed and rapidity for which we can find no parallel, and on her last night's appearance, previous to her return to Sweden, scarcely was the curtain down, than the excited audience made a rush upon the stage to bring her forward once more, amongst the most enthusiastic cheers. During the following summer, she was invited to the Rhenish festival,

which the king of Prussia was preparing for the Sovereign of Great Britain at Bonn. The Countess Rossi —Henrietta Sontag—heard her, and emphatically pronounced her *the greatest singer of her time.* From November, in this year, till the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled her engagement for five months at the Theatre Royal in Berlin. She then departed to Vienna. Here, even, the enthusiasm exceeded that which had prevailed in Berlin.

"It was after the Easter of 1847 that she appeared in London. Here her success was decidedly greater than it had anywhere yet been. The first opera given by the management of Mr. Lumley for the new singer, was *Robert le Diable.* Its success was terrific. Nor was it so only upon the first night that she appeared.—Articles of furniture and portions of dress were called by her name. The enthusiasm was universal. We have known such prices as £20 or £25—amounting to $100 or 120—paid for a single box at the opera on her night of performance—a box, be it remembered, contains only four seats—while four or five guineas have commonly been paid for the purchase of a single stall. Indeed, in the Provinces, where she went with Mr. Lumley, at the close of the London season, the prices were not uncommonly much higher—fifteen guineas having been actually paid at Edinburgh to secure two places for the purpose of hearing her. At this town two concerts were given by Mr. Howard Glover and his brother. They paid Mademoiselle Lind £1,000 for her services; Lablache received £200, and Gardoni £150. In addition to this the orchestra had to be provided, and Balfe to

be paid; yet the two *entrefreneurs* cleared above £1,200 by the speculation. We have given these few facts merely to show the success which attended Jenny through this engagement. The English papers themselves may give us some idea of the enthusiasm with which she was everywhere received. At the commencement of this year, Mr. Barnum had taken steps to secure her services on these shores. They were happily successful. It is true that he has engaged to pay her an enormous sum—no less than $180,000, as we understand, for a period of one hundred and fifty nights; we, however, anticipate that he will have no reason for regretting that he has made her such a liberal offer.—Certain it is that he will make money by it, and this very largely. We love the children of song, and if we make it worth the while of managers to indulge us with fifth and sixth rate operatic artists, we can certainly pay, and that largely, for the pleasure of listening, on our own shores, to the greatest *soprano* that the world has produced since the period at which Catalini was given to it."

Another article in the Home Journal, thus dashes off a crayon portrait of Jenny Lind as second soprano:—

"This wonderful songstress had, when a mere child, a remarkably sweet and powerful voice. At the age of ten she appeared upon the boards of the theatre, at Stockholm. Vaudevilles were written for her and she had, as some assert, appeared in Opera. Of this, however, we are by no means positive. We are well aware that if any one attain an after-reputation, the wonders of his or her childhood will be exaggerated beyond all

the possibilities of common credence. It would, nevertheless, be impossible to doubt that she was a remarkable child, when it is remembered with how deep an expression of regret the loss of her voice, at the period when it first broke, was followed on the part of the principal residents in Stockholm. This took place when Jenny was only in her thirteenth year. It was a bitter trial. The girl, however, did not despair. She still worked and studied on; and finally, by her own labors and the generous assistance of some of her friends, was enabled to go to Paris for the purpose of obtaining lessons of Signor Garcia, then and still considered as the greatest living teacher for those vocalists whose abilities and tendencies decidedly fit them for the profession of the stage.

"Garcia formed a very high opinion of the abilities of Jenny Lind for her Art. He, however, had little or none of her voice, nor did he think it could, possibly, to any great extent, improve. Nay, he frequently advised her altogether to turn her thoughts from the stage, as he foresaw nothing but disappointment in store for her when she should appear on it!

"It is, nevertheless, impossible to influence genius.—Jenny would not listen to him. She possessed no small portion of that courage which is almost invariably the accompaniment of high powers, and it induced her to dare all and to try all which might conduce to her subsequent success. She remained under the tuition of Garcia for more than a year. That she profited by it, all who hear her must feel, as she is now one of the most cultivated singers we have ever listened to. Her

cadenze and *furituri* are all of her own composition, and we may judge of their excellence when we know that Garcia himself was accustomed to adopt and use them as his own. She then bade her teacher adieu, and prepared to return to Stockholm. Here she sung at the Royal Theatre, which was then under the management of Count Pücke. The deficiency of her voice was still, however, painfully visible; more so, possibly, to herself than it was to others; and this, probably, induced her to determine on leaving her native city, so bitterly did she feel that she was no longer that which she had been as a child, in public estimation, when with not one half the knowledge which she now possessed, she had sung in the theatre of that capital. In Paris she had become acquainted with Meyerbeer, and now wrote to that composer, begging him to procure her an engagement at Berlin. Meyerbeer had always thought highly of her talents, and was pleased to have the opportunity of doing her a service. In less than a week he answered her letter. It was, however, no great service that he was at this period able to do her. All he had it in his power to offer her was the position of second *soprano* at the Royal Theatre. With this Jenny at once closed. She bade her parents farewell, and with her eyes flooded with the salt and bitter tears of her memories, departed for Berlin.

"Nissen was then the *prima donna*. She knew Jenny well, for she had formerly been her fellow-pupil under give[illegible] kno[illegible]cia, and the latter had often lamented both to her [illegible] her companion 'that she had not Jenny's talents, or pa[illegible] Jenny did not possess her voice,' so very strongly

did he feel that Lind possessed that genius which can alone create a great operatic singer.

"Jenny made no sensation. She appeared but in secondary *rôles* in accordance with the tenor of her engagement, *Adalgisa*, in *Norma*, being the best of the parts which fell into her hands. The critics noticed her in a few lines. One of them pronounced her an actress. Another praised the cultivation of her voice, and regretted its want of power, but this was all. In spite of this, however, she became a favorite with the management. Her untiring industry, and admirably modest and unassuming temper won upon their favor.

She had now been in the theatre about four months, when a large concert was given in the behalf of some charity. In this concert the fourth act of *Robert le Diable* was announced. Amongst the other portions of this act is a short *solo* for *Alice*, and this *solo* was placed in the hands of Jenny. What was the astonishment of those who had on that night to sing with her, on noticing a strange and marvelous change which had come over the placid and quiet girl. Scarcely had she entered the theatre, than it was noticed, by all who were present, that her face was literally radiant with joy.—On that evening she seemed truly beautiful. None could divine what was the spell which had effected so striking a change in the usually silent and timid maiden. Her friends and companions questioned her, but she gave them a quiet and evasive answer. She could not yet trust her own fancies. They had to wait, dul[illegible] puzzled, for a solution of the mystery. Nor w[illegible] in coming. The first note that was struck by [illegible] Her

she commenced her air, apprised them that a singular change had come over that small, and we had almost said broken voice. It was now strong and clear, and as its rich and brilliant notes rang through the walls of the theatre, the audience were electrified. Its exquisite purity had increased upon what some one or two in the *corps dramatique* remembered of that voice at Stockholm. Astonishment seized upon them. The side-scenes filled with listeners, and when she ended the air that she had commenced, the whole of the large audience was for a moment silent, so astounded had they been by the change which had now passed over her. Then they burst into one long and loud shout of rapturous applause. Three times had she to appear before them and to repeat that air, and the plaudits which fell from them when she had at length, for the last time, ended it, were, as it were, a seal stamped upon her excellence. The public had found it out. No previous puffery had brought the girl with a great name to reap a large harvest of scarcely genuine laurels. She had stood amongst them comparatively unknown.

"From that hour Jenny has grown in greatness.—Probably she has never sung better than she did on that night. Inspired by the unexpected recovery of her voice, she had poured forth all of her soul in it. It was to her like the glad waking from some dark and troubled dream, and in her delight and ecstasy she had given the audience the whole unrivaled treasures of her knowledge.

"We can figure to ourselves the fire and the passion pa[illegible]the girl's vocalization when she first stood before the

public, strong in the consciousness of her own powers, and feeling that she held, unmistakably, in her hands the spell under whose strength she was hereafter to enchant the world. This is one of the brightest hours in the records of all genius—one of those hours of which, when we hear or read, we lose ourselves in the wish that we had such another in our own lives, on which to rest our memory when it is worn out and fatigued by the daily struggles with the cares of a busy and toilsome existence."

Jenny Lind's career upon the continent of Europe was rapid and triumphant. She had by the perfectness of her early struggles with difficulty, left no room for hindrances or adverse chances. In 1844, she appeared at Berlin for the first time. She carried that critical capital with a positive torrent of success. For four months she was its idol. Thence she proceeded on a tour through the towns of Northern Germany—successful every where as no singer had been, before her. In Hamburg a silver wreath was given her. At the time of Victoria's visit to Germany, when festivals were given on the Rhine, the Swedish songstress was the leading object of enthusiasm. It was at this time that she was first heard by Sontag, (the Countess Rossi), and by her, and by the famous patron of music, Lord Westmoreland, fairly and openly pronounced the greatest singer of the age. The London Atheneum published a letter which gives an idea of the enthusiasm at this period of her career:—

FRANKFORT, October, 1846.

MD'LLE JENNY LIND:—

"'I wish somebody would kill Lady Kilgobbne!' was the cry of Lady Morgan's heroines, when driven past all patience by hearing perpetual panegyrics of an absent leader of country fashion!—The race of travelers 'who have music in their souls' this year in Germany must be ready to echo the same desire with regard to Md'lle Jenny Lind. Since I have known the world of melody I have encountered nothing of the curiosity and expectation excited by her. Dine where you would during the Frankfort Fair, you heard of Free Trade—and Jenny Lind; of Rail-roads—and, next of Jenny Lind; of the Spanish Match (what a pleasant old-comedy title for a topic)—and, still, Jenny Lind; of the Pope and the people (and yet a more relishing novelty for all save the Absolutists!)—and, always Jenny Lind! When she was coming—what she would sing—how much be paid—who get the places—and the like. So that, what with exigent English *dilettanti* flying at puzzled German landlords with all sorts of Babylonish protestations against disappointment and uncertainty, and native High Ponderosities ready to trot in the train of the Enchantress wheresoever she might please to lead—with here and there a dark-browed *prima donna* bowing, Medea-like, in the back ground, and looking daggers whenever the name '*Questa Linda!*' was uttered,—nothing, I repeat, can be compared to the universal excitement,—save passages ('green spots in the memory of many a dowager Berliner) when enthusiasts ran to drink champagne out of Sontag's shoe!'"

For four months again—from December 1845, to March 1846—Jenny Lind was at Berlin, in an unabated career of popularity. She went thence to Vienna, the most difficult musical arena of Europe, and appeared in the first performance of Meyerbeer's opera of VEILKA. Success attended her as usual; and the audience was aroused to the highest expressible degree of public enthusiasm. At the close of this engagement she returned again to her native city, and began to think of her first visit to England. Of the good wishes that assisted her to prepare for this, an able writer mentions one or two of the most prominent:—

"The king of Prussia, who had been a frequent and charmed listener to Mademoiselle Lind, and in whose capital the title of 'Swedish Nightingale' had been first given her, expressed himself anxious for her success on her visit to Great Britain, and wrote a letter to the Court of St. James, in which he desired her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to show 'every possible kindness to one of the most modest, exemplary, and talented singers which any time had yet produced.' King Oscar of Sweden, too, took a warm interest in her behalf; and it was from that estimable monarch that the singer heard the earliest prophecy of that after success which was to make her the most celebrated *prima donna* of modern Europe. 'Go on as you have commenced, Mademoiselle Lind,' said the King, 'and I will tell you that your reputation will not be limited to Germany or Sweden; you will enrapture the whole of the musical continent.' Jenny's return was a bow, for words could not express her feelings at the moment. They must have been plea-

surable ones, and, no doubt, she has often reverted to them since the royal prophecy has been fulfilled, and she has attained the highest point of fame and fortune."

With a brief intermediary engagement at Berlin, Jenny now opened a correspondence with Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, in London, who had first been awakened by the continental reputation of the fair Swede, and had first written to offer her an engagement. His offer was a liberal one, and it was accepted. Subsequent better acquaintance with the arrangements of the theatre, however, satisfied Jenny that the stipulations she had bargained for, as to support by the other singers, minor details etc. etc., would not be carried out. She resolved, therefore, that the engagement was virtually null, and that her proper course was to consider it void and abide the consequences. With her instinctive nobleness of nature, however, she was unwilling to leave herself open to any reproach of injury to Mr. Bunn's interests, and she therefore made him the offer of compromise expressed in the following letter:—

"VIENNA, February 28, 1847.

"SIR,—I had the honor of receiving your letter of the 19th of December 1846, in which you pretend to have to claim from me damages for my non-arrival in 1845. You are perfectly conversant with my reasons for not coming, and which rendered impossible my appearance at your theatre. Besides, my arrival would have been fruitless, since you had not at the time the opera of the 'Feldlager' translated into English, nor the music which I was engaged to sing. It is more than probable that

this affair brought before a court of justice would yield you nothing; but I am determined you shall not tax me again with bad faith, however little I merit such a reproach; and I offer to pay you the sum of £2000 (two thousand pounds,) on your returning the paper signed by me, to the person I shall appoint for that purpose.

"As I shall, in any event, come to London, I should prefer coming with the consciousness of having done all that depended upon me, and I leave it to your choice and judgment whether you will prefer this arrangement to a lawsuit, from which you would probably derive nothing.

"I have given to Mr. Edward Jennings, of No. 9, Chancery-lane, all necessary and further instructions on the present subject.

"I remain, etc.,

"JENNY LIND.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, London."

Mr. Bunn, at first refused the offer, but the dispute was finally settled in March 1847, by his accepting it. The following squib which appeared in one of the London papers, upon the subject, may amuse the reader:—

JENNY LINDEN.

On Lind, when Drury's sun was low,
And bootless was the wild beast show,
The lessee counted for a flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

But Jenny Lind, whose waken'd sight
Saw Drury in a proper light,
Refused for any sum per night,
To sing at the Menagerie.

With rage and pain, in vain displayed,
Each super drew his wooden blade,
In fury half, and half afraid
For his prospective salary.

Bunn in a flaming frenzy flew,
And speedily the goose quill drew,
With which he is accustomed to
Pen such a deal of poetry.

He wrote the maiden, to remind
Her of a contract she had signed,
To Drury Lane's condition blind,
And threatened law accordingly,

Fair as in face in nature, she
Implored the man to set her free,
Assuring him that he should be
Remunerated handsomely.

Two thousand pounds she offer'd so
That he would only let her go:
Bunn, who would have her bond, said No;
With dogged pertinacity.

And now his action let him bring,
And try how much the law will wring
From her, to do the handsome thing,
Who had proposed so readily.

The Swedish Nightingale to cage
He failed; she sought a fitting stage,
And left him to digest his rage,
And seek his legal remedy.

Then shook the house with plaudits riven
When Jenny's opening note was given,
The sweetest Songstress under heaven
Forth bursting into melody.

But fainter the applause shall grow,
At waning Drury's wild beast's show

And feebler still shall be the flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

The opera triumphs! Lumley brave
Thy bacon thou shalt more than save;
Move, London, all thy kerchiefs wave,
And cheer with all thy chivalry.

'T is night; and still yon star doth run;
But, all in vain for treasurer Dunn
And Mr. Hughes and Poet Bunn,
And quadrupeds and company.

For Sweden's nightingale so sweet,
Their fellowship had been unmeet,
The sawdust underneath whose feet
Hath been the Drama's sepulchre.

Jenny's departure from Stockholm, to try her star in England was signalized by a very extraordinary demonstration for so cold a people as the Swedes. Between fifteen and twenty thousand people were assembled on the quay to take leave of their worshiped countrywoman, military bands were stationed at intervals, and she embarked amid cheers, music and tears. The rigging of the vessels in the harbor were manned, and the hurrahs and waving of handkerchiefs continued as long as the steamer was in sight, which bore her away. Her last performance in her native city was in aid of the funds of a charitable institution she had founded, and the tickets of admission on this occasion were sold for immense prices at auction.

She arrived in London on the 17th October, 1847.—Her first few days were passed with her friend Mrs. Grote, wife of a wealthy banker and Member of Par-

liament, and she subsequently took a furnished house at Brompton, and lived in strict seclusion from society during her engagement.

The excitement of her arrival in London, is thus sketched by a writer in the New Monthly Magazine:—

"On Saturday the 17th ult., a strange sensation came over the inhabitants of London. Something had happened—what was it? Was it in the air, or under the earth? Which class of the Rosicrucian spirits was at work? The salamanders—the sylphs—the naiads—the gnomes? Nobody knew. There was a certain epidemic sensation perfectly unaccountable.

"Most people know that a divining-rod is a sort of stick which is mysteriously affected by the presence of certain subterranean things in its immediate vicinity, perhaps by springs, perhaps by mineral formations.—Fewer are the people who know that there are certain human individualities who may be called living divining-rods, and who, when approaching the object for which they have a mysterious sympathy, are attacked by some strange pain for which they are not able to account. In this condition exactly were the whole of the Londoners on the day, and at the hour in question. The banker in his counting-house fancied for the instant that the chink of the sovereigns formed itself into a light melody; the merchant saw the words of the bills that came due arrange themselves into a musical staff, decorated with various notes from the stately semibreve to the fluttering *appoggiatura*—the chimes of the Exchange clock were heard to give a fuller and more musical sound, and

there was something orchestral in the rattle of the cabs and omnibuses.

"Gradually the sensation became more definite, and there was a kind of notion that it proceeded from the direction of Blackwall. Was the word 'Blackwall,' sung by some ethereal spirit, which floated down Fenchurch-street and Cornhill, and then buzzed about the colonnades of the Exchange, rejoicing in the encaustic decoration? We know not—we know that the persons who had hitherto listened to melodious sovereigns, gazed on commercial scores, and been entranced by sonorous chimes, and harmonious cabs and omnibuses, were now conscious, without knowing why, that something particular was going on at Blackwall. One *gourmet* was of opinion that a marvel for the time of year had come to pass, in the shape of an arrival of an unusual quantity of white bait.

"Our readers who are aware that Jenny Lind arrived at Blackwall on the 17th, at 2 P. M., will be able perfectly to account for all these strange phenomena.

"At about half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the same day, a still more powerful sensation was felt among the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre. If it was a spirit that whispered about 'Blackwall' at the east-end, the same spirit now repairing to the brilliant west, spoke distinctly 'Jenny Lind is in the house.' How could the audience, under these circumstances, attend to 'I due Foscari,' although Coletti played the part of the old doge?

"But what was the unfortunate old Foscari, and what was the unfortunate young Foscari, when it was

known as a positive fact that Jenny Lind was in the house? To that small, fair-haired, innocent-looking, unconscious lady on the first tier, were countless lorgnettes directed. The sole question was, 'Where is Jenny Lind?' The sole answer was, 'There is Jenny Lind!'

"The sensations of the audience when they had actually seen Jenny Lind were—

"But stop. The prudent painter of the sacrifice of Iphigenia feeling himself inadequate to express the grief of the father, covered the face with drapery. Our article terminates here. We would not venture to describe the sensations of the persons who *had* seen Jenny Lind."

Another paper, the Illustrated News, thus graphically discoursed on the same subject:—

"Md'lle. Jenny Lind.—This celebrated *artiste*, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, has now arrived in this country. Perhaps no artist has ever created such interest before her *dêbut* as Md'lle. Jenny Lind; the very uncertainty of her arrival giving additional importance to every particular concerning her. Her first appearance is anxiously awaited by all lovers of art, and even by all those who, careless of art for its own sake, are nevertheless swayed by the whim and fashion of the moment. Her *dêbut* in England, so important an event in the life of an artist whose fame is now established beyond the reach of vicissitude, will, singularly enough, take place in the part of *Alice*, in 'Robert le Diable,' the same in a portion of which she performed on the outset of her theatrical career, after the years of discouragement which followed her pros-

perous childhood. If this part, though containing delightful music, is not very prominent as regards the singing, it makes up for it as regards the acting. The character of *Alice* is touching and beautiful, and calls forth those dramatic resources which Md'lle. Lind possesses in the most extraordinary degree. If her acting be art it is truly the perfection of art, which, we have often heard, consists in concealing it. What is the most extraordinary feature of her genius is its versatility. Those who are acquainted with the story of her life, and have watched, in her speaking countenance, the depth of thought and intellect, and the profound sensibility, which illuminate it, could hardly believe that her comic power is equal to her tragic genius. Lablache, who went to see her on her arrival, was amazed at her power as a mimic. The opinion of this great artist, of the voice of the Swedish *prima donna*, may be instructing to our readers. He says that each note is like a pearl, and on another occasion, he exclaimed that hers was the 'singing of heaven.' She pronounced Italian so well, that we hear she has even corrected the prompter himself. In connection with the very elegant compliment of Lablache, as stated above, there is current an anecdote that tends to exhibit Jenny Lind in a charming light. One morning, during the rehearsal at her Majesty's Theatre, the songstress, recollecting what Lablache had said respecting her voice, requested him to lend her his hat. He readily complied, though at a loss to guess the reason why the lady wanted it. Taking it from the Signor, with a graceful courtesy, Mademoiselle Lind went to another part of the stage,

and putting her mouth to the broad-brimmed *chapeau*, sung a favourite air, to the astonishment of all near her. When she had concluded she went off to Lablache, and requesting him to go down on his knees, as she had a valuable present for him, she returned the hat, with the remark, that she had made him excessively rich, according to his own showing, insomuch as she had filled the familiar covering of his head with 'pearls.' There was a charming simplicity in her manner at this time, and her action had been so altogether unexpected, that her fellow-professionals were delighted with her, while as for Lablache, he seemed as full of ecstasy as he could have been had he been presented with the veritable things he had named."

The contest for tickets to her Majesty's Theatre, on the night when Jenny Lind was to appear amounted almost to a mob. The London Times had pronounced her the first soprano of her day, and rumor with its thousand tongues had filled the air with her praises. The history of the first appearance is thus given in one of the papers:—

"First Appearance of Md'lle. Lind in 'Roberto il Diavolo.'—It is barely possible to do justice to the effect produced on ourselves, in common with the concourse of persons assembled on Tuesday and Thursday nights at this theatre. We have arrived at a new stage of our theatrical experience. A new perception of musical art has burst upon us; it is as though we now learned for the first time what singing really is, and have been, with all our fancied knowledge and taste, groping, till now, in darkness and error. The 'trick of voice,' the well-

prepared bursts, the artistic 'effects,' which we have hitherto applauded to the skies, are discovered to be only so many mistakes, and artists appear to have been laboring all their lives to attain that which they were better without. We have learned that the best way to tread the stage is to seem wholly devoid of theatrical art; the best way to sing is to appear never to have learned. All conventionalisms are overthrown, all traditions of the operatic stage turned into contempt—and by what? By the appearance of Md'lle. Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre. An excitement almost unparalleled in theatrical annals has prevailed as to the appearance of the Swedish *cantatrice;* the highest expectations were formed, while on the other hand, there was a fear—not an unnatural one—that she could not equal her immense reputation, and come up to the ideal of those with whom she had been, for so long a period, the topic of conversation, and the object of extraordinary interest. This fear was proved to be groundless—Jenny Lind has surpassed all expectation, because it had been impossible to be prepared for something so startlingly new—so unlike all we have heard before. Each one, it is true, formed his own idea of the vocalist; yet this always bore a certain resemblance to some bygone favorite, or to some existing *prima donna;* most people expected, indeed, a marvelous superiority in degree, but were unprepared for the superiority in *kind* of talent which she possesses.

"To have attained the perfect control over her voice—that faultlessness, purity, and delicacy of execution—which she possesses, Md'lle. Lind must have studied arduously; but to such profit have been her studies, that

there is nothing in her singing to remind one of them. Every thing she does appears spontaneous—and yet there is never a fault. The same thing is remarkable in her acting—every movement seems the impulse of the moment; yet, not for a second does she lose sight of the identity of the character she impersonates—not for a moment are her gestures otherwise than expressive and graceful. Art, by her, has been only used to cultivate nature—not for a moment to disguise it Were it possible to detect a flaw in the voice, or a slip in the execution of Jenny Lind, her singing would still be resistless, for it reaches the heart and touches the deepest chord of human feeling; but she has, perhaps, never a weak moment; at the instant the listener, from the habit of hearing other artists, expects the voice to become weak and fatigued, at that moment it bursts forth in greater beauty than ever. Her voice is astonishing. To the fullest, purest, sweetest tone imaginable it unites a vibrating and penetrating quality and makes its softest whisper audible, no matter where the listener is seated; and that, when exerted to its fullest extent, is truly glorious, and it may be distinctly heard above the greatest din of the orchestra, and of the voices of the other artists.

"We are not afraid of being considered extravagant in our praise, at least by those who have witnessed Md'lle. Lind's performance, for the delight of hearing something so new and so natural has taken the most phlegmatic by storm. Seldom has any theatre presented such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm as Her Majesty's on the night of her *dêbut*. Her reception was overpowering—that said much for the fame which had preceded, and also,

we think, for the universal good-will which Md'lle. Lind, as an individual, had succeeded in inspiring—the feeling of enthusiasm warmed, too, as it was, by the shrinking, timid attitude of the young artist, as she was led forward to receive such unusual plaudits, showed that public expectation, after being raised so high, was fully gratified, and even surpassed. We never heard any thing more delicious than the sustained notes which commence her first cavatina, *Va dit elle*, full, clear, and bell-like, then dying off into the faintest whisper. This song was interrupted by a thunder of applause, above which, however could be heard the stentorian *bravo* of the great Lablache, who, after sitting immovable in his box, like one entranced, suddenly jumped up, as if unable to control his feelings, and applauded furiously. The charming little romance, *Quand le quitte la Normandie* was even more rapturously applauded, each verse being encored. At the conclusion of the last she gave the roulade, *A pliene voix*, limpid and deliciously sweet, and finished with a shake so delicately, so softly executed, that each one held his breath to listen, and the torrent of applause at the ending baffled description. The scene with *Bertram* was magnificently executed. Her passion of terror was nature itself; and the last act, in which she struggles to rescue *Robert* from the clutches of *Bertram*, as a specimen of dramatic power, was beyond praise. The house to the close presented such a scene as has been rarely witnessed. The crowded mass, waving hats and handkerchiefs, stamping, knocking, shouting, and endeavoring in every possible manner to show their delight, called the vocalist three times before the curtain, with an en-

thusiasm we have never seen surpassed, and yet which was no more than deserved."

So much for her singing—but of her *acting* another critic thus speaks:—

"Hitherto we have but noticed the circumstances of Md'lle. Lind's *début* and the peculiarities of her voice and style of singing, not being able to bestow equal attention on that which is equally remarkable—her acting. The part of *Alice* in '*Roberto il Diavolo*,' is admirably calculated to develop Jenny Lind's powers in this branch of her art; but words would fail us to describe the completeness and perfection of her performance. From beginning to end there is not a gesture, not a movement, not an inflection of voice, which is not characteristic of the person she represents; and yet these traits escape her without being herself conscious of them—in spite of herself, as it were—so thoroughly has she become imbued with the sentiment of her art. This perfection could never be obtained by study; it is the result of that marvelous and inexplicable power of identifying oneself with imaginary characters and situations, which Shakspeare, Goethe, and some few gifted beings here and there have possessed, and it is the very height of dramatic art.

"The reading which Jenny Lind gives to the character of *Alice* is exquisite; the blending of almost angelic innocence, of ingenuousness and feminine timidity, with a rectitude that cannot comprehend evil, and a lion-like courage in the cause of truth, forms one of the most lovely portraitures ever presented on the stage. Jenny Lind's expressive face gives the finishing stroke to the

picture. The want of symmetry of feature apparent in it when in repose, renders only more irresistible and fascinating that expression and intellect which endue it when excited with a beauty that surprises and startles the beholder, and the serene look of goodness and piety which pervades it at times, render it angelic. Her *jeu muet* is as remarkable as her delivery of any phrase of passion or excitement, for one feeling chases another across her face, and tells a whole history while she utters not a word. Nor does expression reside in her face alone; the feeling of the moment seems to pervade her whole person, and above all her arms and hands tell a tale of themselves. So perfectly does she identify herself with her part, that it is difficult to persuade oneself she can ever perform another than the one we see her in. We can hardly, when witnessing her impersonation of *Alice*, the country maiden, of whose rustic simplicity and timidity she never loses sight in the moment of greatest excitement, imagine her to possess sufficient intensity of passion for *Norma*, which is, nevertheless, one of her best parts, or enough dashing spirit for 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' which is another —greater praise than this cannot be given. Every portion of her impersonation of *Alice* from the first moment she enters, is equally admirable and well-sustained. The most striking moments, however, are her clinging to the cross, in fear of Bertram, and the last scene, where her overpowering anxiety for Robert's safety, mastering every other feeling, the despair with which she sees that even the appeal in his mother's will is not irresistible, and the scream of joy with which she pro-

nounces the words, 'E mezza notte!' rivet the spectator's every look and thought.

"The popularity of this incomparable *artiste* seems to increase. She was as enchanting as on every preceding occasion—having been most emphatically encored in all the solos she sang during the evening; and the enraptured audience, not content with her singing 'Quando lasciar la Normanden' twice, she sung it a third time, finishing with a beauteous cluster of the most exquisite *fioriture*. At the conclusion of this truly magnificent performance, she was summoned four times before the curtain, when the stage was literally covered with bouquets; in fact, it was as much as Jenny Lind and Staudigl could accomplish to take them off the stage.

"If we consider the extraordinary excitement that has taken place in London since the arrival of Mad'lle. Jenny Lind, the crowds that are nightly unable to obtain admission, the anxiety of persons flocking from all parts of the British dominions, and even the continent, to witness her unrivaled performances, the number of times Her Majesty and all the members of the Royal family, accompanied by several foreign Princes, have been to hear her, the unprecedented honor of Her Most Gracious Majesty, who, on two occasions, threw splendid bouquets to the charming songstress—if we wonder at all these circumstances, coupled with the number of times she is called out every night she performs, the house rising *en masse* to cheer and applaud her, accompanied by every species of the most genuine and heartfelt applause—then we say the triumph of Jenny Lind has been

the greatest on record. Who that has heard her will ever forget her new and wonderfully executed *fioriture* and that *mezza voce* shake, so close, so firm, so distinct, and so dying away, that you are at a loss to know when it was concluded; which might be compared to a person looking upon the sea, the boundary of which is untraceable in the distance."

We must record all the varieties of Jenny Lind's triumphs, and below we give a tribute to her excellence in a *comic* part, "the Daughter of the Regiment," in which she was especially successful:—

"On Thursday night, Donizetti's opera 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' was performed for the purpose of introducing Md'lle. Jenny Lind in a new *rôle*. She was completely successful, and achieved another triumph. Her Majesty, the Consort, her Majesty Queen Adelaide, and the Grand Duke Constantine, honored the theatre with their presence.

"'La Figlia del Reggimento' is the first opera Donizetti wrote for the French stage, and was performed at the Opera Comique during the seasons of 1839 and 1840. It has been subsequently performed in almost every operatic theatre upon the Continent.

"This was the first opportunity Jenny Lind had of displaying her comic powers, and the striking contrast she exhibited in the two acts of this charming opera, was indeed as remarkable as it was judicious and enchanting.

"Md'lle. Lind's performance of *Maria* setting aside its surpassing beauty as a musical accomplishment, is truly a wonderful piece of acting. That it should ex-

cite our deepest admiration for the lofty character of *Alice* and engage our warmest sympathies in behalf of the simple *Amina*, is not so astonishing as that, without losing for an instant the truth of the impersonation, she should so completely enlist our affections and tastes on behalf of a character which, in other hands, would be the reverse of elegant or refined—that of a suttler girl. But, with Md'lle. Jenny Lind, whatever she undertakes, it will always be so. There is an innate grace and dignity of manner which never leaves her, and which united to the winning archness, *naïveté*, and naturalness of her acting, forms the most fascinating combination. The look of enjoyment in her face, communicates itself to, and completely carries away her listeners; and it is the impression of all those who see her as *Marie*, how thoroughly she relishes her part. A careless spectator (but there are few such when she performs,) would lose a great deal of the merit of her performance; she must be watched at every movement, to catch the ever varying expression of her features. The look of complete enjoyment as she struts about the stage, singing her regimental air—her *naïve* coquetry with the old *Serjeant*—the struggle between inclination and the sense of duty, when studying the old-fashioned romance with the *Marquise;* all these, and many others, are movements which must be watched for; and *she* may be watched throughout, for never with Jenny Lind, as with other artists, does the wandering eye and listless countenance, in moments of repose, recall to mind the actress, and destroy the illusion of the scene."

The opera of "Norma" has been always considered a

test performance for a prima donna, and of Jenny Lind's success in this, another London critic thus speaks:—

"Mademoiselle Lind is great in *Norma*, from first to last. It is not a splendid burst here and there, which constitutes the beauty of her performance; it is a fine intellectual conception of the character which is sustained throughout, not a look or gesture escaping her, but which is in perfect keeping; and this is not, we are convinced, the effect of art, but of that marvelous power of identifying herself with the character she performs, which none possess to greater degree. From her first entrance, beneath the calm dignity and inspired manner of the priestess, may be traced the workings of a heart ill at ease. Few things can exceed the beauty of her opening recitative, terminating with those long dying notes, so inexpressibly touching, in which no one can equal her. The 'Casta Diva' is sung by her with a touch of sadness, blending with the calm sweetness of the air. And let us remark *en passant*, the few notes she throws in while the chorus take up the strain. It is as if some bird of the woods, in which the scene is laid, had broken in upon the voice of the singers. It is only Md'lle. Lind who can produce such effects as these. To the second part of the 'Casta Diva,' she gives a totally different character from the first. The one, calm and religious in its expresion; the second, where she calls *Pollione*, to mind, is the outpouring of earthly passion.

"We must hasten over the intermediate scenes, splendidly given as they are by her, to that where she attempts to murder her children. To this scene which has always appeared to us one of gratuitous and unnatural horror,

she gives truth and probability.—Her face is blanched and almost convulsed by agony; her wild look and tottering step give indications of a brain almost distraught, and she comes again and again to the attempt, like one whose purpose (a purpose of madness, it is true,) has been strongly taken, and whose mind has been worked up to the dreadful act. Thus, the mother's love which stays her hand is rendered more striking and powerful. Never shall we forget the look of horror with which she throws back her head, her hair falling backward also, when she let her dagger drop. It is almost too true and too painful.

"In the last scene she is splendid. The two duets with *Pollione*, 'In mia mon alfin tu sei' and 'Mal cor tradisti,' she gives with a passion, feeling, and dignity, unsurpassed. Nothing can be more beautitul, too, than the look of wild exultation which lights up her features while preparing her vengance; but it is when, after having denounced herself, the remembrance of her children comes across her, that her despair breaks all bounds, and takes gestures, and movements, and tones, which would melt the coldest heart. Here she reminded us of some scene of Shakspeare. She is truly worthy to carry out the inspirations of our immortal bard; for hers is the acting, as his is the language of nature, and will force its way, despite all caviling and fault-finding, to every heart that is susceptible of a spark of feeling.

"We do not speak of the encores, the calls before the curtain she obtained, for all these are but feeble testimonials to genius such as hers."

A correspondent of an American journal—an American

in London—thus gives his impressions of hearing Jenny Lind during this engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre:—

"LONDON, Friday, June 25, 1847.

"Having the fear of the American public before my eyes, I dared not think of returning to the United States, (so called,) without first seeing that greatest of all lions the Swedish Nighingale. JENNY LIND, *alias* Jenny Lion, *alias* Jenny Linnet, *alias* Jenny Nightingale, is the one object of attraction in London just now, about which all the fashion and fortune and taste of the metropolis centre and gravitate, as by a universal and irrepressible instinct. Even 'Ethiopian Serenaders' and 'Congo Melodists,' have to 'clar de track' (to the tune of 'Out of de way, Old Dan Tucker,') at her appearance, while the 'Bedouin Arabs' leap out of her way like so many frightened satyrs. In the full blaze of her fame, which mantles the whole kingdom, and indeed lights up all Europe, other luminaries, however bright, flicker and fade away like rushlights in the sun. She towers up over the most formidable rivals for popular applause—over the *Ellslers*, the *Grisis*, the *Grahns*, the *Ceritos*, the *Taglionis*, like Jesse Hutchinson's 'High Rock' of Lynn, over a colony of potato hills. Her name is on every tongue, and her fame in every trumpet. * * Believe it or not, I have seen and heard JENNY LIND—stood upon my mortal feet (and rather than not have seen her, *would* have stood upon my immortal head,) for five English hours, just to see her sweet face and hear her pure voice through one fleeting opera. I went in company with two young ladies, to whom in a rash moment I had

'offered myself,' (let no anti-bigamist get in a rage before reading the three words) as a—*pilot*. We hurried to the doors of the opera house nearly two hours before the time of opening, and found them already besieged by a crowd, in the midst of which we were like rain drops in a maelstrom. We soon found ourselves pressed together as if every person present had fully resolved on leaving a full-length and indelible impression of himself, not omitting a button or a thread, upon every person with whom he could come in contact. The hug of a bear would have been a luxury compared to the embraces to which, without even the slight formality of a presentation, all of us, without distinction of size, skin or sex, were instantly subjected.—The only 'introduction' which the occasion seemed to offer, was the introduction into your eyes, and between your ribs, and among your corns, of every man's fists, elbows, knees, or boots—as the case might be—which for the time being he might find it convenient to force upon your acquaintance. Within such circumstances we waited for two mortal hours, each minute of which aspired to be an hour on its own private account, and not without some success—when all at once we heard a shout and a crash, and the next instant were borne forward with most 'indecent haste' through an interminable, crooked-hearted gallery, as full of angles as a lawyer's brain. We were now raised off our feet and hurried through the air, walking upon nothing and finding it very hard; anon let down to be thumped against a stone wall like battering-rams, squeezed through narrow passages as if we were made of new putty and were just fit for cracks;

this moment poked in the eye by a poker in the shape of what must have been an iron-brimmed hat, and the next having the bridge of our nose so shaken that every one of its 'sleepers' were wide awake instantly and trembling for life; and finally being carried into the pit, with a most pitiless rush, amid the screams and shrieks of a thousand operating but most un-opera-like voices, each of which seemed intent on belching its miserable self out of existence. At last, though, we had something like order and quiet,

> 'And silence, like a poultice, came
> To heal the blows of sound.

"Each of my ladies having come out of the rush with '*one shoe on and one shoe off*' and one of them with the skirt of her dress literally torn away, (so that she had to appear in dimity instead of mouslin,) we were detained in the lobby for a minute or two, and so lost the chance—which we had pretty well earned—of a good *seat* and were obliged to put up with a very indifferent *seat*.

"After a while there burst upon us the musical fire and fury of the orchestra, a swelling column of sound which, coming from nearly a hundred impatient instruments all doing their loudest, produced such a perfect hurricane of sound that when the final blast had spent itself, and the furious bow had perpetrated its last scrape, and the whole company of blowers and scrapers had disappeared, mysteriously, amid echoing thunders of applause, (to 'wet their whistles' and 'splice their main braces')—the vast audience drew a long sigh which came hard like a double tooth, and we all 'once more'

—'like Black Dan' on a memorable occasion,—breathed freely. Then came the tinkle of a small bell, as of a stray cow—then another not quite so modest, and *then* —up went the blushing curtain as if ashamed of itself for having waited so long revealing a whole *troupe* of open-mouthed, imitation-foreigners, who instantly went off into an elaborate series of the most excruciating screams which the human throat (whose capacities in that way appear to be unlimited) is capable of. All this was increased and aggravated by the mad orchestra, which having got 'wet' and 'spliced' were now up (and down) to any thing in the way of noise, and broke forth upon the already wounded air with an amount of brazen and cat-gut clatter which was perfectly astounding.

"The first act yelled and roared itself away in this obstreperous fashion; the second began and continued for a while, as if it was the 'same old coon'—and then gliding in like a star, beaming and beautiful, appeared the genius of the evening, JENNY LIND. The moment the first ray of light radiated from her glowing face, every eye in that 'uncounted multitude' shone like fire, and a chorus of welcome came forth from their uplifted voice which made the poor girl tremble 'like a reed shaken in the storm.' The storm over, with her clear blue eye bent on the stage, and the mellow light of her countenance shaded by her soft tresses, the beautiful songstress advanced toward the footlights, made her silent and tremulous acknowledgments, exchanged a look of confidence and joy with the rapt thousands before her, and then with the ease, and freedom and grace, and sweetness of a bird, she let out a stream of simple, clear,

sustained melody, so natural, and so full of pathos and beauty, that to receive it except in perfect silence would have been actual sacrilege. And this was fit prelude to what followed at the instant, and was continued from time to time, (after the interruptions, and, too often, with the insane 'accompaniments' of the orchestra,) throughout the evening. The opera was *Roberto il Diavolo.*— In parts of it, and especially toward the close, her voice was fuller and more powerful than at first; though it was, after all, the quiet yet rich and melodious cadences of her *exordium* which touched me the most deeply.

"What enhanced the effect of the whole performance was her childlike simplicity of expression and manner; her entire freedom from that distortion of countenance, extravagance of costume, and wild, shrieky, pains-taking, breath-catching effort at the unnatural and startling, which renders most operatic performances so disgusting. Whatever is the fact, how-much-or-little-so-ever the *quid pro quo* has to do with Jenny Lind's singing, be the connection between her bird-notes and bank-notes never so intimate—one thing is plain, she appears to sing for the same reason that the bird does, because she *loves it*; and when she gives her soul up to the mastery and mystery (some would add, and *mistress*-y,) of song, and becomes inspired by its sacred influence, she seems utterly lost to all sublunary thoughts, and her spirit soars, on unfaltering wing, and with unbroken and exulting voice, until, like the lark, she is lost to our sight, and her voice comes trembling down to us from the still depths above, like a stray note from some angelic choir.

"Oh, that her voice, like that of our charming *Ameri-*

can Songstress, (who can I mean but ABBY HUTCHINSON?) might be heard in the lowly cottages of the poor; in the muffled ear of the prison; within the icy heart of the alms-house; at the gatherings of the people when they are called together in the great behalf of down-trodden and degraded humanity; in the soul of the trembling slave; in the conscience of the guilty slave-holder; and of the poor sensualist and sot. It would speak a language unto all, so full of faith, and hope, and charity —so instinct with divine light and love, that its gentle tones would pierce the hardest heart, and raise the most drooping and desolate spirit. It is a voice—that voice of Jenny Lind's—which might wake up the forgotten harmonies of the most wretched heart, and lull to sleep the fiercest passions which ever rent the human breast. I ne'er shall listen to 'its like again,' I wish I could describe it; but that were to utter it. It seemed to me chiefly remarkable for its untaught simplicity and sweetness of manner and the perfect purity of its tone. I have heard voices of more power—more physical power I mean—but never one of so fine quality. She has a faculty of trilling, as it is called, or *chirping*, which is most marvelous. At such times the 'shake' of her voice—though continued for an incredible length of time —is as gentle as if the crystal stream of her outgushing melody were only made tremulous by a passing salute from the soft breath of Heaven. A stream of sparkling water, tripping over a pebbly bank, and singing its pretty quavers to the wooing flowers, does not suggest more of graceful and unlabored beauty than the transparent flow of this Swedish Nightingale's voice as it

runs, upon silver foot, over the glad and yielding gamut. So with all her movements which are grace and genius personified. From the moment she lights, like a fairy, upon the stage, till, upon the wings of some transporting melody she is borne from our sight, every eye is riveted upon her, and every heart hushes its small pulse in silent admiration (I had well nigh written adoration) of her graceful movements.

"I was interested to observe that although the Queen herself entered the house during the opera, few persons took any special notice of her. Here and there a double-barrelled (be quiet, timid reader, not *pistol*, but) opera-glass was aimed at her; but as a rule of the optical power of the house, double-barrelled and single, straight-eyed, squint-eyed and sheep-eyed, was expended upon Jenny Lind."

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Of all the *artistes* who had appeared in England in Victoria's time, none had received from her majesty such constant marks of admiring favor, while to this was added the friendship of the Queen as a woman. At one of her departures from Liverpool for Scotland, Victoria (it is credibly stated) went down incognita to see her off. The following corroboration of this familiar preference is from the New Monthly Magazine:—

"At her Majesty's concert, at which Md'lle. Jenny Lind, in addition to Grisi, Alboni, Staudigl, and other leading artists had the honor of singing, it was remarked that the selection of music was by no means calculated to elicit the powers of the Swedish Nightingale. But in one piece, a solo, in which Md'lle. Lind was accom-

panied by Signor Costa on the piano-forte, it was further remarked that (probably from the two distinguished musicians not having been accustomed to perform together) the accompaniment was injuring the effect of the vocalism. Her Majesty's quick ear noted this, and leaving her seat, the Queen walked up to Md'lle. Jenny Lind, and apprised her that she was at perfect liberty to select some composition in which she could accompany herself. Jenny Lind profited by this gracious permission, and taking her seat at the instrument, sang some Swedish melodies, which enchanted the whole court."

Macready's homage to her is thus described :—

"After Jenny Lind had been some time performing at Her Majesty's Theatre, Macready decided upon witnessing her performance. He accordingly dispatched a polite note to Mr. Lumley, requesting a box. Lumley had none to give for her next performance, as these were already taken. He however sent the great tragedian one for the following night, the character which Jenny would then have to support being, as luck would have it, *Alice*, in *Robert le Diable*.—Macready was there, and, unfashionable in his habits, as are all great artists, contrived to be there previously to the rising of the curtain. The charming *Sicilienne*, 'O, Fortune,' sung by *Robert*, passed without exciting the slightest sensation on Macready's part, who, to tell the truth, possesses no great taste for music. However, when Jenny came upon the stage, the tragedian listened, and when she put forth the power of her delicate voice, in the tender and sublime *cavatina*, known as 'Va dit-elle,' he felt that he began to relish music. As those rich and meli-

flous notes faded upon the house, he was seen applauding, and then, as if ashamed of himself, he again relapsed into his usual stoicism of demeanor. It was in the second act that he was moved entirely out of his usual self-possession.

"Her sublime duet with *Bertram* moved him into passionate applause; and when, with her last notes ringing in his ears, she casts herself at the foot of the cross, he could contain himself no more, but throwing himself back in his box, he turned to his wife, who had accompanied him, and said, 'She—is—an—angel.' He was charmed and electrified. The enthusiasm clung to him all that night.

"Next morning he drove out without ceremony to Jenny's hermitage at Wimbledon, and sent up his card —entire stranger as he was, in all but that which makes genius with genius one kin. Jenny looked at it and read the name—W. C. Macready.

"Orders were immediately given for his admittance, and in a brief space of time the twain knew each other as well as if they had been the friends of years. Macready told her how highly he had been the night before delighted with her singing and acting—of course he laid the greatest stress upon the singing, it being precisely in that part of the performance of which the meanest fiddler in an orchestra would be the better judge. This mattered little. He had been startled from his equanimity by it, and fortunately the language of praise is never criticised. He then added that he himself was generally allowed to be something of an actor, and that it would gratify him exceedingly were she to accept an

invitation to witness his representation of one of Shakspeare's characters. Jenny complied with the wish, and commanded 'King Lear.'

"On the night appointed, Macready had one of the best boxes in the Princesses' theatre, at which he was then engaged, set apart for the operatic syren. She was delighted with his performance, and applauded frequently and appropriately. It got wind, however, that she was in the house, and from that moment John Bull paid no more attention to Macready. 'The star' of the evening was outshone by the brighter star that had entered his hemisphere. Two or three times, indeed, the aforesaid John Bull tried to get up three cheers for the exquisite songstress. — Public decorum and good sense, nevertheless, prevailed, and the intended honor was allowed to pass. The evening at last came to a close, and with their usual pertinacity, the crowd waited outside the theatre to give her the cheers which they had hitherto refrained from administering. Macready had in the mean time come round to receive her compliments, which were offered him with all the grace and frankness which are so characteristic of the Swedish Nightingale, and she gave her enthusiastic admirers the slip by stepping out at the stage door, at which Macready had taken the precaution of ordering her carriage to be in waiting. After cooling their feet for half an hour in Oxford Street, the crowd condescended to go home, deeply annoyed at so unwarrantable an interference with their private pleasures."

At the close of the London engagement, a "testimonial" was presented to Miss Lind by Mr. Lumley, the

manager of the opera, as "a tribute of respect for her noble qualities and genius, which have secured the admiration of England." It was of pure silver, and nearly three feet high. The composition represented a pillar wreathed with laurels, at the foot of which were seated three draperied figures, Tragedy, Music and Comedy. The Art Union Journal says of it:—

"The cost of this testimonial, has been considerable; it is a liberal gift; but it will be valued far beyond its actual worth, as one of many proofs received by the accomplished lady, that her estimable character and high moral worth, as well as her lofty genius, have been appreciated in England. She will leave this country with feelings of more than ordinary respect and affection.—Her reception here has sunk deep into her heart; the more so, perhaps, because it exceeded in warmth her expectations; and although her present intention is not to appear on any stage except that of Stockholm, we trust that the impression made upon her heart by the earnest cordiality of the people of England, and the continued liberality and courtesy of the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, will induce her again to visit a country to which she expresses herself fervently and gratefully attached."

The provincial tours of Jenny Lind, and her visits to Scotland and Dublin, were but repetitions of her triumph in London. Excitement of delight could no farther go. Having thus fairly conquered the British Islands, Jenny, after an absence of two years returned to her ever eager and constant worshipers at Berlin. A critic says of this re-appearance:—

'Such spiritual and physical power, are the rarest resources of her voice—so extraordinary a flexibility of the organ, which has gained strength, especially in the upper register, and almost entirely lost the huskiness which *veiled* (as the Italians say,) the *mezzo* region,—in short, such *virtuosita* and perfection of singing are really wonderful, and render the enthusiasm excited by the appearance of this gifted woman easy of explanation."

Her return to Sweden, after this, proved her an exception to lack of "prophet-honor in a native country," as the following account will fully show:—

"This delightful songstress creates quite as great a *furor* in her own native city of Stockholm (if not greater) as she has in foreign lands. On the 2nd instant, she performed at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, and although tickets were to have been sold at the theatre office, from ten o'clock, on the preceding afternoon, at about four, the Adolphus-place, where the Opera stands, was already nearly crowded. At eleven the multitude was such that the police interfered, and made the people form *en queue*, but a little after midnight a compact mass of persons made an irruption from the neighboring streets, rushed on the *queue*, broke it, and actually besieged the theatre. Nevertheless, the first crowd, returned, attacked their aggressors, and in a few minutes a desperate fist and foot combat followed. Several persons were severely bruised on the occasion. Detachments of infantry at length, with great trouble, succeeded in clearing the Adolphus-place, and only two thousand persons, or twice the number the theatre could hold, were suffered to approach its office. In the course of

the day tickets were paid for as high as fifty times what they had cost at the office. Some of those for the amphitheatre first places were sold at 100 bank rix dollars, or £22. The reception given to Jenny within the theatre was most enthusiastic; every known 'ovation' was conferred on her, including that of which Italy has reserved to herself the privilege—the flying of pigeons in the house. Much of this enthusiasm was no doubt created by the admiration felt at her having on the previous evening published in the journals a note stating that, in order to give her native country a *souvenir* that might last beyond her existence as an artiste, she had determined on devoting to the establishment of a school for poor young persons of both sexes, born with happy dispositions, in which they should be gratuitously taught music and the dramatic art, the whole of the profits of an engagement which she had just concluded with the Royal Opera, and which stipulates that she should sing once a week in December, January, and February, on condition of half of the whole receipts, on every night of her appearance, being given to her, and of a half being added to the prices of places.

"During last season at Stockholm, such was the eagerness to witness her performances that the places at the theatre were put up at auction, and fetched prices which would be extraordinary even here, but in Stockholm were immense. With her share of the proceeds Md'lle. Lind has established an asylum for the support of decayed artists, and particularly of poor young girls who, as she was once, with a taste for the arts, find themselves without means of pursuing their study; hoping,

no doubt, that amongst them may be found some, like herself also, endowed with genius enough to conquer the first position in art. One young Swedish maiden of such promise has already appeared—Md'lle. E——, and Jenny Lind has given her six thousand francs to study in Paris, under her former master, Emanuel Garcia.

"We will say no more as to the general history of this great vocalist, who, in every capital she visited, has excited not only the enthusiasm of the highest *dilettanti*, but has won the affections of every class, and whose truly admirable private character, marked by the greatest beneficence, has been fully equal to the public position she has attained as an artist. Hence has it arisen that when she left Berlin and Vienna, although it was in the middle of the night, the population had assembled to bid her adieu, and drew her carriage beyond the gates of the city. When she left Stockholm, six weeks since, the quays were covered by her admiring countrymen; all the ships in the harbor were manned, and amidst the playing of the bands of music she was conducted to the steamer in which she embarked in the presence of the Queen of Sweden and her court."

In the Spring of 1848, Jenny returned to London, and performed an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, with the same excitement as before. The criticisms of this visit to England would be repetitions, but of one performance—a charity concert which she gave at Brompton—we must preserve the record. Mrs. S. C. Hall, the celebrated authoress, had chanced to be her next neighbor at Brompton, and as a certain Hospital for the cure of Consumption, was an object in which she was

much interested, she naturally expressed her views on the subject to the Songstress, who was her friend. The result is thus alluded to in the Art Journal:—

"It was announced by Mr. S. C. Hall at the University meeting of patrons and supporters of 'the Hospital for Cure of Consumption,' that it is the intention of this accomplished lady to give a concert for the benefit of the charity, sometime toward the close of the season. We have so often advocated in our columns the cause of this Hospital, that it is unnecessary to detail its claims. Although about seventy patients are now received within its walls, and 'out-door' relief is afforded to hundreds daily, its means are sadly disproportionate to its wants; the object of Miss Lind is to assist in building an additional wing, to which her considerate generosity cannot fail to contribute largely. In her own country the genius of this lady has greatly aided many valuable charities; some, indeed, it has entirely sustained; we rejoice that she will leave here a record of her sympathy with the cause of the distressed. There are in London numerous persons, who, entertaining objections to visit a theatre, have been unable to hear her marvelous voice; the concert to which we refer will afford to all such a means of intense enjoyment—probably the only opportunity of which they will be enabled to avail themselves. They will not be as much gratified while merely hearing her sing, as they would be when hearing her sing and seeing her act, for her powers as an actress are of the loftiest order; it is, indeed, impossible to imagine the art—if so it must be called—in greater perfection. In her it is nature; she is, in reality, for the time that which

she appears; and in each of her characters she is, consequently, a fine study for the artist. It is something, too, that her whole professional career has been in the highest degree honorable; those who know her in private life speak of her with enthusiasm, because of qualities of mind and disposition pre-eminently good—of her domestic habits and those gentler virtues that seek indulgences and rewards apart from crowds. Perhaps a woman more unspoiled by adulation never existed; genius is but one of her many rare gifts, and it is not too much to say, she values most those who most excite affection and respect; humble in all her aims, desires and hopes. It is but right to add that the wishes of Miss Lind, in reference to this charity, have been met in the most cordial and liberal spirit by Mr. Lumley, who has placed the concert-room of the opera and all its appliances at her control.

"The concert, which took place on the 31st day of July, was entirely free of all cost to the Hospital; but Miss Lind having taken the entire responsibility, the concert produced a sum far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine; and, in consequence of this increased aid, the new wing of the building will be very soon proceeded with; there are now seventy-four patients in the Hospital; but it is intended for two hundred and fifty. The Hospital is, as most of our readers know, a very beautiful structure—in the true old English style. When complete it will be one of the chief architectural ornaments of the Metropolis.

"The concert-room was 'full to overflowing:' it was capable of containing 1000 persons seated; a thousand

tickets were sold and fifty in addition for standing room; of these 1000, there were about 250 in the boxes, which were all let at ten guineas each: and nearly 600 tickets were disposed of at two guineas each: to 'reserved seats.' Among the audience were many clergymen and others, who do not, upon principle, visit theatres, and who gladly availed themselves of that opportunity to enjoy a rare musical treat. The gratitude of the committee who conduct the affairs of the Hospital, has been conveyed to Miss Lind; and we have reason to know she has received exceeding pleasure from the announcement to name after her the first ward that shall be built in the new wing—which her generous assistance will enable them now to carry forward. The committee, farther subscribed together a sufficient sum to procure a beautiful salver of silver—manufactured by Messrs. Smith, of Duke Street—upon which they engraved a picture of the Hospital:—finishing up the centre and west wing, now occupied, but leaving in skeleton lines the eastern wing, not yet in existence, but which (as we have intimated) will ere long be added to complete the structure. The engraving was followed by this inscription:—

"'In the name of the sufferers relieved by her bounty, this humble memorial of one of her noble actions is presented to Jenny Lind, by the Committee of Management of the Hospital for Consumption, at Brompton, London, as a slight token of their esteem and gratitude, and in commemoration of the concert given by her on the 31st day of July, 1848. On which occasion, through the exertion of her unrivaled talents, £1,766 were added

to the funds of the charity, and a solid foundation laid for completing the fabric—the unfinished condition of which had attracted her generous sympathy.'

"The salver was presented to Miss Lind by a deputation of the committee: she expressed her thanks warmly —in good English—and her great pleasure that she had been the means of aiding a charity which she considered the best, as well as the most needed, of all the many charities of England. It is not the least gratifying part of this affair, that soon after visiting the hospital, and examining the whole of its arrangements with care, she was called upon to recommend to its protection a young countryman of her own, who had manifested indications of consumption; and to whom, of course, all the comforts and advantages of the hospital will be gladly and gratefully rendered."

Jenny Lind's trip to Dublin was a tumultuous ovation. Her concerts afterward at Birmingham, Manchester and Norwich, were an extension of the same fever of delight. At Manchester she gave two charity concerts in aid of the Infirmary at that place, and, as an acknowledgment of her services on those occasions, the people of Manchester presented her with a dressing-case of great elegance, on the silver plate of which was the following inscription:—

"To Mademoiselle Lind, through whose gratuitous exertions, the munificent sum of £2,512 were realized, toward the erection of an additional wing to the Manchester Infirmary, this Dressing Case, with the accompanying necklace of pearls, is presented by the people, as a sincere token of gratitude for her generous

services, and with their best wishes for her welfare and happiness."

At the old city of Norwich, Jenny formed the friendship of the excellent and talented Bishop of Norwich, who has ever since been among her most cordial and attached admirers. She accompanied the good ecclesiastic and his family in their drives, and was beloved and cherished as an angel of goodness. On leaving Norwich she was presented by the Bishop with a Bible, and the Mayor, on behalf of the city, presented her with a splendidly illustrated edition of "Milton's Paradise Lost."

It was at this period that the great vocalist sang at Birmingham, giving the proceeds, which amounted to between six and seven thousand dollars, to the Queen's Hospital; and this made over *sixty thousand dollars* that had been contributed by her to charitable objects, within two months! She also sang gratuitously at Leeds, for the benefit of the conductor and band who had accompanied her in her musical tour; and at Exeter Hall for musical charities, to which she added large contributions from her own purse; and again for the benefit of Mr. Balfe, the composer and leader of the orchestra. Such a chronicle of charities as those of Jenny Lind —were they all recorded together—would be unprecedented in the history of the world.

But the Swedish Songstress having become the passion of every class—royalty, aristocracy, musical dilettanti, merchants, mechanics, sailors, soldiers, saints and paupers—it was suddenly rumored that she was about to quit the stage for ever, and become the idol of one

human being—a husband! She consented, however, to re-appear, while the speculations on this subject were still afloat, and the following passages from the London journals, show the feeling at the time:—

"Little did those, the most learned in discerning the flickering lights and shades of theatrical enterprise, dream last year that this season there should be such a night when public curiosity would be more piqued as regards Jenny Lind and the 'Sonnambula,' perhaps the best, and also the most frequently repeated, of her parts, more attractive than ever it was to the public. Now, indeed, every one without as well as within, must feel how much increased curiosity and interest must be; months having been spent in speculation upon the retirement of Jenny Lind from the stage, the topic, *ad nauseam*, during this lapse of time, of every journal, of every coffee-house, and every fire-side.

"The eagerness to behold the great Swedish vocalist is the greater, as no one knows, up to this moment, whether she retires this year or next—whether she will sing six nights as agreed to, or unto the remainder of the season. What may be most justly observed is, that Md'lle. Lind has done that which was wise and just in returning to the stage for a few nights, at all events; and this entirely setting aside the interests of the great establishment, which had suffered injury from her withdrawal in exact proportion to its devotion to her. She was born on the stage—on the stage she acquired her fame and fortune—on the stage she gave the most useful example of moral conduct, and through the stage she alone acquired means of beneficence.

"On the opening of the doors there was a headlong rush of the well-dressed crowd, never seen anywhere before Jenny Lind's nights. On the entrance of the great vocalist, there was that applause, that cheering and enthusiasm expressed in all possible manners, such as, before her arrival in England, was never witnessed at any theatre. Her voice was in its highest perfection; every phrase drew forth the whispered utterance, at least, of general delight. After the first act Md'lle. Lind was called for, but she did not come; still the applause lasted ten minutes at least. At the close of the next act, and at the final fall of the curtain, the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the cantatrice was obliged to obey the call from all parts of the house. She appeared before the curtain, when she was hailed by renewed plaudits and the showering of bouquets."

Another article thus touches the same topic:—

"In spite of war and rumors of war, and the generally unsettled state of public affairs, the London lovers of music and patrons of the Italian Opera, are kept in perpetual excitement. The gentle Swede is not yet married, nor has she disappeared from the stage. On the latter subject she has changed her mind—possibly on the former, though we do not pretend to be informed. At any rate, she re-appeared at the Queen's Theatre on Thursday the 26th ult., giving rise to such a *furor* as is rarely witnessed.

"Any one who had chanced to pass up the Haymarket yesterday evening, between five and six, would have at once perceived that Jenny Lind had returned to the stage. Nothing short of such an occurrence could have

assembled, at that early hour, such crowds of seekers for admission at the pit and gallery doors of Her Majesty's Theatre. There were at that time—that is to say, nearly two hours before the time fixed for opening the doors—at least twice as many persons assembled as the pit and gallery could accommodate. The crowd continued to increase every minute, until the time fixed for the opening of the doors, and then the crush—we remember the crush on the memorable 4th of May, 1847, when Jenny made her *dêbut* in the character of Alice; we remember the many subsequent crushes on every Jenny Lind night for the last two seasons, but never have we experienced such a crush as that of last night! The *Sonnambula* was the opera chosen for the occasion, and when Jenny Lind appeared as Amina, looking the simple, artless, warm-hearted country maiden, as she alone can look it, the whole house 'rose' at her, as Kean was wont to say; never was there such a—reception is not the word, it was the cordial meeting of friends rather than a dramatic reception;—such a warm-hearted welcome—such a burst of almost affectionate enthusiasm as that with which she was greeted. She seemed deeply affected, and her lips moved tremulously as though to give expression to her acknowledgments."

The merry London Punch thus adds his quiz-testimony to the same enthusiasm at this particular moment of Jenny's career:—

"Mr. Pips, his Diary.—Saturday, May 5, 1849.—To the Queen's House in the Haymarket to hear Jenny Lind, whom every body do call the Swedish Nightingale. Did go with a pit ticket. Went at 6 P. M.,

expecting a Crowd, and there a Mob of People already at the doors, and some did say they had come as early as Five. Got as close as I could to the Pit Entrance, and the Throng increasing; and by-and-by Ladies in their Opera dresses standing without their Bonnets in the Street. Many of them between the Carriage Wheels and under the Horses' Heads; and methinks I never did see more Carriages together in my Life. At last the Doors open; which did begin to fear they never would, and I in with the Press, a most terrible Crush, and the Ladies screaming and their Dresses torn in the Scramble, wherefore, I thought it a good Job that my wife was not with me.

"With much ado into the Pit, the way being stopped by a snob in a green jockey coat, and bird's eye neck-cloth, that the Checktakers would not suffer to pass. The pit full in a twinkling, and I fain to stand where I best might, nigh to Fop's Alley; but presently a lady fainting with the heat, and carried out, which was glad of; I mean that I got her place. I did never behold so much Company in the House before; and every Box full of Beauties, and hung with yellow Satin Curtains, did show like a brave Picture in a Gold Frame; which was very handsome to look round upon while the Musicians were tuning. The Fiddles tuned, and the Overture played, the Curtain up for the Opera; which was the *Sonnambula;* the part of Amina acted by Jenny. The Moment she came on the Stage the audience, Lords, Ladies, and all, upon their Legs, shouting, cheering, waving Hats and Handkerchiefs, and clapping Hands in white Kid Gloves. But at last they silent, and let the

Nightingale sing; and for certain she is a wonderful Singer. It did amaze me to hear how easy and sweetly she do thrill and warble the most difficult Passages; and I perceive that she has a rare Ability of Voice.

"But what did no less astonish me was her Acting, it being as good as her Singing; for she did seem to forget herself in her part, instead of her part in herself; which is the Mistake of most Opera Singers. To think that she should draw the whole Town in Crowds together to hear her sing a few pretty Sugarplum Melodies and portray the Grief of a poor Peasant Wench cast off by her lover! But she do throw a Grace and Beauty of her own into the Character and Musique; which I take to be the Mark of a true Genius. She made to sing divers Songs twice over, and called upon the Stage at the End of the Act, and again when the Opera was finished; when, good lack, to see the Nosegays and Posies flung in Heaps upon the Stage! She must needs get a Mint of Money by her Singing; but she has spent a deal of it in Building Hospitals and I do wish (Heaven forgive me!) I had all she had given away in Charity."

Jenny finally came to her leave-taking of the English stage, and it was understood to be a retirement from it for ever as an *actress*. A writer thus describes this last performance in London:—

"Jenny Lind took her leave of the stage last evening, in the same character in which she made her *début* two years since, in that of Alice in *Roberto Il Diavolo*. Not even in the heyday of the public excitement to see Jenny Lind do we remember a more striking scene than the

Opera House presented last night. To say that the place was crowded is inadequately to describe the suffocating density of the mass who filled the pit and galleries; and in the reserved portions of the theatre—the boxes and stalls—every available nook and cranny was filled.

"Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, were present, and all the rank and fashion of London seemed to be collected there to pay the last tribute of respect to Lind, on her secession (let us hope, not final) from the lyric stage. It had been difficult to persuade the public that she was really determined to leave; but, when the official announcement seemed to place the fact beyond all present doubt, the general rush to witness her last performance produced a concourse in the theatre, and communicated an enthusiasm to the vast audience such as we do not remember to have witnessed on any similar occasion. The burst of cheering and the general up-rising of the vast crowd bespoke an unanimity of feeling and an enthusiasm such as no performer within the range of living experience, at least on the lyric stage, has been able to excite. On such an occasion we cannot criticise the performance; we have too deep a sense of the irreparable loss which the lyric drama has suffered by the secession of Jenny Lind to become critical. Be it therefore our task to record the parting scene between Jenny Lind and the public at the fall of the curtain. Boxes, pit, galleries, rose as with one mind and purpose; and in a few moments Lind came forward, led by Gardoni, to receive new tributes of applause. She was visibly affected, yet shrunk from all

open expression of her feelings, and bowed reverently to that public by whom she had been so long and so affectionately cherished. Scarcely had she retired, when another storm arose, more loud and peremptory than the first; and again the fair singer appeared, led on by Belletti. The same warm and enthusiastic applause was renewed; and the bouquets fell in showers. A third time the call was made; and now Jenny Lind came on alone, trembling with suppressed emotion, bowing lowly, meekly and reverently, and looking the farewell which custom denied her the opportunity of speaking. This time the enthusiasm was so great, so prolonged, so entirely beyond even the greetings to which she has been accustomed, that her feelings became too strong to be repressed, and her emotion found vent and her gratitude expression in tears. Such was the scene of leave-taking last evening. Notwithstanding all that has passed we can but indulge the hope that the leave-taking is not indeed final, but that Jenny Lind may be induced again, at no distant period, to resume the throne which she has unnecessarily abdicated."

Jenny returned to Stockholm, and for the next year, she lived in the seclusion she so much loves, singing only occasionally at concerts for the relief of the poor. It was soon noised about, however, that she was proposing to come to *America*, and the following article, from the Liverpool Times, gave credible information on the subject:—

"There have been many reports in circulation as to the intended visit of this amiable and gifted lady to the United States. We are now enabled to state the facts

and particulars on the best authority, that of a private letter from Md'lle. Lind, and a perusal of the documents relating to the engagement, with which we have been favored by Mr. Barnum's agent. The latter were signed at Lubec on the 9th inst., and are in substance as follows, omitting the sums of money out of delicacy to Md'lle. Lind, with the remark that those already specified by some of our contemporaries are quite incorrect.

"Mr. Barnum agrees to provide Md'lle. Lind, a waiting maid, servant to superintend the baggage for herself and party, to pay all traveling expenses, including those of her companion (the amiable relative who accompanied her in England) a Secretary, and the professional fees of M. Benedict and Signor Belletti, the musical conductor and the vocalist, whom she has particularly selected; to place at her disposal in each city a carriage and pair of horses, and to secure her a certain sum for each concert or oratorio in which she shall sing. That after seventy-five concerts, if Mr. Barnum shall have realized a sum named, exclusive of all current expenses, then, in addition to the first amount a further sum of one-fifth of the nightly profits on the remaining seventy-five concerts.

"We may state the terms given to Messrs. Benedict and Belletti are very liberal—such as, in reference to Mr. Benedict, could alone have tempted him from his eminent position in the metropolis. Md'lle. Lind, on her part agrees to sing in one hundred and fifty concerts, including oratorios, within one year, if possible—or, if not, within eighteen months; to have full control as

to the number of nights or concerts in each week, and the number of pieces in each concert—the former as well as the latter, to be conditional on her health and safety of voice. In no case is she to appear in opera.

"It is further proposed that the life of Mademoiselle Lind, and that of each of her assistants shall be insured for the full amount of their engagements; in case of death, half of the sum to be paid to their heirs or assigns, the remainder to Mr. Barnum. The party to leave for America the last week in August, or first week in September. During the interim Md'lle. Lind will remain on the Continent singing for various charities, and will pay a visit of some duration to Stockholm, her native city. The following is a copy of the letter addressed by Mademoiselle Lind to Mr. Barnum:—

"Lubec, 8th January, 1850.

"Sir:—At the request of your agent, Mr. ——, who is now here, and whose object is, at the earliest opportunity, to advise you, I beg to state that I have this day concluded to accept the terms made me for you, by him, to the effect of visiting the United States of America professionally, under your auspices, the details of which are set forth in a formal mutual agreement; and I cannot but express my gratitude for the anxiety you and your agent evince to render my intended tour replete with comfort. Trusting the speculation may meet your most sanguine expectations, is my most ardent desire;

and no endeavors to secure which shall be wanting (God granting me health) on the part of, sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"JENNY LIND.

"To P. T Barnum, Esquire, Iranistan Villa, Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States.

("True copy, witnessed by me, Jenny Lind.)"

"The 'Albion' says, 'we have set eyes on the contract itself, with the fair Jenny's name appended thereto in bold and legible round text. She receives one thousand dollars per night, for one hundred and fifty nights. Benedict, the pianist and composer, and Belletti, the baritone singer, are to accompany her professionally, the former receiving £5,000 sterling for his services, the latter one half that sum."

The following letter from Mr. Barnum, communicated soon after, to the American Press, gave authentic certainty of detail to this fair promise for America :—

"American Museum, Feb. 19, 1850.

"In regard to the engagement of Md'lle. Jenny Lind, for America, I beg to state that I have this day ratified the engagement made by my agent with this distinguished vocalist. It is true that in engaging Md'lle. Lind and the musical associates whom she has selected to accompany her, viz: the distinguished composer and pianist, M. Julius Benedict, and the celebrated Italian baritone vocalist, Giovanni Belletti, my agent went beyond any amount I had anticipated paying, but after all the sums to be paid to these persons, enormous as they

may appear, are not so much as Miss Lind has been in the habit of receiving for her services alone, nor do Messrs. Benedict and Belletti receive from me more than their distinguished talents are, at this moment, commanding in London.

"Perhaps I may not make any money by this enterprise, but I assure you that if I knew I should not realize a farthing profit, I would yet ratify the engagement, so anxious am I that the United States shall be visited by a lady whose vocal powers have never been approached by any other human being, and whose character is charity, simplicity, and goodness personified.

"It is well known that Jenny Lind never received less than £400 or $2,000 per night, for her own personal services, in Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and the provincial towns in England, and that she frequently received £600 per night. My agent saw an offer to her of £6,000, or $30,000, to sing twelve nights in England, which she declined; also, an enormous offer for the grand concerts at the Imperial Court of Russia, an offer nearly double that of my own, which she, for reasons, also declined. She was offered £1,200, or $6,000, to sing in one concert, to be given at the Great World's Convention of Art and Manufactures, in Hyde Park, London, in 1851. It was further intimated to her, from Queen Victoria, that her services would be desired at about the same period, in a contemplated grand sacred festival at Westminster Abbey, where the tickets will be held from $25 to $100 each. Both of these last offers she was induced to decline, in conse-

quence of her desire to visit America, as proposed by my agent.

"Miss Lind has numerous better offers than the one she has accepted from me; but she has a great anxiety to visit America; she speaks of this country and its institutions in the highest terms of rapture and praise, and as money is by no means the greatest inducement that can be laid before her, she has determined to visit us. In her engagement with me, (which engagement includes Havana as well as the United States,) she expressly reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper.

"Since her *dêbut* in England, she has given to the poor, from her own private purse, more than the whole amount which I have engaged to give her, and the proceeds of concerts for charitable purposes in Great Britain, where she sung gratuitously, have realized more than ten times that amount.

"During the last eight months she has been singing entirely gratuitously, for charitable purposes, and she is now founding a benevolent institution in Stockholm, her native city, at a cost of $350,000.

"A visit from such a woman, who regards her high artistic powers as a gift from Heaven, for the amelioration of affliction and distress, and whose every thought and deed is philanthropy, I feel persuaded will prove a blessing to America, as she has to every country which she has visited, and I feel every confidence that my countrymen and women will join me heartily in saying, 'may God bless her.' The public's obedient servant,

"P. T. BARNUM."

The time, between signing her American engagement and her departure, was employed by Jenny Lind in concerts on the Continent, mostly for charitable purposes. She sang at Berlin, Bremen, and Gottingen, with her unvarying success, and, at the last mentioned place, the students formed a procession by torch-light in her honor, gave her a serenade, and formed an escort for her to Nordheim.

Her last songs on that side of the Atlantic were at Liverpool, and, as the *furor* at that place was quite as great as it has been in America, we copy, from one of the papers of that city, the most rational account of her appearance there :—

"JENNY LIND AT THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC.—The first of these long and eagerly anticipated festivals came off last night in the splendid new hall of the Philharmonic Society. There were upwards of three thousand persons present, including the orchestra. The appearance of the hall, magnificently lighted, clustered with beauty such as only Lancashire can boast, delight and expectation animating every countenance, was something which the pen fails to describe. In all England, perhaps in Europe, there is not such a beautiful edifice devoted to musical performances as the Philharmonic Hall, and on no previous occasion can we call to mind so brilliant an assembly as that congregated last night within its walls. The great spell of attraction was, of course, Jenny Lind, the idol of Germany and England, whose name has never once failed, since the beginning of her triumphant career, whether announced in the divine cause of charity, or offered as a simple medium

of public amusement, to bring together the crowd—whose virtues are even more dazzling than her genius, unparalleled as that is—and whose successes have thrown completely into the shade those of every other vocalist of moden times.

"The knowledge that Jenny Lind was on the point of leaving these shores, not to return for at least a twelve-month—that some four-and-twenty hours after her second and last performance would see her launched on the bosom of the vast Atlantic, on her way to a distant, though a friendly country—clothed the event with tenfold significance and interest. That such a distinction as Jenny Lind's last public appearance in England should have been accorded to our town, in the face of munificent propositions from the great metropolis—the modern Babylon—must be indelibly recorded as the brightest page in the musical annals of Liverpool. With Mr. Ludlow, the active and intelligent secretary of the Philharmonic Society, and with the committee of that society, who, with the indefatigable exertions of the agent of Mr. Barnum, succeeded in persuading her to fold her wings, arrest her flight for a few short days, and scatter yet once more some of those silvery notes that, for three or four years past, have been the enchantment of Europe. With them, also, remains the credit of having invited her to sing the *Messiah* of the great Handel, for the first time in this country, and for the first time in our language. That Jenny Lind has agreed to do this also is generally known; and Monday night will, if possible, be a still more memorable occasion than that of yesterday evening."

* * * * *

"The appearance of the 'Nightingale' was the signal for a demonstration that beggars description. The audience stood up to welcome her, and such a volley of cheers as rent the air was, perhaps, never before heard within the walls of a theatre or concert-room. The salvo was thrice reiterated, and at length the songstress, who seemed almost overcome by the warmth of her reception, was enabled to obtain silence, and began to sing.

"The audience listened throughout with rapt attention, and at the end broke out into uncontrollable applause, which did not abate until the gifted vocalist had re-appeared upon the platform, and acknowledged the compliment by one of those guileless and winning salutes that so peculiarly become her. This first song was quite enough to convince the audience that Mr. Benedict had exaggerated nothing in his account of the concert which Jenny Lind gave for Vivier, at Baden-Baden, on the 6th instant. The voice of the 'Nightingale' is as fresh and penetrating, as sweet and flexible, as powerful and mellow as hitherto, while her singing is more than ever unrivaled. It may not be superfluous to state that Md'lle. Lind has vastly improved in good looks. Her long rest has been evidently beneficial. She is stouter and fuller in the face, while, as well as we could make out by the aid of a powerful glass, the paleness of her cheek has become slightly tinged with the ruddy hue of health, which confers an additional charm upon her pleasing and intellectual countenance.

"We must nót pass over another encore, and one not

so arduous to comply with, which Mademoiselle Lind obtained. We mean a very beautiful ballad by Mr. Benedict, 'Take this lute,' composed purposely for the accomplished songstress, and sung by her with immense approbation at the London concerts. Md'lle. Lind's pronunciation of the English tongue is exceedingly pure and articulate, with just so much of accent as gives it a special and fascinating quaintness. In the ballad style —which can be said of very few dramatic singers—she excels quite as remarkably as in the florid and *bravura* school. There is a combination of simplicity and earnestness in her manner that has a peculiar charm, while the few cadences and ornaments she introduces only serve to give increased sentiment and character to the melody. Herein lies the secret of good ballad singing, by which many who are exclusively devoted to that style of art would do well to study and profit. Nothing could be more hearty and spontaneous than the encore awarded to this ballad, which was accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Benedict himself.

"The last effort of Md'lle. Jenny Lind, and because the last, perhaps the most captivating, was one of those delicious Swedish melodies, which, from the lips of the 'Nightingale,' may vie in characteristic beauty with the national melodies of Scotland and Ireland, immortalized in history and poetry.

"Mademoiselle Lind accompanied herself, and, on quitting the piano, the uproar was absolutely deafening. Twice did the gifted songstress re-appear, but the applause still continuing, she once more came back, and, tripping lightly across the platform, re-seated herself at

the piano. The silence was now as universal as the noise had been, just previously. Every breath was held, lest a single drop of the 'rain of melody' should be lost. This time Md'lle. Lind sang a pastoral love song, so full of wild tenderness that it almost turned the torrent of jubilant enthusiasm into a more sober stream of sadness; but when, flushed with triumph, she rose to take her leave, every tongue was loosened in cheers, every palm extended to beat against its neighbor, in honor of the gifted and admirable artist who had afforded such intense gratification to all present. It was really a scene to remember."

The descriptions of Jenny Lind's departure from Liverpool—with far more tumult of excitement on the crowded wharves than ever distinguished Her Majesty's movements at that place, are familiar already to our readers. In connection with the just-quoted evidence of *England's full share* in the Lindo-mania, however, let us put on record here, articles from the leading London papers, written just before, and giving reports of her successes at the Queen's Theatre:—

The London Times says:—

"The stamp of royal appreciation was given to the wondrous JENNY LIND on Tuesday evening, when Her Majesty, having commanded the performance, proceeded in state, as is usual on such occasions, to the theatre.—This being the Queen's first ceremonial visit to any theatre this season, and also the first appearance of Md'lle. Lind in the opera of *Norma*, no event—not excepting the *dêbut* of this distinguished vocalist—has created such a sensation amongst the fashionable and musical world

for a length of time. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Albert, dressed in a field marshal's uniform, appeared in the royal box attended by a brilliant suite, precisely at eight o'clock. The box was fitted up with crimson velvet hangings trimmed with gold, and on a crimson stage or platform in front two yeomen of the guards, with battle axes, stood at the right and left of the box. On Her Majesty's entrance the national Anthem was commenced and the audience rising, presented the most brilliant scene that can be conceived. The number of foreign princes and ambassadors, covered with superb orders and decorations; the splendid military and court costumes, and the quantity of diamonds worn by the ladies, filled the boxes on the grand tier literally with a blaze of splendor. Her Majesty's reception on her entrance was most enthusiastic; and at the conclusion of the anthem, the acclamations were renewed, and were graciously acknowledged by the Queen. The character of Norma has hitherto been considered to belong exclusively to Madame Grisi, whose powerful delineation of the proud Druidic priestess, rendered the assumption of the part by another artiste a most daring attempt. But though we have been accustomed to see and admire Grisi's Norma, until admiration has almost become faith in her great personation, there cannot be a question that the character has two distinct and striking phases.—Norma the haughty priestess—terrible in her wrath and resentment—is opposed by Norma the pure woman, full of love, pity, and maternal tenderness. These conflicting traits are, however, so blended and interwoven in the character, that the difficulty to the *artiste* lies in

giving to each its proper degree of force and intensity. The physical and mental peculiarities of Grisi adapt her for the delineation of strong animal passion, while the truthfulness and natural sensibility of Jenny Lind fit her for the development of spiritual grace and feminine feeling. It may, therefore, be easily conceived how the fierceness and tenderness of the character are divided by these two artists—to Grisi belongs the dark, and to Jenny Lind the bright side of the picture. In Norma's first scene there was a degree of nervousness apparent in Md'lle. Lind's voice, which, however, gradually disappeared, and she gave the last line of the recitative—

'Pace v'intimo—e il sacro vischio io meto'—

with extraordinary power and sweetness. In the sustained note upon '*Pace*' her clear silvery voice poured in a stream of the purest melody upon the ears of her enraptured auditors. The celebrated 'Casta Diva' was a totally different reading from that of Grisi, the awful majesty of the inspired priestess being less obvious than the tenderness of the woman; this latter feeling, however, obtained for Md'lle. Lind a decided triumph in the *cabbaletta*, 'Ah bello a me ritorno,' in which she was applauded to the echo, and recalled by general acclamation at its conclusion. The tone of compassionating sympathy that she threw into the exclamation, 'Ahi sventura,' when Adelgisa confesses to her that she loves, has never been surpassed on the stage; and if her reproaches of Pollione were not so fiercely passionate, and her action so physically terrible as Grisi's, there was in her conception of the entire scene a deeper and more profound expression of despair than the former ever gave

us an idea of. Her dismissal of Pollione was finely acted, and her attitude, when she interposes to prevent him from drawing away Adelgisa, struck every one who beheld it, by its extraordinary classic taste and dramatic propriety. It is in the second act, however, that Md'lle. Lind's peculiar qualities as an actress and a singer place her above her great competitor in the part. The tenderness of the mother struggling with the feelings of the wronged woman were developed by her with exquisite truth and natural feeling. Nothing could be more beautifully touching than her reconciliation with Adelgisa, in which scene occurs the popular duet, 'Si fino al 'ore,' so charmingly sung that she was enthusiastically called for at its conclusion. In the two last scenes she achieved the crowning success of the night. Her agitation when Pollione is brought before the assembled priests in the temple, her returning love and tenderness, her forgetfulness of her wrongs, and her resolve to save her lover, if he will swear never more to see Adelgisa, revealed to us new and beautiful traits in Norma's character. The whispered eagerness with which she pronounced the words, 'Giura, giura!' and her half-uttered threat to sacrifice her children if he refuses, were amongst the finest points in the opera. Her last scene, when, self-condemned, she is about to die with Pollione, was tragedy of the highest order. The intense agony of the mother, kneeling at her father's feet, and imploring him to protect her children, can only be spoken of in terms of the highest admiration. The applause at the fall of the curtain was tremendous, and obedient to a general call, Md'lle. Lind made her appearance before

the curtain with the other performers in the opera. In a moment the stage was covered with bouquets, and the successful vocalist retired laden with floral honors. But this appearance did not suffice for the enthusiastic audience, who insisted on having her before the curtain *four* times."

The following, is the judgment of the *Musical World*:—

"All was now hushed silence and expectation for Jenny Lind, and hundreds who came to doubt remained to applaud. We have ever eschewed comparison in matters of art; two pictures may be painted of the same subject, totally opposed in conception and development, and yet be masterpieces. The illustrations of the Holy Family of Rafael and Murillo, though both deemed the loftiest inspirations of pictorial art, are, in drawing, and coloring, and grouping, as antagonistic as light and darkness—each have their own peculiar points of greatness, each their several admirers. And thus is it with the Norma of Jenny Lind and Madame Grisi; the style of the former has all the depth of sentiment, the inner meaning, the feminine sensibility, the deep concentration, the moral beauty of the Northern poesy; the latter has the fell determination, the iron spirit, the hot excitement, the desolating power, and the terrible grandeur of the sunny south. Jenny Lind is the betrayed and heart-crushed woman; Grisi, the jealous mistress, panting for vengeance for her wrongs. Jenny Lind is more truthful and touching; Grisi more queenlike and effective. We sympathize with Lind; we wonder with Grisi. With the fair Swede, we percieve the breaking up of

the frozen lake, and its loosened waters; with the dark Italian, we tremble at the overflowing of the burning lava. Both are terrible; but the terror is produced by different means. We are awe-stricken and oppressed by Grisi; we are softened into womanish tears by Lind.—When the startling fact is revealed to the Italian Norma of the infidelity of the Roman cur Pollione, the flashing eye, and the swelling form, reflect the fiery sense of wrong, and the abused priestess writhes with the agony of insulted love and woman's pride; the Swedish Norma is literally crushed, buries her face in her hands to conceal her grief, and her quick sense reveals to her the quick visiting of the punishment, for vows disregarded, and the debasement of her holy office. 'Vengeance and blood!' shouts the Italian; 'Ruin!—misery!' groans the Swede. The study and working out dramatic character depend mainly on the temperament and idiosyncrasy of the artist. The violent will conceive it violently, the gentle gently. The great point is the exercise of judgment, that the conception be built on the general features of the poet's creation, and that the various parts not only assimilate but unite. This is the keystone of the dramatic and lyrical art, and in this consists very greatly the supremacy of Jenny Lind. Every shade of feeling and expression is the result of deep reflection, aided by the sense of a natural propriety; and it is this close and intimate union which imparts that irresistible charm to Jenny Lind which has chained Germany and England to her triumphal car. The ingenuousness and fine simplicity, and the facility of executing the most intricate vocal embroidery, the never, even

in the most daring flights, wandering out of the key, a fault too frequently indulged by almost all the great Italian singers, are means that render any end attainable. We feel that we are unable, upon one audition of so difficult a character as Norma, to enter fully into its several merits. We shall seek another opportunity of analyzing it; yet we may at once affirm that, although differing entirely from the delineation of preceding artists, it is truly admirable. When Jenny Lind entered first upon the scene, the difference of costume, and the difference of physical appearance, struck the audience as a novelty. There was little of the inspiration of the Druid priestess—instead of the usual stately gait, and proud demeanor, there was more of nun-like repose—and it was with a faltering and unsteady step that she ascended the sacred stone. The enunciation of the opening words, 'Sediziose voce,' was more tremulous than steady, and it was only when she had reached the eloquent 'Io nei volumi arcani leggo del cielo,' that the shrinking form dilated, and she became the inspired Pythoness.—The 'Casta Diva' assumed the air of a divine hymn, so beautifully and so holily was it rendered. The arms and head were upraised, and the entire frame became transfigured. Jenny Lind sings this in the original key of F; Grisi has uniformly transposed it to E flat. The florid rondo, 'Ah! bello a me rittoana,' was given with great purity and power. At the conclusion of this scena, the recall was vehement as it was unanimous, the Queen and Prince Albert joining in the demonstration. In the scena in which Adelgisa confides to Norma the secret of her love for the Roman soldier, Jenny Lind was exqui-

site in her tenderness; the utterance, in almost a whisper, of 'Oh! rimembranza!' was full of the deepest and most thrilling expression. The womanly affection exhibited to the love-lorn Adelgisa, when, in a gush of sympathy, she embraced her, was one of the most charming traits in the picture. In this duet a cadence was introduced, perfectly astonishing for novelty of construction, and beauty of effect. But when she ascertains that it is the father of her children that is seeking to corrupt her friend, the sudden rigidity of the limbs, and the deathly pallor of the countenance, were more truly appalling than the most outrageous demonstration of melodramatic rage; and, in the subsequent trio, 'Oh, di qual sel tu vittama,' in lieu of the overwhelming wrath and the fiery passion of preceding artists, the frame seemed to lose its power, the body rocked to and fro, like a tempest-tossed bark, the limbs were palsied, and the tottering gait and the reddened eye, all betokened the tearing asunder the very fibres of her being; hope had departed, life was as the arid desert, hopeless and springless. Yet when Pollione, regardless of her agony, and flushed with insensate passion, clasped the trembling form of Adelgisa, to bear her away, she bounded like the wounded tigress on her assailant, and severed them at once; and the death warning 'Suon di Morte!' was given with a painful hoarseness that seemed as though the heart's blood were welling up into the throat, and impeding the utterance the voice was lost in the fearful conflict, and it was only by the 'action eloquent,' that the Druid priestess was enabled to express the deep vengeance, and the utter ruin of the traitor. The audience were ex-

cited to the utmost, and Jenny Lind was rapturously summoned forth amidst the cheers of the audience.

"One of the grand points of the second act, but which had hitherto been slightly considered, as it is not strongly impressed by the composer, was the scene in which Norma, distracted with her great suffering, enters with the dagger to murder the objects of her illicit passion. It is a scene rather for the great tragedian than the vocalist. The soliloquy, 'Dormono entrambi,' was wondrously rendered. There was the all-absorbing intensity of Rachel—the unsteady hand, the flickering light of the eye, and the hurried approach to the couch where lie the sleeping infants—the sudden retrogression, and the ultimate burst of pity, softening the maternal heart —and the shrieking out of the 'Ah! no—they are mine! my children!' may be classed amongst those memories which fondly linger over the Lady Macbeth of Siddons and the Medea of Pasta. The celebrated duet, 'Deh! con te li prendi,' afforded admirable opportunity for the exhibition of the marvels of mere vocalization. The last scene, in which she summons Oroveso and the Druids, was specially admirable. The final interview with Pollione, her shrinking dignity, and the undying love expressed in the enunciation of 'E non piu ti rivedro,' and the confession of her crime, and the dying cadence of the 'Son io!' were each and all so many living attestations of true genius. The last appeal to her father not to suffer her innocent babes to suffer for her crimes, to 'remember that his own blood in them flows,' was fraught with tenderness and most touching pathos. When dragged to the pile, still doth she cling to the robe of

Oroveso, and, with her latest breath, suffocatingly implores his benediction for herself, and guardianship of her children, the filial and maternal feeling conquering the fear of death!

"The stillness of the house was intense, but as the curtain fell on the victim, the enthusiasm burst forth. The audience rose as one body, and shouted for the Norma, who was forced to appear four times amidst the cheers of the entire audience, the Queen and Prince Consort joining with hearty enthusiasm in the triumph. The national anthem was again repeated, and the greetings of the public by Her Majesty gracefully acknowledged. At the end of the divertissement, the Queen left the theatre, amidst the huzzas of her loyal subjects."

PART II.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

After a short and delightful passage, the steamer Atlantic, Captain West, arrived at New York on a Sunday morning, bringing Jenny Lind. The arrival was looked for, and the dock and landing were crowded with persons, curious to get a first sight of the great songstress. Amid cheers and acclamations from the hundreds gathered around the carriage in waiting for her, she disembarked and was driven to her prepared lodgings at the Irving House. Of the excitement kept up for the few first days, the reader cannot here desire a repetition, but, as the English critics have sketched the events of this arrival with some pains, we will copy their comments and satire, as curiosities worth preserving among the memoranda of this charming and admirable woman's career. The London Athenæum thus discourses:—

"Jenny Lind in America.—The Americans do every thing on a grand scale—even their enthusiasm. By taking often, however, the very narrowest basis for the gigantic superstructure, they contrive to give to their enthusiasm a tipsy look. The whole people of New York are now reeling to and fro under the Lind intoxi-

cation. The event of the Swedish singer's touching their shores marks an era in the history of that great and go-ahead people. The arrival of Columbus in the West was a less significant event. 'Alla Akbar, the Caliph's in Meru.' 'Jenny's in New York,' 'Jenny's in America,' shout the papers—they can scarcely credit their own great fortune. They go about asking one another if it can be true. The Liverpool penny-a-lining on the suject of the Nightingale—and yet more the Liverpool excitement if it were therein truly represented—were something which made men turn away sick and ashamed; but even in Liverpool, though they did their best, they have no notion of a folly on the American dimensions. The genius of hyperbole seems here to have exhausted itself on a negation. The gentle little lady has come amongst them to sing a few of her pastoral airs 'for a consideration,'—and they greet her with a perfect Niagara of welcome. We never remember child's play performed before by such a company. The whole thing looks like a vast 'make-believe.' America seems to have no serious business in life; and the whole people—bishops, magistrates and all—are engaged in a huge game of 'High Jinks.'

"Jenny landed on a Sunday—and the churches were at once deserted for the new religion—for 'was she not,' as their journals say, 'raised up by the Great Spirit to make the rest of the world humble, while they adore his power?' The heart of America had been looking anxiously out for the Nightingale over the Atlantic,—and the moment she came in sight America stood on her head. She recovered her feet only by a somerset—

and has been tumbling before the Swede ever since. All the stars in the Union have dimmed before the star of Jenny Lind. She walked like a conqueror from the ship to the dock-gates under an arcade of evergreens—and at its entrance the American eagle (stuffed) offered her flowers. All New York hung around her chariot on its way to the Irving House, where she was lodged like a princess; and at midnight thirty thousand persons hovered about her hotel. At one in the morning, one hundred and fifty musicians came up to serenade her, led by seven hundred firemen, to pump upon the enthusiasm, we suppose, in case it should get red hot.

"There is no end to the incredible antics that are played in presence of the simple event of a singer's arrival in the Transatlantic capital. The papers, as if it were the one important event of the age, have taken to report her minutest movements; and that they may put order into the record — which covers columns upon columns of their space—they have divided it into sections, headed 'First day,' 'Second day,' etc. They had got as far as the tenth day at the last arrivals. 'Jenny Lind,' says the Weekly Herald, 'is the most popular woman in the world at this moment,—perhaps the most popular that ever was in it.' The same paper, in terms which prove that all self-possession is gone in presence of the subject, speaks of the 'Nightingale's' warblings as things 'which she spins out from her throat like the attenuated fibre from the silkworm, dying away so sweetly and so gradually, till it seems melting into the song of the seraphim and is lost in eternity.' This confusion between silk-worms and seraphim is highly

American. The first ticket for Jenny Lind's first concert sold for £45. It has become a distinction even to be likely to hear her—and the papers actually publish the names of those who have bought tickets. They have also thought it worth while to print a *fac simile* of the card which is to admit the public to hear her. Barnum is recommended to keep 'shady' during the Lind's visit,—and after her departure to set himself up as a show for having brought her. He is assured that he will make money by it. ('*Je ne suis pas la rose—mais j'ai vécu près d'elle.*') Mr. Barnum has selected a private secretary to help him during Jenny's stay in America; and the papers enter on a statement of the qualifications which fit him so well for the situation, as if he were a Secretary of State. Curiously enough, a leading qualification is, that he has held military situations in Canada. The journals are not ashamed to feed their columns with stories like the following:—

"'Two or three ladies were on the balcony, but it was too dark to distinguish whether Jenny was one of the select party. The crowd, however, imagined she was there, and that was sufficient for them. One of the ladies, after eating a peach, threw the stone over the balcony, when a tremendous rush took place to secure what was presumed to be a precious memento of the fair songstress, and a regular street fight nearly ensued. Another story freely circulated is, that a glove of Jenny's has been picked up, and the fortunate finder is charging (so it is reported) 1*s.* for an outside kiss, and 2*s.* for an inside kiss of the article.'

"Seven hundred and fifty competitors contended for

the prize offered by Barnum for a song which Jenny is to sing;—and here is one of the strangest bits of all. The song selected is one filled with fulsome adulation of herself; and America having done in the matter what she can by all her organs, Jenny Lind is finally set to sing her own praises before New York assembled. This is a superb piece of Americanism. It is curious to see how the common purpose running through these songs has suggested a common application of their various themes. The thing is done after the manner of Moses & Son—beginning with any subject the poet likes and bringing Jenny in in the last verse. The papers publish some of the rejected—offered by their authors by way of shaming the judges.

"Now if Md'lle. Jenny Lind have a particle of the good sense and simplicity of character which are ascribed to her, the whole of these proceedings must affect her as both painful and revolting. To be the goddess of a mad worship like this can yield her no pleasure if she has ever looked truth in the face. Gratitude for the warmth of her welcome must be marred by shame for the actors in it, and suffering for herself. Yet it must be avowed that Md'lle. Lind seems to do her simplicities with a somewhat suspicious consciousness, and to lend herself designedly to the American sentiment—accepting the altar which they have dressed for her, even while she appears modestly to decline it. As the steamer which bore her and her fortunes approached the city, the American flag waved from the shipping and from the public buildings; and Jenny Lind, kissing her hand to it, exclaimed, 'There is the beautiful standard of freedom,

which is worshiped by the oppressed of all nations!' This was phrasing after the American fashion. They played her 'Yankee Doodle,' and she asked them to play it again. During her second rehearsal, somebody had somehow found time to fire the battery guns in celebration of the admission of California into the sisterhood of the States—and Jenny was interrupted; but she said she did not mind, 'as it was for the good of the country.' That remains to be proved; but not the less was this remark another phrase nicely suited to the time and place. But let us quote Md'lle. Lind's dialogue with Mayor Woodhull:—

"Next came Mayor Woodhull, to tender the enchantress the welcome of the city of New York, and then proceeded to shower compliments on Mademoiselle. He said:—'We have heard Malibran and other singers, but we all know you are the Queen of Song.'

"Jenny Lind (interrupting him)—'You frighten me. Everybody frightens me with too much praise. I fear I shall never come up to the expectations formed of me. I have been spoiled by flattery twice before, and I fear I shall be spoiled again.'

"Mayor—'We know that you are accustomed to this, and that it cannot injure you. We think you worthy of it.'

"'No it is always new to me. I cannot accustom myself to it. There is too much friendship shown me. I am full of imperfections, and if you continue to flatter me in this way, I shall tremble when I come to sing.'

"This admission of imperfections in the full splendor of her attributed divinity, reminds us pleasantly (we

speak it without meaning offence to Md'lle. Lind,) of a certain well-known character, who declared himself to be but a man, though a beadle.

"It is to be remembered, however, that the preposterous part which Md'lle. Jenny Lind is made to play in this Transatlantic demonstration, is not of her own seeking; and that even the record of what she is supposed to say and do, must be received with great caution as reported by those who, bent on erecting her into a goddess, of course desire to exhibit her as oracular. Meantime, we know not what the next American arrivals can well bring us in the way of climax to all these things—if it be not the announcement that Jenny Lind has sung 'Yankee Doodle,' and that the Americans have elected her as a separate and independent State into the Union."

What "Punch" says of any event is an important historical record, and below follows his account of it, published in London, October 5th:—

"CORONATION OF JENNY THE FIRST—QUEEN OF THE AMERICANS.—The moment it was known by what vessel Jenny Lind was about to cross the Atlantic, we dispatched an efficient corps of reporters and correspondents on board, who were present in various disguises about the ship, for the purpose of watching every movement of the Nightingale. One of our most esteemed contributors might have been seen flitting about in a dreadnought and sou'-wester, from spar to spar, and yard-arm to yard-arm, dodging the delicious song-bird, as she hopped from paddle-box to paddle-box, utterly regardless of wind and wave; while a juvenile member of our

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extensive establishment was on board in the humble disguise of a lob-lolli-boy.

"It has been erroneously supposed, that, because Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was seen to leave Liverpool waving her white handkerchief from the very top of the deck-house over the companion, and was seen to enter the American harbor waving the same white handkerchief from the top of the same deck-house—it has been, we say, erroneously though naturally supposed, that, from the time of her starting to the moment of her arrival, Jenny Lind was constantly employed in the way in which she is represented to have commenced and terminated her journey. We are enabled to assure the public, on the very best authority, that such is not the case.

"The time occupied in the voyage passed very pleasantly. Every evening there was a concert for the benefit of somebody or other, concluding with one for the benefit of the crew, which was somewhat marred by the boisterous state of the weather. The piano was soon set up to an inconveniently high pitch, the glasses insisted in joining in, as musical glasses, without much regard to harmony or effect, but keeping up a sort of jingle during the whole time; there was an occasional accompaniment of wind and stringed instruments by Boreas playing fearfully on the ropes of the rigging; and every now and then everything was rendered a great deal too flat by a too rapid running up of the ascending scale, and coming very abruptly down again.

"The voyage having been safely got over, we come now to the proceedings in America; but we are bound

to say that our contemporaries have so fully occupied the ground—and their own columns—that room is scarcely left even for us to say anything.

"For some days before the steamer was expected, New York was in a state of intense excitement, so that when the ship actually came in sight, the only mode the police had of keeping the enthusiasm of the crowd within decent bounds, was, to check their cries by knocking their breath—as far as practicable—out of their bodies. Millions had their heads turned, and hundreds had their heads broken, but all was of no avail; and in spite of the exertions of the constabulary to stave off the people with their staves, the quays were in a state of dead lock, from the throngs that covered them. As the vessel entered the harbor, the Nightingale was seen perched on the deck-house, supported on either side by Messrs. Benedict and Beletti. Mr. Barnum, the enterprising showman who has speculated in Jenny Lind, as he has already done in Tom Thumb, and other popular idols, was running a race along the pier with a Mr. Collins—perhaps a rival showman—each holding an enormous bouquet, and a fearful struggle took place as to which should be the first to clamber up the paddle-box. Barnum made a desperate spring on one side, while Collins took a terrific leap toward the other, and the latter being more fortunate, or the more active of the two—or perhaps he had been taking lessons in gymnastics beforehand of some India-rubber brothers—succeeded in being the first to stand at the Nightingale's side, and to present her with a nosegay twice the size of that

which Barnum pushed into her hand a moment afterwards.

"Either to see better, or to escape from the energetic Collins and the frantic Barnum, 'Jenny Lind moved to the larboard wheel-house,' and seeing the American flag, the Nightingale—with a sly sense of humor, no doubt, and a general recollection of all she had heard about the slave-trade, and the treatment of Mr. Frederic Douglas, the 'colored' newspaper editor—exclaimed, 'There is the beauutiful standard of freedom; the oppressed of all nations worship it.'

"As the ship neared the pier, every mast seemed to be made of eyes, noses, and mouths; every window was a mass of heads; and the roofs of the houses looked as if they were slated with human beings, and had men and women for chimney-pots. The Nightingale was so struck with the respectability of a Yankee mob, that she asked 'where the poor were?'—intending, no doubt, if there had been any poor, to have sung at once—sung out from the top of the paddle-box—for their benefit.

"It now became time for Jenny Lind to land, and at the pier gates was drawn up, in readiness, Barnum's carriage. When one hears of a showman's carriage in this country, one's mind naturally travels to a van into which the public are invited, indiscriminately to 'walk up;' but such was not the vehicle in which Barnum was prepared to receive his Nightingale. The horses were figged out in a style well adapted to advertise the museum of which Barnum is proprietor; and, though the trappings were well calculated to act as trappings, and

catch the eye of the vulgar, good taste could not help feeling that the 'caparisons' were 'odious.' The Nightingale entered the carriage with the assistance of Barnum, who then mounted the box, ordering his servant to make a circuit toward Irving House, it being very clear to all what he and his coachman were driving at. The progress to Irving House was one tremendous crush of beings, so densely packed together, that an exceedingly ripe cheese, in spontaneous motion, is the only thing to which it would bear comparison.

"The Times, having devoted a first leader of nearly three columns to a digest of the proceedings—including the telegraphing of Mrs. and Miss Barnum, who were coming up from Cincinnati, the rush of bishops and clergy, the crowd of 'fashionable ladies,' the deadly scramble for the stone of the 'identical peach,' supposed to have been eaten by Jenny Lind at dessert, the search for a 'sensible old horse,' who must be a rare animal among the tribe of senseless donkies in the States—these things, we say, having been sufficiently dwelt upon elsewhere, we think reiteration of the facts would be superfluous. We are, however, expecting to receive telegraphic despatches of a somewhat startling character, nor should we be surprised if the next 'Latest from America,' should announce the dissolution of the republic, and the proclamation of Jenny Lind as Queen of the United States, with Barnum as Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs—a post for which his long acquaintance with such foreign affairs as Tom Thumb, the sea-serpent, and other contents of his museum, renders him fully qualified.

"Our anticipations are realized; the following is the

"LATEST FROM AMERICA—JENNY LIND.

"*By Electric Telegraph.*

"MR. PUNCH'S OFFICE, 85, Fleet Street.

"Within a minute of going to press, we have received the following important intelligence from Liverpool:—

"'The Tarnation, Captain Smart, has just arrived from New York, after five days' passage, and brings the following authentic information.

"'Jenny Lind does not return to Europe. On the conclusion of her engagement (which will be considerably shortened) with Barnum, Jenny will be crowned Queen of the United States, the actual President politely retiring. Jenny accepts office under contract always to sing, in so many airs, to the people of the smartest nation upon earth, what has been hitherto printed as President's speeches.

"'Two stars and one stripe have been added to the American flag: the stars are Jenny's eyes, and the stripe a lock of Jenny's hair.'"

It will add agreeably to the variety of the last two articles, to copy here a letter that was published at the same time with them, written by a child of nature:—

"AN INDIAN CHIEF'S IMPRESSION OF JENNY LIND.—*Liverpool Correspondence of the Tribune.—August* 16th, 1850.—I have just heard the identical and far-famed Jenny Lind! An hour ago her voice filled the largest hall that I ever saw—the Philharmonic—containing between four and six thousand people. So great has been the excitement here for these ten days, that everything

for sale has Jenny to it. Jenny is in everything—the stores, the sales-rooms, and from the splendid halls to the cellar—all, all things are baptized with the all-potent name of the Swedish young squaw!

"Last week it was said that all the seats had been engaged, and that even the standing stalls were selling at a premium. Not thinking I should be here so long, I had not taken the precaution of previously procuring a ticket; and finding I had to be here on the same evening she sang, yet otherwise engaged, I had to put myself against her singing with a lecture this evening. I had a full house, and immediatly cut off my exercises in order to go to the hall to get in. Yes, to *try* to get in! O, presumption; on what will I depend to get in? was a query which had to be solved first. The people who crowded around me seemed to say that I could not, for they had heard that the house was all in a suffocation. Stepping into the carriage, I said, 'I will hear the far-famed Jenny Lind this very night—drive on.'

"Going from the hall where I delivered an address to an infatuated people, I had little time to conclude in what way I had to get in. I had previously, during the day, sent a note saying that the Indian chief would, about nine o'clock be at the door, and desired a seat if *others had none*, and the hour had already arrived. We drove up. The house was besieged with people. A sea of heads and shoulders! Noise and confusion! 'Who is there!' 'The Indian Chief desires to get admittance,' was the word given by my Arion. 'Come in!' says the man at the gateway, to my astonishment—and as I was stepping out, two of my best friends in this city

were by the door, who immediately took me by the hand, and led me by the seats on the aisle—up to the very next from the singers! O! I could hardly credit I was in. The first song had already been sung, and there was an intermission, during which I had the pleasure of being shown all parts of the splendid Hall—and my dress excited as much attention as any one there, for Jenny Lind had not come out then.

"Soon the company of the society began to arrange themselves—and the people settled. One or two pieces were sung, and then came on the sight which my very black eyes were aching to see. The last sound of the chiming of an immense crowd subsided; all eyes turned toward the door of the closet where she was, and so soon as the door opened, cheers, deafening cheers, filled the Hall! clapping of hands! waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies all over the house! yet still I was not moved. She bowed a most exquisite, modest bow!—Her dress quite plain, yet gracefully made. Her hair—no profusion of flowers, nor the wild extravagant torture of the hair. Her form is slender—a full chest—and a mouth like that of the Hon. Henry Clay. She glanced her blue eyes over the sea of heads. Her eyes sparkled like stars glimmering in a cloudless sky. Her motions were easy and natural. She sang. Her very first notes thrilled through me. The immense house full of people were in agony at some of her touching notes. O, what unearthly and heavenly music! My soul, wrapt in ecstasy, seemed borne on to the Garden of Eden. I could appreciate the poet's words:—

"'—— Her deep and thrilling song
Seemed with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison,
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.'

"Her voice echoed all over the house. Then arose the maddeninng shout; for a minute they cheered to get her back! Sure enough she came, and sung over the same piece and then retired. I then could breathe freer, for I had been holding my breath with intense interest while she sang.

"A lady by my side sat motionless, like a statue, yet the tears sparkled as they wound their way on her cheek, with her breast heaving with emotion. Another, and yet quite an aged gentleman, gazed with interest, the perspiration rolling down his face; he turns to his lady and says: 'She sings like our poor Emma used to, before she died.' Both wept.

"Oh! tell the poor classes all over the land, that this far-famed vocalist was once an obscure girl—yes, a poor girl. Let them imitate such examples, and be something while they live.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Yours, truly

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

(Otherwise GEORGE COPWAY.)

Of the great songstress's First Concerts in America, there are almost as many accounts as there are newspapers—but, of all which we have read, none seem to us so appreciative, sympathetic and truthful, as those of

Mr. DWIGHT, who was employed by the "Tribune" to come from Boston, attend the concerts and describe them. Mr. Dwight is a critical scholar in music, and a poet and true man at heart, and he *understood* Jenny Lind. We copy parts of his articles (signed "D.") in which the reader will find what he would best like to know on the subject:—

"Jenny Lind's first Concert is over, and all doubts are at an end. She is the greatest singer we have ever heard, and her success is all that was anticipated from her genius and her fame. As this is something of an era in our history of Art, we give a detailed account of all that took place on the occasion.

"All the preparatory arrangements for the Concert were made with great care, and from the admirable system observed, none of the usual disagreeable features of such an event were experienced. Outside of the gate there was a double row of policemen extending up the main avenue of the Battery grounds. Carriages only were permitted to drive up to the gate from the Whitehall side, and pass off into Battery-place. At one time the line of carriages extended to Whitehall and up State street into Broadway. The order specified in yesterday's *Tribune* was observed, by which means everything was accomplished in a quiet and orderly manner. The Chief of Police, with about sixty men, came on the ground at five o'clock, and maintained the most complete order to the end.

"Mr. Barnum, according to promise, had put up a substantial frame-work, and thrown an immense awning over the bridge, which is some two hundred feet in

length. This was brilliantly lighted, and had almost the appearance of a triumphal avenue on entering the gate.

"There was an immense crowd on the Battery, clustering around the gates during the whole evening, but no acts of disorder occurred. When Jenny Lind's carriage came, but very few persons knew it, and no great excitement followed. The principal annoyance was occasioned by a noisy crowd of boys in boats, who gathered around the outer wall of the Castle, and being by their position secure from the police, tried to disturb those within by a hideous clamor of shouts and yells, accompanied by a discordant din of drums and fifes.—There must have been more than two hundred boats and a thousand persons on the water. They caused some annoyance to that portion of the audience in the back seats of the balcony, but the nuisance was felt by none in the parquette. By ten o'clock they had either become tired or ashamed of the contemptible outrage they were attempting, and dispersed. We may here remark that if the river police asked for by Chief Matsell had been in existence, this attempt could not have been made.

"On entering the Castle, a company of ushers, distinguished by their badges, were in readiness to direct the visitors to that part of the hall where their seats were located. Colored lamps and hangings suspended to the pillars indicated at a glance the different divisions, and the task of seating the whole audience of near seven thousand persons was thus accomplished without the least inconvenience. The hall was brilliantly lighted,

though from its vast extent the stage looked somewhat dim. The wooden partition which was built up in place of the drop curtain, is covered with a painting representing the combined standards of America and Sweden, below which are arabesque ornaments in white and gold. Considering the short time allowed for these improvements, the change was remarkable. The only instance of bad taste which we noticed was a large motto, worked in flowers, suspended over the pillars of the balcony directly in front of the stage. 'Welcome, Sweet Warbler,' (so ran the words,) was not only tame and common-place, but decidedly out of place.

"The sight of the grand hall, with its gay decoration, its glittering lamps, and its vast throng of expectant auditors, was in itself almost worth a five dollar ticket.—We were surprised to notice that not more than one-eighth of the audience were ladies. They must stay at home, it seems, when the tickets are high, but the gen tlemen go, nevertheless. For its size the audience was one of the most quiet, refined and appreciative we ever saw assembled in this city. Not more than one-third were seated before seven o'clock, and when the eventful hour arrived, they were still coming in. A few of the seats were not taken when the orchestra had assembled and Mr. Benedict, who was greeted with loud cheers on his appearance, gave the first flourish of his baton.

"The musical performances commenced with Jules Benedict's Overture to his opera, *The Crusaders,* himself conducting the orchestra of sixty instruments. It was an admirably balanced and effective orchestra, and notwithstanding that we had to listen as it were round

a corner, we felt the unity and full force of its strong chords, and traced the precise and delicate outline of its melodies with a distinctness which proved that a clear musical idea was there, too clearly embodied to be lost even in that vast space. We liked the first half of the composition best; it had the dark shading and wild vigor and pathos of Von Weber; the allegro which set in upon it was more in the light popular manner of Auber and the French. Yet Mr. Benedict has proved his mastery in this work, which the vast audience acknowledged with very hearty plaudits.

"Signor Belletti was the next mark of expectation. In one of Rossini's most ornate and florid bravura songs (from *Maometto Secondo*) he produced a baritone of such warm, rich, solid, resonant and feeling quality as we perhaps have never heard in this country (though without closer observation from the less remote position in which a baritone naturally requires to be heard, we hardly dare to place it above Badiali's;) while in refinement of conception and of execution he left little to be desired.

"Now came a moment of breathless expectation. A moment more, and Jenny Lind, clad in a white dress which well became the frank sincerity of her face, came forward through the orchestra. It is impossible to describe the spontaneous burst of welcome which greeted her. The vast assembly rose as one man, and for some minutes nothing could be seen but the waving of hands and handkerchiefs, nothing heard but a storm of tumultuous cheers. The enthusiasm of the moment, for a time beyond all bounds, was at last subdued, after prolonging itself, by its own fruitless efforts to subdue itself, and

the divine songstress, with that perfect bearing, that air of all dignity and sweetness, blending a child-like simplicity and half-trembling womanly modesty with the beautiful confidence of Genius and serene wisdom of Art, addressed herself to song, as the orchestral symphony prepared the way for the voice in *Casta Diva*. A better test piece could not have been selected for her début. Every soprano lady has sung it to us; but nearly every one has seemed only trying to make something of it, while Jenny Lind *was* the very music of it for the time being. We would say no less than that; for the wisest and honestest part of criticism on such a first hearing of a thing so perfect, was to give itself purely up to it, without question, and attempt no analysis of what too truly fills one to have yet began to be an object of thought.

"If it were possible, we would describe the quality of that voice, so pure, so sweet, so fine, so whole and all-pervading, in its lowest breathings and minutest *fioriture* as well as in its strongest volume. We never heard tones which in their sweetness went so far. They brought the most distant and ill-seated auditor close to her.—They *were* tones, every one of them, and the whole air had to take the law of their vibrations. The voice and the delivery had in them all the good qualities of all the good singers. Song in her has that integral beauty which at once proclaims it as a type for all, and is most naturally worshiped as such by the multitude.

"Of those who have been before her we were most frequently reminded of Madame Bishop's quality (not quantity) of voice. Their voices are of metal somewhat

akin. Jenny Lind's had incomparably more power and more at all times in reserve; but it had a shade of that same veiled quality in its lowest tones, consistently with the same (but much more) ripeness and sweetness, and perfect freedom from the crudeness often called clearness, as they rise. There is the same kind of versatile and subtile talent, too, in Jenny Lind, as appeared later in the equal inspiration and perfection of her various characters and styles of song. Hers is a genuine soprano, reaching the extra high notes with that ease and certainty which make each highest one a triumph of expression purely, and not a physical marvel. The gradual growth and *sostenuto* of her tones; the light and shade, the rhythmic undulation and balance of her passages; the bird-like ecstasy of her trill; the faultless precision and fluency of her chromatic scales; above all, the sure reservation of such volume of voice as to crown each protracted climax with glory, not needing a new effort to raise force for the final blow; and indeed all the points one looks for in a mistress of the vocal art, were eminently hers in *Casta Diva*. But the charm lay not in any *point*, but rather in the inspired vitality, the hearty, genuine outpouring of the whole—the real and yet truly ideal humanity of all her singing. That is what has won the world to Jenny Lind; it is that her whole soul and being goes out in her song, and that her voice becomes the impersonation of that song's soul if it have any, that is, if it *be* a song. There is plainly no vanity in her, no mere aim to effect; it is all frank and real and harmoniously earnest.

"She next bewitched all by the delicate *naiveté* and

sparkling *espieglerie*, interchanged with true love pathos, of her duet with Belletti, from Rossini's *I Turchi in Italia*, the music being in the same voice with that of his 'Barber of Seville.' The distinct rapidity, without hurry, of many passages, was remarkable in both performers. But perhaps the most wonderful exhibition of her vocal skill and pliancy, and of her active intimacy with nature, was in the Trio Concertante, with two flutes, from Meyerbeer's 'Camp of Silesia.' Exquisitely her voice played in echo between the tasteful flute-warblings of Messrs. Kyle and Siede.

"But do not talk of her flute-like voice; the flute-tone is not one a real voice need cultivate; except where it silvers the edges of a dark mass of orchestral harmony, the flute's unmitigated sweetness must and should contrast with the more clarionet and reed-like quality of a voice as rich and human as that of Jenny Lind.

"Naturally the favorites of the evening were the two national songs. Her Swedish 'Herdsman's Song' was singularly quaint, wild and innocent. The odd musical interval (a sharp seventh) of the repeated loud call of the cows, the joyful laugh, and the echo, as if her singing had brought the very mountains there, were extremely characteristic. This was loudly encored and repeated; and when again encored was of course answered with her 'Greeting to America,' the National Prize Song, written by Bayard Taylor, and set to a vigorous and familiar style of music, well harmonizing with the words, by Benedict. The greeting had a soul in it, coming from those lips. We here give the words:—

GREETING TO AMERICA

WORDS BY BAYARD TAYLOR—MUSIC BY JULES BENEDICT.

I GREET, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
For Song has a home in the hearts of the Free!
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And Peace shed her light on the Banner of Stars!

"We have now but to acknowledge the fine style of Belletti's *Largo al Factotum* (though the gay barber's song always requires the stage,) and the admirable orchestra performance of Weber's Overture to *Oberon*.

"We are now sure of Jenny Lind, the Singer and the Artist. Last night she was herself, and well accompanied, and gloriously responded to. But we have yet to hear her in the kind of music which seems to us most to need and to deserve such a singer—in the Agatha of *Der Freyschütz*, and in Mozart and the deep music of the great modern German operas.

"At the close, the audience (who made no movement to leave till the last note had been uttered) broke out

in a tempest of cheers, only less vehement than those which welcomed her in *Casta Diva*. She came forward again, bowed with a bright, grateful face, and retired. The cheers were now mingled with shouts of 'Barnum!' who at last came forward, and with some difficulty obtained sufficient order to speak. 'My friends,' said he, 'you have often heard it asked, 'Where's Barnum?' Amid the cheers and laughter which followed this, we could only catch the words: 'Henceforth you may say, Barnum's nowhere!'

"Mr. Barnum, after expressing his gratification at the splendid welcome which had been given Md'lle. Lind, stated that he would disclose a piece of news which he could no longer keep secret, and which would show how well that welcome was deserved. Md'lle. Lind on Monday morning informed him, that it was her intention to give her share of the nett proceeds of the present concert, amounting to considerable more than $10,000, to the various charities in this city.

"This announcement was the signal for another storm. We did not count the number of cheers given, but we never witnessed such a pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Barnum then proceeded to read the list of her donations, interrupted at every name by a fresh burst of applause:—

To the Fire Department Fund	$3,000
Musical Fund Society	2,000
Home for the Friendless	500
Society for the Relief of Indigent Females	500
Dramatic Fund Association	500
Home for Colored and Aged Persons	500

Colored and Orphan Association	500
Lying-in Asylum for Destitute Females . .	500
New-York Orphan Asylum	500
Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum . .	500
Roman Catholic Half-Orphan Asylum . .	500
Old Ladies' Asylum	500
Total . .	$10,000

"In case the money coming to her shall exceed this sum, she will hereafter designate the charity to which it is to be appropriated. Mr. Barnum was then about retiring, when there was a universal call for Jenny Lind. The songstress, however, had already taken her departure, and the excited crowd, after giving a few more cheers, followed her example, and slowly surged out of the Castle door, and down the canopied bridge, in a glow of good-humor and admiration. A few disorderly vagrants collected on the bridges leading to the Bath-houses, hooted at the throng as it passed out, but everybody went home quietly, with a new joy at his heart, and a new thought in his brain."

"Jenny Lind's second concert on Friday night last, was in every respect as complete a triumph as the first. The audience numbered upward of *seven thousand*, filling the vast amphitheatre to the topmost circles of the gallery. The sight of that dense sea of heads, from either extremity of the balcony, reminded us of one of Martin's grand, gloomy pictures, and the resemblance was further increased by the semi-oriental appearance of the hall, with its long, light pillars dropping from the centre, as well as by the dimness of the illumination, the lamps,

many and bright as they were, being lost in the immense area of the building.

"The concert was a repetition of the first, with the only difference that the orchestra volunteered the 'Wedding March,' from Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' whose short, crackling blaze of harmony received full justice from the sure and well-tempered brass instruments. Weber's overture to 'Oberon' was finely rendered, and the composition is as fine a specimen of musical fairy-land as could be found before young Mendelssohn dreamed Shakspeare's dream over in his own way.

"In Jenny Lind, we still feel that it is not easy to separate the singer from the person. She sings herself. She does not, like many skilful vocalists, merely recite her musical studies, and dazzle you with splendid feats unnaturally acquired; her singing, through all her versatile range of parts and styles, is her own proper and spontaneous activity—integral, and whole. Her magnificent voice, always true and firm, and as far beyond any instrument as humanity is beyond nature, seems like the audible beauty of her nature and her character. That she is an artist in the highest sense, is a question long since settled, and any little incidental variation from the bold and perfect outline of success in any special effort, as the faltering of her voice from natural embarrassment in the commencing of *Casta Diva* that first night, could not to a true listener at all impede the recognition of the wonderful art which could afford a little to humanity on so trying an occasion. For she was as it were beginning her career anew; literally to her was

this a new world; and she felt for a moment as if in her first blushing maidenhood of song. This second time the hesitation of the voice in that commencement was not felt. The note began soft and timid and scarce audible, as the prayer of Norma might have done; but how it gradually swelled with the influx of divine strength into the soul! The grand difficulty in the opening andante movement of *Casta Diva* lies in its broad, sustained phrasing, in the long, generous undulation of its rhythm, which with most singers drags or gets broken out of symmetry. Jenny Lind conceived and did it truly. The impassioned energy of the loud-pleading syncopated cries in which the passage attains its climax; the celestial purity and penetrating sweetness of that highest note afterward; the exquisite cadenza to the andante; and the inspiring eloquence of the Allegro: *Ah! bello a me ritorna*, were far beyond anything *we* have had the fortune hitherto to hear.

"They that sat, or even stood, in Castle Garden Tuesday night, may mark down a white day in their calendar. In point of audience, programme, execution, and inspiration, it was the greatest concert so far. If anything more had been needed to confirm the impression which Jenny Lind had previously made on an American public, and to place her continued success beyond the possibility of doubt, last night's experience certainly supplied it.

"It was foreseen in the morning that the attendance would be greater even than on Friday night. The American Museum and Hall's Music Store were beseiged through the whole day and up to the very hour of com-

mencement. At the former place the crowding for tickets was tremendous, the very sidewalk in front being blockaded most of the time. At seven o'clock, when we took up the line of march for Castle Garden, both sides of Broadway were thronged, and the main avenue of the Battery was filled with a steady stream of persons pressing into the Castle-gate. As on the first night, a double line of policemen had been formed, which effectually prevented all disorder. A few more lamps were introduced into the hall, rendering its aspect much more light and cheerful. By eight o'clock the vast hall was crowded to overflowing. Scarcely a foot of space was unoccupied; from the very edge of the ceiling to the orchestral platform in the centre, around the immense span of the building, there was but one dense mass of heads. We should, at a rough guess, estimate the number of the auditory at *seven thousand*. A much larger proportion than on former nights were ladies, and for the first time we caught glimpses of the fashionable society from above Bleecker. It is worthy of note, that the first and second concerts, immense as they were, were composed almost entirely of the intelligent and appreciative middle-class.

"Some disturbance was created by a rush to obtain seats, made by those who had promenade tickets for the balcony, the moment the orchestra began to collect. This proceeding, in violation of the specified arrangements, was most disgraceful. The ushers did all they could to prevent it, but in spite of all their efforts, many persons who arrived before the hour of commencement, were deprived of their seats. It would be a good plan

to have a few policemen in the balcony, on future occasions.

* * * * *

"And now for the 'Queen of Song,'—or, if so qualifying it will better suit the Italians, the *Northern* Queen of Song.

"She commenced with one of the most tender and graceful, and hereabouts least hackneyed airs of Bellini the *Qui la Voce* from *I Puritani*. Her liquid purity of voice and graceful gliding through its flowery labyrinthine passages was to us not more remarkable than the true but quiet fervor which animated it. Jenny Lind shows no feeling! and excites none! draws no tears! True Art supplies the place of tears by touching the emotions which are deeper and serener, and not a whit less human. But of this more fully when we have room.

"The splendid song from Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' *Non Paventar*, brought into play the salient diamonds of her highest voice, which arches like the tall shaft of a fountain sparkling in the sun.—The introduction, a bold, exhorting strain, in grandiose style, full of large intervals, was given with a glorious fervor, and no lark ever caroled more blithely or more at ease than her voice, as it soared to F in alt! Benedict's English ballad, 'Take this Lute,' she sang with a simplicity and pathos that won the audience completely; and no part seemed more genuine or more expressive than the difficult cadenza at its close.

"The romanza from *Robert le Diable* was, perhaps, the most fascinating of her more studied performances.

This, like all her brilliant things, if not impassioned in the cheaper superficial sense, was at all events vital, and from the soul. She is never mechanical, whatever you may say about want of passion. Is any tragic pathos, such as is ready on the smallest occasion, or on none, more admirable and more inspiring, more from the inmost soul, than is that gushing up of a full, glad, true heart which is her native mood of song, and which was so glorious last night in the *Ah! non Giunge* from *Sonnambula?* The rapturous encore to this was answered by the Swedish 'Herdsman's Song.'

"It was in the song from Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' that we first fully *knew* the voice and art and soul of Jenny Lind. She warmed to that music. It is narrow criticism which imprisons such a singer within the partial scope, albeit classical, of the Italian School; ignores that vital part of her which may exceed the conventional requirements of such a school, and condemns whatever in her is most characteristic, and in contrast with its models. It has been well said by those who make the most intelligent reference to those models and that school, that the style of the Swedish Nightingale is *sui generis*, as marked as her own personality. True, you would not say of her, in the conventional Italian sense of the word, what is often said in first acknowledgment of a good singer: 'She has *style*'—meaning the one style which is assumed as the standard. If we are to limit style to that sense, Md'lle. Lind has more than style; she has genius — northern genius, to be sure, which is precisely what she should have to make her greatness genuine. Song is original in her; and from

her singing we drink in new life, after long satiety of such passion-sweets as have become habits rather than fresh inspirations in the delightful—we may almost say perfected—but yet confined music of the Italians.

"It is, perhaps, too late to await the advent of a Queen of Song from the warm South. The South has had its turn; it has fulfilled its mission; the other end of the balance now comes up. The Northern Muse must sing her lesson to the world. Her fresher, chaster, more intellectual, and (as they only *seem* to some,) her colder strains come in due season to recover our souls from the delicious languor of a music which has been so wholly of the feelings, that, for the want of some intellectual tonic, and some spiritual temper, feeling has degenerated into mere sensibility, and a very cheap kind of superficial, skin-deep excitability that usurps the name of passion.

"We admire and feel and love the melody of Italy. We reverence her native gift of song, her popular sensibility to it. We have been again and again transported by her best vocal artists who have visited these shores, and they are not *the* best—the world-wide celebrities, we have to confess, are only traditions to us—traditions, however, to which we yield ourselves in full faith. From what we *have* heard and experienced of Italian singing, we know, as well as if we had heard Grisi, Pasta and Rubini, that it is not *in* the genius of the Italian school, to produce or hardly to appreciate such a new revelation of song as this human nightingale or canary of Sweden.

"Is this underrating the Italian music? By no means.

That is an established fact, and has its characteristic worth. Equally so, but in a contrasted way, has the music of the North, which, till this Nightingale appeared, had found its utterance mainly through instruments and orchestras. Now it finds worthy utterance in song. But of its peculiar characteristics we must take another time to speak."

"The Fifth Concert of Jenny Lind took place on Saturday evening last. The Hall was completely 'packed' from top to bottom, and not less than eight thousand persons could have been within the Castle walls. From seven till eight o'clock the audience poured into the gate in one solid stream.

"The capacity of Castle Garden was fully tested at the Sixth Concert on Tuesday night. It will hold from eight thousand to nine thousand persons, and some have even stretched the reckoning to ten thousand. We prefer, however, the smallest figure, as within the bounds of certainty, though, from the impression the eye took in, the largest *may* be correct. Sure it is, at least, that Castle Garden never before held so many mortal men and women within its wide circle. When we entered, at seven o'clock—borne in the gateway on a dense stream of spectators—nearly every seat in the house was occupied, about one-third of them by ladies. From that time to the hour of commencement, the influx of people was unbroken. At eight o'clock when the holders of promenade tickets were admitted, there seemed to be no end to the rush. All disorder, as on Saturday

evening, was rendered impossible by the fact that there was not a vacant seat.

"All the standing room in the balcony and parquette was soon filled, the aisles blocked up, the stairways covered, and about five hundred stood on the outside balcony, looking in through the doors and windows. The hall was one solid mass of human beings—yet, notwithstanding the great heat and fatigue which so many of them were obliged to endure, the most thorough order was preserved through the whole of the evening.—There was real sublimity in the scene, when Jenny Lind's voice, after one of her brilliant soarings into the highest heaven of melody, floated away into silence, and a hush as complete as that of death fell upon the house. In this respect, these Castle Garden concerts are unequaled in moral grandeur, and we doubt much whether they have ever been surpassed in Europe in brilliancy and magnitude.

"Jenny Lind—the centre to which all minds were drawn—looked radiant with good spirits and a grateful recognition of the splendid ovation bestowed upon her, was received with a warmer and more hearty greeting.

"After retiring, when the echoes of her 'Herdsman's Song' had ceased to reverberate through the hills, Md'lle. Lind was again called forward; yet still the crowd seemed loth to leave. Mr. Barnum, who had also been loudly summoned from all parts of the hall, then came upon the stage and announced the gratifying intelligence, viz: that the Seventh concert would be given in the new Musical Hall on Monday, October 6, and that the concerts would be continued thenceforth,

until all in this city and the neighboring regions have had an opportunity to hear Md'lle. Lind. This announcement was received with cheers and every expression of satisfaction. Splendid as is the new Musical Hall, and without its peer in the world, we doubt whether it will ever give to the eye a spectacle so grand and impressive as Castle Garden presented.

"We cling to these Castle Garden Concerts as events the like of which may not soon come again. The Nightingale may sing in halls of much more musical dimensions, to audiences select and closely gathered within the more immediate circle of her potency; audiences not too large to keep still, and halls where each accompanying instrument may have some chance, as well as her miraculous voice, of a good hearing. But to Castle Garden is reserved this sublime spectacle of a whole people, as it were, worshiping at the shrine of Art, and receiving the voice of Art as that of 'deep calling unto deep.'—Jenny Lind is evidently most herself and most inspired when she sings most for *all*. Hence every one at Castle Garden has been struck with a certain providential fitness in that unique locality and spectacle of her first American triumphs. Every one has blessed the accident; and it is only preferring the spirit to the letter of pure musical proprieties, to own that we would willingly sacrifice something of mere musical effect to have her concerts all continued on so large a scale.

"The triumph has been two-fold: first, the highest refinement of art, not only achieved but personified before us; and, secondly, to complete and justify the beauty thereof, the widest possible and heartiest reception of it.

We have never witnessed in this practical and bustling world, such an acknowledgment that art and beauty do most intimately concern us all.

"With all this satisfaction from these concerts as great popular events, no less than as exhibitions of art we have still to ask ourselves: What lack we yet? Not any thing in the voice, the style, the inspiration of the singer. Not that. We are no nearer to becoming converts to the critics who call her cold, and talk of her voice as Northern and impracticable, the despair of Garcia, etc. But what we have found lacking, most especially at this last concert, was a programme of such music as *could* engage the noblest energies of her whole soul. In Saturday's programme there was scarcely a piece which could be regarded as more than a graceful and ingenious play of the voice. These pieces, to be sure, as we have said in former notices, required talent, and much more than mechanical talent, in the execution; but they could not, in the nature of the case, however sung, fill up that 'void' of emotions, which we hear talked about. They have proved the versatility of Jenny Lind. Indeed, the graceful *abandon* with which she gives herself to them is creditable to her humanity; for they are plainly not ambitious feats of skill with her, but simply the easy exuberance of her glad artist nature; genius and character are often best revealed in play.—These arts are her means, and not her ends. It would be unjust to seek in them the whole significance of this great musical and moral fact, called Jenny Lind. They only show how exquisitely and completely she is furnished for the nobler ends of art beyond all this, and to

which she has already several times, but not uniformly, addressed herself in the course of these concerts, always succeeding when she tries. But the programmes have been arranged with a too timid and exclusive eye to gratifying public taste. The great singer has been allowed comparatively few chances of doing her best things, except in the way of skill. Only here and there a fragment of the really great music has been given her to interpret; whereas only in the interpretation of such can she be all herself to us.

"But to quit generalizing, the best thing, as music, in the last concert, was the solid, picturesque overture to *Der Freyschütz*—one of the half-dozen grandest overtures, of which those to *Don Giovanni*, *Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, and the '*Midsummer Night's Dream*,' in its way, are almost the only compeers. The other overture to *Zampa*, is the most hackneyed, noisy, superficial, French-novel-like composition of the sort now in vogue, and ought to be abandoned to the lower class of theatres.—Its introduction there was an unworthy exploitation of the fine talents of so select an orchestra. Mr. Benedict's March from 'The Crusaders,' what there was of it, was a strong, spirited and richly harmonized production. It must soon find its way into our streets, judging from the enterprise of our musical bands. Hoffman, the young pianist, is an artist in a high sense and degree, but on this occasion he was surely victimized. His *Fantasia*, ascribed to Thalberg, was a barren and unprofitable display of ingenuity in all sorts of dare-devil variations on 'God Save the King,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' etc., chopping the last two up together into a salad,

by way of finale. Did the crowd listen any *better* than they would have done to some genuine composition?

"Signor Belletti sang the Cavatina from *Gemma di Vergy* and the Barcarole from the 'Prison of Edinburg,' (both pleasing compositions,) with all the acknowledged beauty of his voice and style. There was a delicate humor on his side of the dramatic extravaganza, *Il Faantico per la Musica.*

"So much for the accessories. The nightingale herself commenced as usual with her most elaborate Italian piece, and in the same form, namely an introduction and a brilliant allegro. This time it was from Donizetti's 'Elixir of Love:' *Prendi per me*—a piece of ornate, cold brilliancy, which scarcely required more than a brilliant, mechanical Laborde to make the most of it. It displayed the marvelous voice and execution of Jenny Lind, but her feeling is of too true and intelligent a kind to affect much emotion in such music. If we confess that our enjoyment was of the cool and passive sort, shall we be construed as ascribing less soul than we once did to the voice and art of Jenny Lind?

"Her next piece was of the light style, but exquisitely arch and comic—a pleasant musical curiosity, the dramatic duet, above referred to, with Belletti. As the subject was a music lesson, and the pupil a genius as wild and talented as the master was mad, there was of course a grand field for the display of all her vocal *tours de force*, etc. Never did we hear a trill so long, so soft, so liquid and so even. It takes the skill of such an artist to bring out the humorous truth and point of this duet, which is the wayward trick of genius of always

utterly refusing or magnificently transcending the lessons of its teacher. The ballad of Benedict's, 'By the sad sea waves,' a composition of which we find it difficult to judge, was sung by her with earnestness and feeling, but the voice became most sweet and touching when it escaped the fetters of words and flowed out naturally in its own cadenzas. The remainder of her *rôle*, so to speak, consisted of the Echo Trio, with two flutes (again a musical curiosity, and a very popular one,) in which, too, by the way, we were struck by the rich and almost reedlike quality of Mr. Kyle's low tones; the *Ah! non Giunge*, and the Swedish Mountain Echoes: all of which have now been heard several times before. To her singing of them we need not add new notes of admiration. Each in its way succeeds infallibly. If we have not been able to disguise our longing for some greater music, now that we have the world's greatest singer who can give it to us, it has not been our purpose to blame anybody for the programmes we have had, or to deny that we have feasted full of beauty as it was. "D."

We add one more article by this fine musician and writer (Dwight,) descriptive of the concert in Boston:—

"Boston, Sunday, October 6th, 1850.

"Jenny Lind in Sacred Music.

"The Castle Garden Concerts were grand triumphs in their way. In them we fully recognized a voice, a style, a soul, a genius which justified the title, Queen of Song. And yet so far as Jenny Lind could actually reveal her highest art and truest self in those promiscuous and rather *ad captandum* programmes, they were more

matters of insight or of inference to some of her hearers, than of positive and palpable observation to all. The music which she sung, with very few exceptions, was not equal to the singer. The meaning of *her* was not containable or conveyable in such slight vehicles. She was by some called cold, expressionless, because the music (we mean the composition) commonly gave so little to express, compared with her capacity of feeling and expression, except it were her sound and never-failing sentiment of art and beauty, which ensured a grace, a naturalness, a freedom, and a characteristic individuality to whatsoever she attempted. At the time her voice played heartily with musical imitations, echoes, and the sparkling embellishments of the light operatic bravura, like the mingling of the songs of forests full of birds, *αμφιθωον γελασμα*. At another she delivered with the truest taste and feeling, such of the so-called classic specimens of pure Italian opera of this day. In both, her song was natural and sympathetic; she gave the beauty of the music as it was never given out to us before; but her soul knew of better and of deeper; the true music for her, was what she seemed to hear afar, as those 'deep-set violet eyes' habitually wandered off and upward with a listening look.

"The Tribune wound up every notice with a call or strong desire to hear her in great German music, whether in the form of opera, song, or sacred oratorio. It was intimated that the real depth and greatness of her genius were to a great extent reserved for greater music; that she would pour her passion out in music like Von Weber's, and be a worthy and sublime interpreter to the

great sacred melodies of Handel. A Boston audience has had the happy privilege of first realizing these expectations. On Saturday night the Tremont Temple was crowded with the most appreciating audience yet assembled, to listen to these loftier efforts of her art, and never have I shared so deep and pure enthusiasm with so many. Every individual of those thousands will date back to this, as one of the high and glorious hours of life. Music never made in America such a triumphant assertion of its power. The question of the deep feeling, the high artistic imagination, the *genius* of Jenny Lind was as conclusively settled, as the unrivaled beauty of her voice and execution, and her consummate taste had been before.

"The first half of the concert comprised sacred music; the overture, however, that to Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, was so only by adoption. That was followed by the bass song 'Why do the Nations rage,' from Handel's 'Messiah,' sung in distinct English by Belletti, who surprised us by his appreciation and mastery of the most quaint and figurative style of Handel.

"Then came the most religious and sublime of songs: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Every face was turned with the profoundest interest to Jenny Lind, as she came forward in the white garb of purity, and with a look of modest innocence and faith. She commenced the song firmly and confidently, and carried it through with a lofty and sustained inspiration, which could dispense with every ornament, and which we never heard approached in any former rendering of that music. Those tones, so sweet and noble, and sincere, so freighted with

meaning, and so elastic with great hope and trust, seemed like the fit and chosen medium of that music and that sentiment. We do not remember more than two ornaments or rather variations from the literal text: and these were most slight in themselves, most telling in their connection:—once a short trill, which was perfectly elastic, and once, just before its close, a sudden lighting from the clearest azure height of sound upon the written note which lifted the whole strain at once to an angelic rapture. The words 'The first fruits of them that slept,' were given with an exquisitely subdued and pensive tenderness. It is not extravagance to say that so much soul and genius never before spake to us in song. It was the religion of art, as well as art employed on a religious subject. The whole audience were inspired, transported, and the song was sung again entire, with an expression enhanced by the perfect sympathy she now felt in her audience. And all the sentiment and music of the song glowed in the sublime tranquillity of her face, as she stood, when her voice had finished and the instruments were closing. Happy the artist who could paint or daguerreotype *that* expression.

"After Signor Belletti's beautiful rendering of the *Pro Peccatis*, Jenny Lind commenced another great song, in a very difficult style, namely, 'On Mighty Pens,' from the 'Creation.' And quite as fully as before did she identify her luscious, sympathetic voice with the fresh, child-like, graceful fervor of that music Her soul seemed to go out to meet the happy sights and harmonies of nature: the glorious sweep of the eagle, the cooing

of the doves, the mingled melodies of birds, were all alive and admirable, as exquisite tokens of the Father's presence, in her rapturous labyrinth of song. She sang that music *con amore*, and Hadyn's spirit, if it heard her, must have inwardly rejoiced.

"The second part was secular and miscellaneous, commencing with the overture to *Massaniello* and the song of Dandalo in *Cinderella*, the fine appetizing grace and honor of which music, Signor Belletti so completely rendered, that he was compelled to repeat it. The Northern Songstress then vindicated her claim to the dramatic and impassioned, in the music from *Der Freyschütz* of the scene where Agatha awaits her lover. The prayer was ineffably sweet and tender, and the outburst of all her reserved energies of voice and passion, when she hears his footsteps, was magnificent and electrifying. This was the true dramatic music for her; in this her soul found room as it could not in hackneyed and conventionally classic *Casta Divas*.

"All questions about her being a great artist in all the higher respects of expression, genius and imagination, was by this time clearly settled to the satisfaction of all minds, but those whose fate it is to overlook those glorious entities, when nearest and most actual. After these great specimens of song, the lighter play of the flute imitations and the Swedish echoes, came with a charm and naturalness it never wore before. It seemed the happy exuberance of a soul inspired by its great work, and filled with an electricity that must expand itself in graceful frolic fancies. "D."

On this same subject of Jenny Lind in Sacred Music,

the brother of the compiler of this volume has written, in an article which we thus introduce:—

"JENNY LIND IN HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

"[Not feeling adequate to an appreciative criticism of this highest lift of the angelic songstress's mission among us, we have requested an account of it from a highly educated Professor of Sacred Music, and we give it below. We have a good deal to say, yet, about Jenny Lind, who—unlike most celebrities, aggrandizes with seeing and knowing more of. At present, we give the *parole* of those better skilled. Thus says our professional critic:—]

"Sweet Jenny Lind, the divinely-sent (as we seriously believe her,) preached us the most faithful sermon, last Friday night, which we ever yet heard. Her text was, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth:' 'Come unto Him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest.' We say a faithful sermon, because she *meant* what she sang: because her evident and conscious *mission* to proclaim these great truths, shone earnestly and touchingly through all the music, all the excitement and conspicuous display of the scene.

"And never were words accompanied with such sweet attestation of themselves as those which, all so unconsciously, fell from the lips of the pure and pious priestess of the evening: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, that bring good tidings of glad things!' In her mouth, this text had a strange and prophetic significance: we thought we had never truly understood it before. There *is* an earthly beauty attendant upon divine ministrations and marvelously so,

we now find, when such a ministration is accomplished through the agency of celestial music.

"The Oratorio of the Messiah was *well* performed. In saying this we include the masterly performance of the choruses, by the Harmonic Society, the ever-efficient orchestra, and, with a few exceptions, the individual solos. The Harmonic Society sang as though they knew the music by heart, and could sing as well without books as with. There is, by the way, a certain *abandonment* in the performance of music, where that music is *well-known*, as possible, and as requisite, we may say, to good chorus singing, as it is felt to be essential in solo performances. No solos are really well performed, till the mechanical execution, in itself considered, ceases to occupy the mind or the attention. And this, we think, equally true of a chorus. The members of the Harmonic Society, if we mistake not, had this advantage. And here let us express a passing thought: should there be opportunity of hearing this Oratorio again, let such as wish to hear the *full* effect of these choruses, listen to at least *some*, if they cannot *all* of them, from the second gallery of Tripler Hall. The volume of sound is *there* just double that at any other point of the building. The chorus of 'Wonderful Counsellor,' as we heard it from this gallery, was, beyond expression, magnificent.

"But what shall we say of Belletti's singing? for he furnished us with an entirely new development of himself. We now well perceive that he is more than a singer, he is a musician: he is more than an Italian opera performer, he is a successful interpreter of Handel, with all the superior intelligence and power of concep-

tion necessary thereto. We confess to a slight prejudice against the mental and musical grasp of most Italian singers. But this prejudice we yield in the present instance. Belletti's manly, straight-forward, unaffected and strong rendering of Handel's solos, was worthy of all praise. We feared, as evidently *he* feared, at first, the English text, with all its horrors of th's, and all its offensive hissings and vowel sounds. But he gradually lost his fears, as we did ours; improving and smoothing to the end.

"One circumstance forcibly struck us in the solo performances of this Oratorio: the effect of *school*, and *no* school, as displayed in the singing of Jenny Lind and Belletti on the one hand, and Miss de Luce and Mr. Colburn on the other. Setting aside all special musical gifts, and contrasting them only at just points of comparison, we had, in the one case, an English articulation from two *foreigners*, which, in spite of a slight accent, was yet perfectly intelligible, clear and neat; and on the other, from two *natives*, a thick, blurred, slovenly English, perfectly unintelligible. And so, in all embellished musical phrases, on the one hand, we had a square note-for-note, severe execution, and on the other a hurried, uneven, ambitious style, and from Mr. Colburn, particularly, a Yankee twang, and a *note-anticipating* character of performance, exceedingly offensive. This fault, by the way, of putting in all sorts of unwritten appogiaturas, to anticipate written notes, strikes us as being one of the very worst, particularly as it is so quite unnecessary, and is only an affected mannerism. Now, singing music exactly as it is written, singing in tune, singing in time,

and pronouncing the words neatly and correctly, are certainly the first and simplest requisites of good singing, and demanded in the earliest, as most advanced stage of musical progress. The air, 'He shall feed his flock,' by Miss de Luce, was quite well and expressively sung, however, and Mr. Colburn had a certain fire and enthusiasm, of his own, which would have well adorned an otherwise good performance. The only other noticeable defect was that of our friend the trumpeter, in the accompaniment of Beletti's song, where his always conspicuous instrument seemed even more than ordinarily so.

"But, to close upon the same grateful key on which we began, Jenny Lind's great song (and difficult as great, because the music is only effective when a great soul and heart are behind it) 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' justified all anticipation. No words could have been sung with stronger or more truthful expression. We were particularly struck, however, with her peculiar conception and rendering of that other exquisite song, 'Come unto Him, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' There was a bright and thrilling *encouragement* of tone thrown into the first words, 'Come unto Him,' which pulled directly and strongly upon the heart, and was like a resistless influence, moving the soul spiritually forward. In what thoughtful heart was there not really, a momentary readiness to—come! particularly after that divine utterance of the succeeding promise, a promise of 'Rest to the soul!' Ah! (we could not but think, at the close of the performance,) this is strong preaching!"

PART III.

It may be interesting to the reader, perhaps, if we give, in one connection, the impressions progressively made upon one mind, (the compiler's own,) by Jenny Lind, from the first hearing of her voice, to as much knowledge of her professional excellencies, and as much personal acquaintance, as would ordinarily fall to the lot of one of her numberless admirers, privileged with a passing introduction. We will confine this Part of the volume, therefore, to *one mind's impressions* from seeing, hearing and incidentally conversing, with the Swedish Songstress. Our first impression was thus described, in the Home Journal, long before her proposed visit to this country:—

"We chanced, summer before last, to be at one of the German Baths, when Jenny Lind came thither, from Frankfort on the Maine, to give a concert. Her audience just about filled the easy chairs of the principal Hall of the gambling-palace of the place, and the concert was given at eleven in the forenoon of a temperate summer's morning. We stood under the portico, when the fair Swede alighted from an open carriage, and by making one in the suite of a Spanish dame whose faint floss of a raven moustache ruled the privileges and gallantries of the place, we obtained a seat within two or three feet of the piano at which stood the singers.—

Mendelsshon the composer, (a man of the type of an Andover student of Divinity,) was among her attendants. The concert lasted a couple of hours, and during that time we drank, without drawing breath—not the music, but Jenny Lind. We doubt whether we could have told, that evening, what airs she sung. The music was the least part of it. There was no loud enthusiasm. Jenny Lind herself did not seem to be taking any pleasure in the concert—for she was playing in opera to crowded houses in Frankfort, and had come to the Baths (six miles,) to give this concert for the gratification of the Prince of Hesse-Homberg, whose family were in a private box of the Hall Gallery. There was attention of a peculiar kind—the ladies all studying her intensely, like a puzzle they could not make out, but of which they were dying to absorb the secret for their own use, and the gentlemen leaning toward her with troubled and thoughtful absorption, lips open, and heart and eyes bent on her with abandoned entireness. She looks cold, reserved, modest, timid. Her complexion is very pale, her cheek bones high, her hair very abundant and of a wavy blonde. Her bust is moderately full, and if she has any one very great beauty, it is the admirable setting of her head upon her shoulders—the lift, the poise for different expression, the mingled self-respect and humility expressed in it, being Nature's *ne plus ultra* of the mould of woman. Her eyes, if we remember rightly, have dark lashes, but of that we are not sure, nor of what it is, in them, that calls up, in the heart of the beholder, a far-down and hitherto scarce suspected want, the voice of which speaks from his better nature. How

so shrinking, so almost repelling, so colorless and unsensuous looking a creature can *impassion* men of all kinds to the degree she does, is wonderful indeed. Not wonderful, however, if we admit that in all men's hearts lurks a concealed angel of goodness, and that Jenny Lind's countenance is the mirror which reflects and reveals it. She looks as if sin or guile were an utter impossibility of her nature, and yet as if she could love with a devotion and self-sacrifice unsurpassable on earth. After having once seen her, the worst man's heart, we sincerely believe, drops to its knee on hearing but the whisper of her name.

"We are not surprised at her triumphs, but, as we said above, the plaudits of her are the responses of good angels. Her voice, as well as we can remember it, is deficient in strength. Its trills and *extensions into silence* are the most wonderful things she does—her continuation upon the ear long after the expectation has given over listening, being done with a skill that shows the finest musical organization. If she were to sing under a veil, however, we doubt whether any but accomplished musicians would be much excited by her."

The Letter which follows was addressed by the compiler of the present work, previous to the first concert, to his partner in the editorship of the Home Journal:—

HIGHLAND TERRACE, Sept. —

"DEAR MORRIS:—The bundle of Jenny Lind documents which I received from you this morning—long accounts of 'arrival,' columns of 'reception,' serenades, speeches, anecdotes and personal descriptions—quite stirs

the town mud at the bottom of my well of tranquillity. I fear I shall not 'settle' again, this season—especially with your insisting that I must come and take a hand in the chronicle of this turmoil and its phenomena. But I wish I could be left 'at pasture,' mind and body, a little longer. I have heard the 'Swedish Nightingale'—(you remember the description of her which I sent you from Germany,)—but there are nightingales in a lovely wild glen, hereby, who might not sing twice, even for Barnum, and I should like to use Summer's 'free ticket,' while I have it, to hear them. Art amid gutters, in exchange for Nature amid running brooks! Heigho!

"In this tumultuous reception which we are giving to the pale Swede, there is, of course, some professional management and some electrified and uncomprehending popular ignorance, (as in what popular enthusiasm is there not?) but it is, in much the greater portion of its impulse, signally creditable to our country. *The lever which works it is an admiration for her goodness.* Without her purity, her angelic simplicity, her munificence, and her watchful and earnest-hearted pity for the poor and lowly—or without a wide and deep appreciation of these virtues by the public—she would have found excitement, only at the footlights of the stage. Her voice and her skill as an artist might have made her the rage with 'the fashion.' But, while the Astor Place Opera-house will hold all who constitute 'the fashion, it would take the Park and all the Squares of the city to hold those who constitute the rage for Jenny Lind. No! let the city be as wicked as the reports of crime make it to be—let the vicious be as thick and the taste

for the meretricious and artificial be as apparently uppermost—the lovers of goodness are the Many, the supporters and seekers of what is pure and disinterested are the substantial bulk of the People. Jenny Lind is, at this moment, in the hearts of the majority of the population of New York, and she is there for nothing but what pleases the angels of Heaven as well.

"I shall have seen the great songstress upon two of her professional errands—now, when she comes over to be welcomed by the millions of a republic, and once before, when she came to sing for the sovereign of one of the petty principalities of Europe. The contrast is, perhaps, worth noting, and there is little doubt that the warm-hearted Jenny is much more at home where she is. The Sovereign Grand Duke of Homberg, (at the time I speak of, four or five years ago,) had a kingdom of eight or ten miles square, wherein he held Court and waved a sceptre over a capital. His metropolis and seat of government was the famous watering-place of Homberg, not quite so large a town as Saratoga, and supported almost entirely by the fashionables who resort thither to gamble. The medicinal springs drew a few invalids, and I was there as one of this small minority —trying to get my workshop in order after the confusion of a brain fever.

"It was understood, one evening, that Jenny Lind would come over, the next day, from Frankfort—where she was performing an engagement at the Opera—and give a morning concert, to please His Highness, the Grand Duke. There was no particular excitement produced by the news, and the gay company, all of whom

were assembled as usual around the gambling-tables, (as is the perfectly respectable usage of the place,) gave it merely a passing mention. They would have been much more excited with the arrival of a celebrated gamester.

"As I reminded you just now, I gave you a description of that concert. My impression of the fair Swede —whom I saw then, for the first time—was of a cold-mannered and un-impulsive person, singing against her will, and politely out of humor. The small audience was largely sprinkled with persons of rank, and the old Duke handed Jenny into his royal carriage after the concert was over, and took her to the palace for a dejeuner —for she was to return and sing at the Frankfort Opera that evening—but I saw nothing that looked like pleasure in her countenance, nothing genial, nothing cordial. The compliments and attentions of royalty and its court, seemed to me, as I looked on, to be received by Jenny like a perfectly transparent endurance of a bore. With this in your mind, you will be able to form a comparison —when you see Jenny Lind received by a New York audience—between her taste for courtly homage and her taste for the homage of a republic.

"Have you noted, by the way, a very republican operation that has been going on in New York during the last month or two, and to which the Jenny Lind enthusiasm puts the finishing stroke? I refer to the quiet ease with which the luxury of the exclusives—Italian music—has passed into the hands of the people. While the Fashionable Few have been out of town, the Popular Many have walked in, and taken a look at the aris-

tocratic plaything left behind—fancied it—adopted it—and now it is as much theirs as anybody's! The Havana Company, after struggling through an *up*-town season, to audiences of two or three *hundred*, have had a *down*-town season—with their usual patrons all in the country—to audiences of two or three *thousand!* Opera music has, *in a couple of months*, become a popular taste. Socially wonderful as this is, it is not unnatural. An ear for music is neither the result of luxury nor refined education. The mechanic is as likely to have it as the banker—the sempstress as likely as the millionnaire's daughter. But such a transition could never have happened in England. The hardened crusts between the different strata of society, would never let a taste pass, with this marvelous facility, from one class to another. It is a proof of the slightness of separation between the upper and middle classes of our country—of the ease with which the privileges of a higher class pass to the use of the class nominally below—and marks how essentially, as well as in form and name, this is a land of equality.

"Accidental as this transfer of Italian music from Astor Place to Castle Garden may seem to have been—the transfer of a taste from the five hundred Few to the fifty thousand Many—it marks an epoch, that would equally have been an epoch without Jenny Lind, but which, still, beautifully prepared the way for her advent, and for the perpetuation of her triumph, such 'accidents' of preparation have gone before all great spirits, introducing, for them, the epochs on whose tide they were to float. I do not think this one can be lightly spoken

of. Music is a sweetener of toil—a softener of suffering—a helper of endurance—a refiner of brutality—and if Jenny Lind has come among us to set a seal on the universality of music, and make it the confirmed taste of the People, her mission is not a trifling one, nor would it seem undirected by a special Providence. The very struggles which the pure-minded Swede successfully made, to separate her singing from acting—refusing to make any contract for stage singing, and thus propitiating tens of thousands in this country who are prejudiced against Italian music, because it comes in that exceptionable shape—would look like a foresight of far-seeing wisdom. We shall soon know what its first operation is to be, but I fancy that it will open the way for important changes in the demand and supply of music, improving and bringing it within the means of all classes, and that it will commence a softening and mellowing influence on the hard practicality of our money-making national character, forming, altogether, an era which this admired maiden may well be blessed for introducing.

"May the climate of our country treat her voice tenderly, and may she have health to receive, and inspiration to measure and understand, all that the love and admiration of an enthusiastic people will heap around her, on this shore.

"With this sincere prayer, perhaps I had better dismiss lesser topics, and close my letter with an Adieu.

"Yours, N. P. W."

The second record of our impressions was a descrip-

tion of her First Concert in America, which we conceived to have been critically over-written-about, and which was headed "To any Lady subscriber to the Home Journal, who may wish for gleanings from that first concert of Jenny Lind, which the critics of the daily papers have so well harvested:—"

"HIGHLAND TERRACE, on the Hudson, Sept. 1850.

"DEAR MADAM:—My delight at Jenny Lind's First Concert is sandwiched between slices of rural tranquillity —as I went to town for that only, and returned the next day—so that I date from where I write, and treat to sidewalk gossip in a letter 'writ by the running brook.' Like the previous 'Rural Letters' of this series, the present one would have made no special call on your attention, and would have been addressed to my friend and partner—but, as he accompanied me to the concert, I could not with propriety write him the news of it, and I therefore address myself, without intermediation, to the real reader for whom my correspondence is of course always intended. Not at all sure that I can tell you any thing new about the one topic of the hour, I will at least, endeavor to leave out what has been most dwelt upon.

"On the road to town there seemed to be but one subject of conversation, in cars and steamers; and 'Barnum,' 'Jenny Lind' and 'Castle Garden' were the only words to be overheard, either from passengers around, or from the rabble at platforms and landing-places. The oddity of it lay in the entire saturation of the sea of public mind—from the ooze at the bottom, to the 'crest of the rising swell'—with the same un-

commercial, un-political, and un-sectarian excitement. When, before, was a foreign singer the only theme among travelers and baggage-porters, ladies and loafers, Irishmen and 'colored folks,' rowdies and the respectable rich? By dint of nothing else, and constant iteration of the the three syllables 'Jenny Lind,' it seemed to me, at last, as if the wheels of the cars flew round with it—'Jenny Lind,' 'Jenny Lind,' 'Jenny Lind'—in tripping or drawling syllables, according to the velocity.

"The doors were advertised to be open at five; and, though it was thence three hours to the beginning of the concert, we abridged our dinner (your other servant, the song-king and myself,) and took omnibus with the early crowd bound downwards. On the way, I saw indications of a counter current—(private carriages with fashionables starting for their evening drive out of town, and several of the ruling dandies of the hour strolling up, with an air of leisure which was perfectly expressive of no part in the excitement of the evening)—and then I first comprehended that there might possibly be a small class of dissenters. As we were in time to see the assembling of most of the multitude who had tickets, it occurred to me to observe the proportion of *fashionables* among them, and, with much pains-taking, and the aid of an opera-glass, I could number but *eleven*. Of the Five Hundred who give 'the ton,' this seemed to be the whole representation in an audience of six thousand —a minority I was sorry to see, as an angel like Jenny Lind may well touch the enthusiasm of every human heart, while, as a matter of taste, no more exquisite feast than her singing was ever offered to the refined. There

should, properly, have been no class in New York—at least none that could afford the price of attendance—that was not proportionately represented at that Concert. The songstress, herself, as is easy to see, prefers to be the 'People's choice,' and would rather sing to the Fifty Thousand than to the Five Hundred—but she touches a chord that should vibrate far deeper than the distinctions of society, and I hope yet to see her as much 'the fashion' as 'the popular rage' in our republican metropolis.

"Jenny's first coming upon the stage at the Concert has been described by every critic. Several of them have pronounced it done rather awkwardly. It seemed to me, however, that the language of curtsies was never before so varied—never before so eloquently effective. She expressed more than the three degrees of humility—profound, profounder, profoundest—more than the three degrees of simplicity—simple, simpler, simplest. In the impression she produced, there was conviction of the superlative of both, and something to spare. Who, of the spectators that remembered Steffanoni's superb indifference to the public—(expressed by curtsies just as low when making her first appearance to sing the very solo that Jenny was about to sing)—did not recognize, at Castle Garden, that night, the eloquent inspiration there might be, if not the excessive art, in a curtsy on the stage? I may as well record, for the satisfaction of the great Good-as-you—(the 'Casta Diva' of our country)—that Jenny's reverence to this our divinity, the other night, was not practised before kings and Courts. I was particularly struck, in Germany, with the reluctant

civility expressed by her curtsies to the box of the Sovereign Grand Duke, and to the audience of nobles and gamblers. In England, when the Queen was present, it seemed to me that Jenny wished to convey, in her manner of acknowledging the applause for her performance of La Sonnambula, that her profession was distasteful to her. In both these instances, there was certainly great reserve in her 'making of her manners'—in this country there has, as certainly, been none.

"The opening solo of 'Casta Diva' was well selected to show the *quality* of Jenny Lind's voice, though the dramatic effect of this passage of Bellini's Opera could not be given by a voice that had formed itself upon her life and character. Pure invocation to the Moon, the Norman Deity, as the first two stanzas are, the latter half of the solo is a passionate prayer of the erring Priestess to her unlawful love; and, to be sung truly, must be sung passionately, and with the cadences of love and sin On Jenny's lips, the devout purity and imploring worship and contrition, proper to the stanzas in which the Deity is addressed, are *continued throughout;* and the Roman, who has both desecrated and been faithless to her, is besought to return and sin again, with accents of sublimely unconscious innocence. To those who listened without thought of the words, it was delicious melody, and the voice of an angel—for, in its pathetic and half mournful sweetness, that passage, on such a voice, goes straight to the least expectant and least wakeful fountain of tears—but it was Jenny Lind, and not Norma, and she should have the air set to new words, or to an affecting and elevated passage of Scripture.

"And it strikes me, by the way, as a little wonderful—Jenny Lind being what she is, and the religious world being so numerous—that the inspired Swede, in giving up the stage, has not gone over to sacred music altogether. It would have been worthy of her, as well as abundantly in her power, to have created a Sacred Musical Drama—or, at least, so much of one, as the *singing the songs of Scripture in costume and character.* Had the divine music of Casta Diva, the other night, for instance, been the Lamentation of the Daughter of Jeptha, and had a background of religious reverence given to the singer its strong relief, while the six thousand listeners were gazing with moist eyes upon her, how immeasurably would not the effect of that mere Operatic music have been heightened! With a voice and skill capable of almost miraculous personation, and with a character of her own which gives her the sacredness of an angel, she might truly 'carry the world away,' were the music but equal to that of the popular operas. Is it not possible to originate this in our country? With hundreds of thousands of religious people ready to form new audiences, when she has sung out her worldly music, will not the pure-hearted, humble, simple, saint like and gifted Jenny commence a new career of *Sacred* Music, on this side the water? Some one told me, once, that he had heard her sing in a private room, that beautiful song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!' with feeling and expression such as he had never before thought possible. What a field for a composer is the Bible! For how many of its personages—Mary, Hagar, Miriam, Ruth—might single songs be written, that, sung

in the costume in which they are usually painted, and with such action as the meaning required, would give boundless pleasure to the religious! The class is well worth composing for, and they are well worthy of the services of a *sequestrated choir* of the world's best singers—of whom Jenny Lind may most triumphantly be the first.

"'That Jenny Lind sings like a woman with no weaknesses—that there is plenty of soul in her singing, but no flesh and blood—that her voice expresses more tender pity than tender passion, and more guidance in the right way than sympathy with liability to the wrong—are reasons, I think, why she should compare unfavorably with the impassioned singers of the opera, in opera scenes and characters. Grisi and Steffanoni give better and more correct representations of 'Norma,' both musical and dramatic, than she—and naturally enough. It is wonderful how differently the same music may be correctly sung; and how the quality of the voice—which is inevitably an expression of the natural character and habits of mind—makes its meaning! It is one of the most interesting of events to have seen Jenny Lind at all—but, her character and her angelic acts apart, a woman 'as is a woman' may better sing much of the music she takes from operas.

"Of the 'Flute Song,' and the 'Echo Song,' the papers have said enough, and I will save what else I have to say of the great-souled maiden, till I get back to my quarters in the city and have heard her again.

"Pardon the gravity of my letter, dear Madam, and believe me Your humble servant, N. P. W."

The following appeared in a succeeding number of the Home Journal, and though it is not directly descriptive of the theme of this volume, yet it bears upon an event of her career in this country, which has been very largely written about:—

"BARNUM'S PRIZE,

"*Of* $200 *for the best 'Welcome Song' to Jenny Lind.*

"The editor of the 'Morning Star,' in a gay article, mentions the two editors of this paper, as leading competitors for the above prize. As one of the two, (the one who does not write this paragraph,) is the acknowledged best song-writer of our country, and as his avowed competition might prevent some one, less assured by success, from trying his modest wing, it is proper, perhaps, to correct the error of our polite neighbor, and say definitely that neither Morris nor his partner will be among the competitors.

"But let us express our respect for this class of composition, while the above disclaimer will serve us for a text. Of all the shapes of the poetic faculty, we think there is none to which the '*nascitur non fit*' is so applicable. The song-writer, more than any other sort of poet, must be a *born poet*. Like the distinction between the sublime and the ridiculous, the difference between the best song and the worst is a wall that only inspired masonry can build, and where pathos ends and laughter begins, is a line that can be drawn by Nature only. It is not altogether an inspiration of the fancy either. The head alone may write other poetry, perhaps, but the heart must have been there, when a good song was

written. Unless there was a choke in the throat and a moisture in the eye when a line was first murmured, it will never move the listener when sung.

"Of course there are accidental combinations that help to make a song-writer. Many a man could conceive one, for instance, who lacks the musical ear to put it together. A tact at using brevity without impairing the clear outline of the meaning, is necessary also, and so is clear common sense to reject all that has not a truth under it. But there is one quality more, without which good songs could scarce be written, and though we have always recognized it with admiration where it existed, we scarce know how to define it. We refer to that separation of progress, by which a man who has risen to *think with the few*, continues to *feel with the many*. To borrow an illustration from our military partner, the mind is promoted, but the heart is left in the ranks. Many a man of genius both thinks and feels, out of reach of the majority of his fellow-creatures. Shelley did so —Shakspeare did not, Burns did not, nor Campbell, nor Moore. It is as creditable and admirable in common life as in song-writing, we may as well add, however. Keeping the heart akin to the every-day sympathies of the mass, is as unusual amid wealth and honors, as amid the cold elevations of the intellect, and equally shows noble affectionateness of nature.

"We are running into an essay, when we intended only to write a paragraph. Let us close with a commendation of the theme proposed by the liberal offerer of the prize. Jenny Lind has led the life of an angel on earth, and, for her purity and munificent charities, she

deserves an angel's welcome, while she has the lesser claims of an unrivaled songstress and a woman of indomitable energy and uninterrupted loftiness of spirit. In the path of life most thickly strewn with temptations, and in the career of fame most thronged with the petty and degrading passions, she has pursued her way with steady and unobtrusive innocence, yet with wonderful high-mindedness and strength of purpose. That so pure and great a spirit should come out of the Nazareth of her profession, is, we hope, a prophetic advent of a higher standard, of character and estimation, for the gifted in drama and song.

"N. P. W."

The following is the second "Letter" on the subject:—

"To the Lady-subscriber in the Country

— —— "New York, Sept. —

"One prefers to write to those for whom one has the most to tell, and I have an ink-stand full of gossip about the great Jenny, which, though it might hardly be news to those who have the run of the sidewalk, may possibly be interesting where the grass grows. Nothing else is talked of, and now and then a thing is said which escapes the omniverous traps of the daily papers. Upon the faint chance of telling you something which you might not otherwise hear without coming to town, I put my ink-stand into the clairvoyant state, and choose you for the listener with whom to put it 'in communication.'

"Jenny has an imperfection—which I hasten to record. That she might turn out to be quite too perfect for hu-

man sympathy, has been the rock ahead, in her navigation of popularity. 'Pretend to a fault if you haven't one,' says a shrewd old writer, 'for, the one thing the world never forgives is perfection.' There was really a gloomy probability that Jenny would turn out to be that hateful monstrosity—a woman without a fault—but the suspense is over. *She cannot mount on horseback without a chair!* No lady who is common-place enough to love, and marry, and give her money to her husband, ever climbed more awkwardly into a side-saddle than Jenny Lind. The necessity of finding something in which she was surpassed by somebody, has been so painfully felt, 'up town' that this discovery was circulated, within an hour after it was observed, to every corner of the fashionable part of the city. She occupies the private wing of the New York Hotel, on the more secluded side of Washington Place, and a lady eating an ice at the confectioner's opposite, was the fortunate witness of this, her first authenticated human weakness. Fly she may! (is the feeling now,) for, to birds and angels it comes easy enough—but she is no horsewoman! Fanny Kemble, whom we know to be human, beats her at that!

"Another liability of the divine Jenny has come to my knowledge, though I should not mention it as a weakness without some clearer light as to the susceptibilities of the angelic nature. It was mentioned to a lady friend of mine, that, on reading some malicious insinuations as to the motives of her charities, published a few days since in one of the daily papers of this city, she wept bitterly. Now, though we mourn that the world holds a man who would so groundlessly belie the acts of

a ministering angel, there is still a certain pleasure in knowing that she, too, is subject to tears. We love her more—almost as much more as if tears were human only—because injustice can reach and move so pure a creature, as it can us. God forbid that such sublime benevolence, as this munificent singing girl's, should be maligned again—but so might Christ's motive in raising Lazarus have been misinterpreted, and we can scarce regret that it has once happened, for we know, now, that she is within the circle in which we feel and suffer. Sweet, tearful Jenny! she is one of us—God bless her!—subject to the cruel misinterpretation of the vile, and with a heart in her angelic bosom, that, like other human hearts, needs and pleads to be believed in!

"I made one of the seven thousand who formed her audience on Saturday night; and, when I noticed how the best music she gave forth during the evening was least applauded, I fell to musing on the secret of her charm over four thousand of those present—(allowing one thousand to be appreciators of her voice and skill, and two thousand to be honest lovers of her goodness, and the remaining four thousand, who were also buyers of five-dollar tickets, constituting my little problem.)

"I fancy, the great charm of Jenny Lind, to those who think little, is, that she stands before them as an angel in possession of a gift which is usually entrusted only to sinners. That God has not made her a wonderful singer *and there left her*, is the curious exception she forms to common human allotment. To give away more money in charity than any other mortal, and still be the first of primas donnas! To be an irreproachably mo-

dest girl, and still be the first of primas donnas! To be humble, simple, genial and unassuming, and still be the first of primas donnas! To have begun as a beggar-child, and risen to receive more adulation than any Queen, and still be the first of primas donnas! To be unquestionably the most admired and distinguished woman on earth, doing the most good and exercising the most power, and still be a prima donna that can be applauded and encored! It is the *combination*, of superiorities and interests, that makes the wonder—it is the concentrating of the stuff for half-a-dozen heroines in one simple girl, and that girl a candidate for applause—that so vehemently stimulates the curiosity. We are not sufficiently aware, I have long thought, that the world is getting tired of single-barrelled greatness. You must be two things or more—a 'revolver' of genius—to be much thought of, now. There was very much such a period in Roman history. Nero found it by no means enough to be an Emperor. He went on the stage as a singer. With the world to kill if he chose, he must also have the world's willing admiration. He slept with a plate of lead on his stomach, abstained from all fruits and other food that would affect his voice, poisoned Britannicus because he sang better than himself, and was more delighted when encored than when crowned. So sighed the Emperor Commodus for a two-story place in history, and went on the stage as a dancer and gladiator. Does any one suppose that Queen Victoria has not envied Jenny Lind? Does Washington Irving, as he sits at Sunnyside, and watches the sloops beating up against the wind, feel no discontent that he is immortal

only on one tack? No! no! And it is in America that the atmosphere is found (Oh prophetic *E pluribus unum!*) for this plurality of greatness. Europe, in its bigotry of respect for precedent, forgets what the times may be ready for. Jenny Lind, when she gets to the prompt, un-crusted and foreshadowing West of this country, will find her six-barrelled greatness for the first time subject to a single trigger of appreciation. Queens may have given her lap-dogs, and Kings may have clasped bracelets on her plump arms, but she will prize more the admiration *for the whole of her*, felt here by a *whole people*. It will have been the first time in her career, (if one may speak like a schoolmaster,) that the heaven-written philactery of her worth will have been read without stopping to parse it. Never before has she received homage so impulsive and universal—better than that, indeed, for like Le Verrier's planet, she was recognized, and this far-away world was vibrating to her influence, long before she was seen.

"One wonders, as one looks upon her soft eyes, and her affectionate profusion of sunny hair, what Jenny's *heart* can be doing all this time. Is fame a substitute for the tender passion? She must have been desperately loved in her varied and bright path. I saw a student at Leipsic, who, after making great sacrifices and efforts to get a ticket to her last concert at that place, gave it away, and went to stroll out the evening in the lonely Rosenthal, because he felt his happiness at stake, and could not bear the fascination that she exercised upon him. Or, is her rocket of devotion divided up into many and more manageable little crackers of friendship? Even that

most impassioned of women, Madame George Sand, says:—'*Si l'on rencontrait une amitié parfaite dans toute sa vie, on pourrait presque se passer d'amour.*' Do the devoted friendships, that Jenny Lind inspires, make love seem to her but like the performance, to one listener, of a concert, the main portion of whose programme has hitherto been sufficient for many? We would not be disrespectful with these speculations. To see such a heaven as her heart untenanted, one longs to write its advertisement of 'To Let.' Yet, it would take polygamy to match her; for, half-a-dozen poets, two Mexican heroes, several dry-goods merchants and a rising politician, would hardly 'boil down' into a man of gifts enough to be worthy of her. The truth is, that all 'institutions' should be so modified as not to interfere with the rights of the world at large; and, matrimony of the ordinary kind—(which would bestow her voice like a sun-dial in a grave)—would rob the Public of its natural property in Jenny Lind. But an 'arrangement' could be managed with no unreasonable impoverishment of her husband; for, a month of her time being equal to a year of other people's, her marriage contract might be graduated accordingly—eleven months reserved to celibacy and fame. It is a 'Procrustes bed' which cuts all love of the same length, and what 'committee of reference' would not award a twelfth of Jenny Lind as an equivalent consideration for the whole of an average husband?

"There is an indication that Providence intended this remarkable woman for a citizen of no one country, in the peculiar talent she possesses as a linguist. A gen-

tleman who resided in Germany when she was there, told me yesterday, that one of the delights the Germans found, in her singing and in her society, was the wonderful beauty of her pronunciation of their language. It was a common remark that she spoke it 'better than a German,' for, with her keen perception and fine taste, she threw out the local abbreviations and corruptions of the familiar dialect, and, with her mastery of sound, she gave every syllable its just fullness and proportion. She is perfect mistress of French, and speaks English very sweetly, every day making rapid advance in the knowledge of it.

"Several of our fashionable people are preparing to give large parties, as soon as the fair Swede is willing to honor them with her company, but she is so beset, at present, that she needs the invisible ring of Gyges even to get a look at the weather without having 'an audience' thrown in. She can scarce tell, of course, what civilities to accept, or who calls to honor her, and who to beg charity, but her unconquerable simplicity and directness, serve to evade much that would annoy other people.

"Bless me, what a long letter! Adieu.

"Your servant, N. P. W."

The third letter was also addressed To the Lady Subscriber in the Country:—

"Dear Madam,—It is slender picking at the feast of news, after the daily papers have had their fill, and, if I make the most of a trifle that I find here or there, you

will read with reference to my emergency. Put yourself in my situation, and imagine how all the best gossip of the village you live in, would be used up before you had any chance at it, if you were at liberty to speak but once in seven days!

"The belated equinox is upon us. Jenny Lind, having occasion for fair weather when she was here, the sun dismissed his storm-train, and stepped over the equator on tip-toe, leaving the thunder and lightning to sweep this part of the sky when she had done with it. She left for Boston, and the deferred storm followed close upon her departure, doing up its semi-annual 'chore' with unusual energy. The cobwebs of September were brushed away by the most vivid lightning, and the floor of heaven was well washed for Jenny's return. October and the New York Hotel are now in order for her.

"Pray what do the respectable trees, that have no enthusiasms, think of our mania for Jenny Lind? The maniacs here, in their lucid intervals, moralize on themselves. Ready as they are to receive her with a fresh paroxysm next week, the most busy question of this week is 'what has ailed us?' I trust the leisurely observer of 'The Lorgnette' is watching this analysis of a crazy metropolis by itself, and will give it us, in a separate number; for it will describe a curious stage of the formation of musical taste in our emulous and fast-growing civilization. I think I can discern an advanced step in the taste of my own acquaintances, showing that people learn fast by the effort to define what they admire. But, of course, there is great difference of opinion. The fashionables and foreigners go 'for curiosity' to the Lind

concerts, but form a steady faction against her in conversation. The two French editors of New York, and the English editor of the Albion—(unwilling, perhaps, to let young and fast America promote to a *full* angel, one who had only been *brevetted* an angel in their older and slower countries,)—furnish regular supplies of ammunition to the opposition. You may hear, at present, in any up-town circle, precisely what Jenny Lind *is not* —as convincingly as the enemies of the flute could show you that it was neither a clarionet nor a bass viol, neither a trombone nor a drum, neither a fife, a fiddle, nor a bassoon. The only embarrassment her dissecters find, is in reconciling the round, full, substantial body of her voice, with their declarations that she soars out of the reach of tangible sympathy, and is aerially incapable of expressing the passion of the every day human heart. 'She sings with mere organic skill and without soul,' says one, while another proves that she sings only to the soul and not at all to the body. Between these two opposing battledores, the shuttlecock, of course, stays where Barnum likes to see it.

"The private life of the great Jenny is matter of almost universal inquisitiveness, and the anecdotes afloat, of her evasions of intrusion, her frank receptions, her independence and her good nature, would fill a volume. She is so hunted that it is a wonder how she finds time to remember herself—yet that she invariably does. Nothing one hears of her is at all out of character. She is fearlessly direct and simple in everything. Though 'The People' are not impertinent, the bores who push their annoyances under cover of representing this her

constituency, are grossly impertinent; and she is a sagacious judge of the difference between them. A charming instance of this occurred just before she left Boston. Let me give it you, with a mended pen and a new paragraph.

'Jenny was at home one morning, but, having indispensable business to attend to, gave directions to the servants to admit no visitors whatever. Waiters and maids may be walked past, however, and a fat lady availed herself of this mechanical possibility, and entered Jenny's chamber, declaring that she must see the dear creature who had given away so much money. Her reception was civilly cold, of course, but she went into such a flood of tears, after throwing her arms around Jenny's neck, that the Nightingale's heart was softened. She pleaded positive occupation for the moment, but said that she should be at leisure in the evening, and would send her carriage for her weeping admirer, if she could come at a certain hour. The carriage was duly sent, but it brought, not only the fat lady, but *three more* female admirers, of most unpromising and vulgar exterior. They were shown into the drawing-room, and in a few minutes, Jenny entered from an adjoining room, followed by half-a-dozen professional persons with whom she had been making some business arrangements.

"'How is this?' said the simple Swede, looking around as she got into the room; 'here are four ladies, and I sent for but one!'

"They commenced an apology in some confusion.

"'No, ladies, no!' said Jenny, 'your uninvited presence here is an intrusion. I cannot send you away,

because you have no escort; but your coming is an impertinence, and I am very much troubled by this kind of thing.'

"The three intruders chose to remain, however, and taking seats, they stayed out their fat friend's visit—Jenny taking no further notice of them till their departure. As they got up to go, the singer's kind heart was moved again, and she partly apologized for her reception of them, stating how her privacy was invaded at all hours, and how injurious it was to her profession, as well as her comfort. And, with this consolation, she sent them all home again in her carriage.

"To any genuine and reasonable approach, Jenny is the soul of graciousness and kindness. An old lady of eighty sent to her the other day, pleading that she was about to leave town, and that her age and infirmities prevented her from seeing Miss Lind in public, but that she wished the privilege of expressing her admiration of her character, and of resting her eyes upon one so good and gifted. Jenny immediately sent for her, and, asking if she would like to hear her sing, sang to her for an hour and a-half, with the simplicity of a child delighted to give pleasure. It is the mixture of this undiminished freshness and ingenuousness, with her unbending independence and tact at business, which show this remarkable creature's gifts in such strong relief. Nature, who usually departs as Art and Honors come in, has stayed with Jenny.

"Of course, the city is full of discontented stars that have been forced to 'pale their ineffectual fires' before this brighter glory, and lecturers, concert-singers, pri-

mas-donnas and dancers are waiting the setting of the orb of Jenny Lind. We are promised all sorts of novelties, at her disappearance, and of those, and of other events in this busy capital, I will duly write you.

"Your servant, N. P. W."

The following article was written for the Home Journal, the week after:—

"PRIVATE HABITS AND MANNERS OF JENNY LIND.

"If it were revealed to us that God had sent an angel to earth, upon a mission of charity which required money to fulfill—and if we were to recognize the identity and presence of that angel, by the good which is being done, the pure character of the ministering agent, and the celestial simplicity of the substitute for a letter of credit—who would hesitate to see these three identifications in the charities, the purity, and the voice of Jenny Lind? In most of the eminence and distinction of this world, there is some lifted corner of the enveloping robe of glory which discloses an under-garment 'of the earth, earthy. In Jenny Lind's character, as well as in her schemes of benevolence, there seems no enveloping motive or purpose, which would not serve purely for an angel's wear. Before showing—(as some chance information enables us to do)—where the hem of the Swedish angel's unsoiled robe of conduct touches the ground, let us refresh the memory of the reader with the view of her brilliant cestus of good works, as outlined in the letter [already given —pp. 66–68.] of the gentleman who has engaged her to sing in this country.

"With this really sublime view of her exercise of power, (through her gold-commanding gift of credit from God,) let us now contrast the striking and yet philosophically consistent humilities of a glimpse at her ordinary life.

"During her two years' engagements in London, Lind hired the suburban residence of a stout and worthy citizen, taking his furniture, his carriage and coachman, his servants and house-belongings, of all descriptions, on rent. The only addition that she made to the usual service of the establishment, was the attendance of an English chaplain, who, upon the open lawn of the garden, whenever the weather would in any way permit, or otherwise in the drawing-room, performed the devotions of the English Church for the assembled household. The coachman, as is the custom in England, had accommodations for his family in a wing of the stables; and his wife, the mother of two or three young children, was employed as 'washer and ironer.' While, with proffers of attention and acquaintance from the rank and fashion of London, the fair Swede was unavailingly beset—a kind of tribute to her genius and character which she consistently and unvaryingly refused—the family of the honest coachman were commonly enjoying the much-sought privilege. While Duchesses and Countesses were being refused at her door, she was oftenest seated in the centre of the haymow, her favorite resort for every hour of leisure, tending the coachman's baby, or teaching the older ones to read! On this humble family all her every-day affections seemed to be expended. When away, concert-singing at Birmingham or Liverpool, she

wrote to them daily as if to her own family, and with a tenderness of broken English which was as touching as it was curious. These letters were lent and shown to the neighbors and others, and the friend (of our own) who had seen them and gives us these particulars, says that no daughter could have written home more familiarly and affectionately. The coachman's wife still wears, stitched to the sleeve of the calico gown in which she works, and changed and re-stitched carefully to every dress she puts on, a most costly diamond bracelet, her parting keepsake from Jenny Lind! It would be a hard extremity of poverty that would induce her to part with it.

"The famous opera-singer had been more than a year the tenant of Mr. C——, and the staid and elderly citizen had never seen her. He had his lodgings in town, near his place of business, and he sent his clerk to Brompton quarterly to receive the rent, replying, with a bluff disavowal of all knowledge of opera singers, to such of his friends as made the natural inquiries of curiosity. Some question occurring, however, at one of these quarterly settlements, which an agent could not very well dispose of, it became necessary that Mr. C—— should call on his tenant in person. The stout landlord's account of his visit very much amused his friends. He had expected an uncomfortable degree of pretension and ceremony. The servant at the door showed his old master to the drawing-room, and the next minute, 'Miss Lind' came running in from the garden, with dress unhooked behind, hair not very smooth, (these particulars are second-hand from the first narrator,) and as cordial

as the oldest friend he had in the world. She seized him by his two hands, crowded him down into a large arm-chair, insisted upon knowing why he had not been to see her during the long time she had been in his house, and finally seated herself on the floor at his feet, to talk over matters. Quite overcome with this last condescension, the deep-down chivalry of the honest Englishman was aroused, and, dropping on one knee, he declared he could not sit in a chair while she sat on the floor. At this, the unceremonious Jenny jumped up, and, taking Mr. C.'s two hands, drew him to a window seat, and squeezed herself (for he is a very fat man) into the recess by his side—'and a very tight squeeze it was,' added the old gentleman in telling the story. Here she pulled from her pocket contract and receipts, and proceeded to business, which was soon settled; and the landlord took his leave, delighted with Jenny Lind, but not quite sure that he had been in full possession of his senses.

"Just before the celebrated singer left this residence, a lady who had been brought in contact with her by some circumstance of neighborhood, and who had conceived a strong affection for her, asked, one day, something as a keepsake. Jenny flew to her dressing-room, and brought down jewels and costly articles of dress, and eagerly begged her to choose anything she possessed; but an article of value was not what the lady wished or could accept. It was with the greatest difficulty that the impulsive Swede could be made to agree to let the keepsake consist of only the bouquet of flowers that she had worn in 'La Fille du Regiment.' Her generosity

and simplicity seem beyond taint or qualification by knowledge of the world.

"The above particulars, showing the admired celebrity off her pedestal, as they do, will by no means diminish the interest of her reception in America. The qualities of character which they reveal, are appreciated, and earnestly looked for, by the largest and best class of our country people—the unostentatious and plain-hearted. Her coming among us will be that year's most noted event, in all probability, and we only trust that a prophetess, whose whole mission, with her gold-amassing powers, seems one of pure benevolence, may not be disparaged, for her humble simplicities of ordinary life —as was the prophet Elisha, for healing Naaman with the humble waters of Israel, when 'Abana and Pharpar,' the more aristocratical waters of Damascus, would have been so much more 'in keeping with his character.'

"N. P. W."

The following was next written, descriptive of Jenny Lind's "Return to New York:"—

"—— Quite the most beautiful sight that we ever saw, in the way of an audience, was Tripler Hall—*just full*—on the night of the first Concert of this Second Series. We had seen the hall before—but it needed the crowd to realize the full beauty of the architecture, as it needs water to show the proportions of the fountain's basin; and we may add, (without seeming visionary,) that, filled with the presence of Jenny Lind, it was a fairer place to look on, than when the most conspicuous

object in its midst was the projecting stomach of Signor Bochsa. 'Over everything,' says Emerson, 'stands its demon or soul; and, as the form of the thing is reflected by the eye, so the soul of the thing is reflected by a melody.'

"We were pained to see, when the fair songstress came forward to the lights, that her fatigues, for the past two or three weeks, had made their mark upon her. She looked pale and worn, and her step and air were saddened and un-elastic. This continued, even to the end of her second performance, and we began to have apprehensions that she was too indisposed to be equal to her evening's task. But, with the Cavatina from the Sonnambula, the inspiration came. She sang it newly, to our ear. It seemed as if she had, heretofore, sung always with a reserve of power. This was the first time that she had seemed (to us) to give in to the character, and allow her soul to pour its impassioned tenderness fully upon the dramatic burthen of the music. Could any one, who heard that overpowering flood of heart-utterance, (conveying the mournfulness of a wrongfully accused woman singing in her dream,) doubt, afterwards, the fervor and intensity of the nature of Jenny Lind? More eloquent and passionate sounds came never from human lips, we are well persuaded. If she ever lacks in the 'passionateness' called for by Italian music, or suffers by comparison with Grisi and others in this respect, we shall believe, hereafter, that it is only because she cannot consent to embark passionateness on the tide of the character she represents. A Lucrezia Borgia's 'passion' for example, she would not portray

with a full abandonment—a Sonnambula's she would Her capability of expressing feeling—pure feeling—to its uttermost depth and elevation, is beyond cavil, it seems to us.

"We found, after Jenny Lind had gone from the city, on her first visit, that we retained no definite remembrance of her features. We had nothing by which we could assure ourselves whether one likeness was more true than another; and, indeed, no one of them—not even a daguerreotype—was reasonably like our *feeling* of what a likeness should be. We determined, this time, first to study the lineaments, by themselves, and then, if possible, to see how so marvelous a transformation was brought about, as is necessary to present to the eye her frequent looks of inspiration and even of exalted beauty. Our close scrutiny satisfied us, that it is only by looking at her features separately, that any degree of truthfulness can be found in the daguerreotype likenesses which have been published. The *entire look*, taken in connection with the rest of her figure, though she only stands before the audience, waiting the completion of the prelude to her song, represents a totally different image from the one your mind has received by looking at her picture. It is fortunate that it is so—careless as she is about letting any body picture her as he pleases. She comes to every eye with a new impression. All the engravings in the world do not anticipate for you any portion of the novelty of a first sight of her. So, as long as she sings, there will be no exhaustion to the freshness of her impression upon audiences.

"Heavy as Jenny Lind's features are, there is no su-

perfluity, in repose, which does not turn out to have been very necessary to the expression in excitement. That so massive a nose can have the play of the thin nostrils of a race-horse, is one of the startling discoveries you make, in watching her as she sings. Her eyes are, perhaps, beautiful at all times—and it struck us as their peculiarity that they never become staggered with her excitement. From the highest pitch of rapt bewilderment for the listener, those large, steadfast eyes return to their serene, lambent, fearless earnestness—as if *there* sat the angel entrusted with the ministry she is exercising, and heaven lay in calm remembrance behind them. And the same rallying power is observable in the action of the under lip, which contorts with all the pliability and varying beauty of the mouth of the Tragic Muse, and, from its expressive curves, resumes its dignity of repose with an ease and apparent unconsciousness of observation, that is well worthy of study by player or sculptor. It is curious, how, in all the inspired changes of this mobile physiognomy, however, its leading imprint, of an utter simplicity of goodness, is never lost. She does not *sublimate* away from it. Through the angel of rapt music, as through the giver of queenly bounties, is seen honest Jenny Lind. She looks forever true to the ideal for which the world of common hearts has consented to love her. N. P. W."

We add a short paragraph on "The Portraits of Jenny Lind:"—

"——There is great competition to be the painter of Jenny Lind. Mr. Barnum, we understand, has engaged

a portrait for his palace of Iranistan, and we are permitted to mention only the fact—not the artist. The applications are numerous for the honor of limning her admired countenance. We should suppose GARBEILLE might make a charming statuette of *Jenny Lind curtsying*. It is then that she is most unlike anybody else, and, where character is to be seized, Garbeille is the master. GEORGE FLAGG is admirable at cabinet portraits, (half the size of life,) and has lately finished one of Fanny Kemble, which is a superb piece of design and color. He would paint her well.

"It seems to us that no one, of the dozen engravings purporting to represent Jenny Lind, has any reasonable likeness to her, as we have seen her. And, indeed, the longer we live, the more we are convinced that people see the same features very differently, and that one face may make two as different impressions on two beholders, as if they had been all the while looking on two different faces. To our notion, Jenny Lind has never been painted truly. We have seen fifty likenesses of her—in Germany, France, England, and Nassau-street—and the picture in our mind's eye is the likeness of quite another woman.

"The truth is, that God never yet lit the flame of a great soul in a dark lantern; and, though the divine lamp burning within Jenny Lind may not be translucent to *all* eyes, it is, to others, perfectly visible through the simple windows of her honest face, and *could be painted* —by any artist who could see past the putty on the sash. Her *living features* seem to us illuminated with an expression of honest greatness, sublimely simple and un-

conscious, and in no *picture* of her do we see any trace of this. It is a face, to our eye, of singular beauty—beauty that goes past one's eye and is recognized within—and the pictures of her represent the plainest of commonplace girls. Why, a carpenter's estimate, with the inches of her nose, cheeks, lips and eyes, all cyphered up on a shingle, would be as true a likeness of her as most of these engravings. Have we no American artist who can give us Jenny Lind's face *with its expression?*

"N. P. W."

In another number of the Home Journal occurs the following description of DANIEL WEBSTER, under the spell of Jenny Lind's music:—

"We had a pleasure, the other evening, which we feel very unwilling not to share with every eye to which there is a road from the point of our pen. Three or four thousand people saw it with us; but, as there are perhaps fifty thousand more, to whom the pleasure can be sent by these roads of ink, those three or four thousand, who were so fortunate as to be present, will excuse the repetition—possibly may thank us, indeed, for enlarging the sympathy in their enjoyment. In these days of magnetism, life seems to be of value, only in proportion as we find others to share in what we think and feel.

"It was perhaps ten minutes before the appearance of Benedict's magic stick, and, in running our eye musingly along the right side of the crowded gallery of Tripler Hall, we caught sight of a white object with a sparkling dark line underneath, around which a number of persons

were just settling themselves in their seats. Motionless itself, and with the stir going on around it, it was like a calm half moon, seen over the tops of agitated trees, or like a massive magnolia blossom, too heavy for the breeze to stir, splendid and silent amid fluttering poplar-leaves. We raised our opera-glass, with no very definite expectation, and, with the eye thus brought nearer to the object, lo! *the dome over the temple of Webster*—the forehead of the great Daniel, with the two glorious lamps set in the dark shadow of its architrave. Not expecting to see the noble Constitution-ist in such a crowd, our veins tingled, as veins will with the recognition of a sudden and higher presence, and, from that moment, the interest of the evening, to us, was to see signs of the susceptibility of such a mind to the spells of Jenny Lind. Slight they must be, of course, if signs were to be seen at all; but the interest in watching for them was no less exciting—very slight variations, of the 'bodies' above us, repaying fully the patient observation of the astronomer.

"The party who had come with Mr. Webster were 'his lady'—(the Americanism of that synonym for 'wife,' grew out of our national chivalry to woman, and, let us cherish it)—the newly-elected Governor of the State and *his* lady, and General Lyman. They sat in the centre of the right hand side of the First Gallery, and, behind them, the crowd had gathered and stood looking at this distinguished party with deferential curiosity. Republican politeness had done what the etiquette of a Court would do—stationed one of the masters of ceremony, with his riband of office, to pay special attention to these honored

strangers—and it chanced to bring about a pleasant incident. It was from a wish Mr. Webster expressed, accidentally overheard by this attendant and conveyed immediately to Jenny Lind that she was induced to vary the opera music of the programme, by the introduction of a mountain song of her own Dalecarlia. The audience, delighted with the change, were not aware, that, for it, they were indebted to a remark of the great 'sky-clearer,' thus spirited away from the cloud-edge of his lips.

"We must remind the reader, here, that to the cultivation of the voice, Mr. Webster's delivery shows that he has never paid attention. From other and sufficient advantages, probably, he has never felt the need of it. His ear, consequently, is uneducated to melody; and, in the rare instances when he has varied his habitual and ponderous cadences by a burst in a higher key, he has surpassed Art with the more sudden impassioning of Nature. Though, in *reading* a speech of Webster's, there are passages where your nostrils spread and your blood fires, you may have *heard* the same speech delivered, with no impression but the unincumbered profoundness of its truth. To use what may seem like a commonplace remark, he is *as monotonous as thunder*—but it is because thunder has no need to be more varied and musical, that Webster leaves the roll of his bass unplayed upon by the lightning that outstrips it.

"We were not surprised, therefore, that, to the overtures and parts of Operas which formed the first two-thirds of the evening's entertainment, Webster was only courteously attentive. He leaned back, with the stately

repose which marks all his postures and movements, and, conversing between-whiles with his friends on either side, looked on, as he might do at special pleading in a court of Law. It was at the close of one of those tangled skeins of music with which an unpractised brain finds it so difficult to thread the needle of an idea, that he made the remark, overheard by the attendant and taken immediately to Jenny Lind:— 'Why doesn't she give us one of the simple mountain-songs of her own land?'

"The mountain-song soon poured forth its loud beginning, impatiently claiming sympathy from the barren summits that alone listen where it is supposed to be sung. The voice softened, soothed with its own outpouring— the herdsman's heart wandered and left him singing forgetfully, and then the audience, (as if transformed to an Ariel that 'puts a girdle round the earth,') commenced following the last clear note through the distance. Away it sped, softly and evenly, a liquid arrow through more liquid air, lessening with the sweetness it left behind it, but fleeing leagues in seconds, and with no errand but to go on unaltered till it should die—and, behold! on the track of it, with the rest of us, was gone the heavy-winged intellect of Webster! We had listened with our eyes upon him. As all know who have observed him, his habitual first mark of interest in a new matter, is a pull he gives to the lobe of his left ear—as if, to the thought-intrenched castle of his brain, there were a portcullis to be lowered at any welcome summons for entrance. The tone sped and lessened, and Webster's broad chest grew erect and expanded. Still on went the entrancing sound, altered by distance only, and changeless in the rapt alti-

tude of the cadence—on—far on—as if only upon the bar of the horizon it could faint at last—and forward leaned the aroused statesman, with his hand clasped over the balustrade, his head raised to its fullest lift above his shoulders, and the luminous caverns of his eyes opened wide upon the still lips of the singer. The note died—and those around exchanged glances as the enchantress touched the instrument before her—but Webster sat motionless. The breathless stillness was broken by a tumult of applause, and the hand that was over the gallery moved up and down upon the cushion with unconscious assent, but the spell was yet on him. He slowly leaned back, with his eyes still fixed on the singer, and, suddenly observing that she had turned to him after curtsying to the audience, and was repeating her acknowledgments unmistakably to himself, he rose to his feet and bowed to her, with the grace and stateliness of the monarch that he is. It was not much to see, perhaps—neither does the culmination of a planet differ, very distinguishably, from the twinkle of a lamp—but we congratulated Jenny Lind, with our first thought, after it, at what is perhaps her best single triumph on this side the water, the sounding of America's deepest mind with her plummet of enchantment.

"The 'Echo,' and the 'Pasture Song' equally delighted Mr. Webster, and, after each of them, he passed his broad-spread hand from his brow downwards, (assisting his seldom aroused features, as he always does, in their recovery of repose and gravity,) and responded to the enthusiasm of the friends beside him, with the pine-tree nod which, from his deep-rooted approbation,

means much. Let us add, by the way, (what we heard very directly,) that Mr. Webster, who is peculiar for the instant completeness with which he usually dismisses public amusements from his mind—little entertained by them, and never speaking of them in conversation, when they are over—talked much of Jenny Lind after the concert, remarking very emphatically, among other things, that it was a new revelation to him of the character and capability of the human voice. The angelic Swede—alone with many memories, as she will be, some day—may remember with pleasure what we have thus recorded. N. P. W."

The London Times, ever on the look-out to find matter for disparagement of this country, thus discourses on the subject of Jenny Lind's reception in America:—

"It is the peculiar boast of the modern republic, that the public opinion of her free and enlightened citizens reigns with undisputed and absolute sway. Eschewing the enormous faith of many made for one, she has adopted for herself the creed that the few are made for the many. On every subject, in every township throughout the States, the opinion of the majority is final, conclusive, and indisputable. The majority are everything—the minority nothing. Nor is the supremacy of the many confined to those subjects which may legitimately be termed matters of opinion. There is no right, however sacred, no privilege, however unquestionable, which an individual may not, at any time, in this freest of all the nations of the earth, be called upon to sacrifice at the summons of public opinion." * * *

"Any one impressed with these reflections must have perused with a painful interest the accounts which have from time to time appeared in this journal, of the Lindomania in New York. It is humiliating to a nation, which boasts that it leads the van of human improvement, so little capable of appreciating the relative dignity and merit of different talents and employments, as to bow down in prostrate adoration at the feet of a woman, who, after all, is merely a first-rate vocalist. Sydney Smith reminds the Pennsylvanians that there are some things worth living for besides gin-sling and sherry-cobbler; and we should have thought, but for our experience to the contrary, that it were needless to have informed the countrymen of Franklin, Washington, and Channing, that there are things more worthy the admiration of a great people, than the power of producing sweet sounds." * * * *

"The inference is a sad one. That which can be done by a private adventurer, may with more ease be accomplished by the leader of a faction. The same arts which make a singer's popularity, may create the political capital of a President or a Secretary. The deliberate substitution of prejudice for reason and experience, may be applied to measures as well as to music. It is much to be feared that the same reckless system of exaggeration, the same intense vulgarity of means and littleness of ends, is to be found in the Senate as in the orchestra. Who cannot see, in the angry and inflated tone of American political controversy, and its constant straining after dramatical effect, the career of men to whom the most important measures, the most sacred interests, and

the most stirring appeals, are matters of the same indifference, as the comfort and quiet of Jenny Lind to Mr. Barnum, when compared to the acquisition of a single cent?"

"Now—(we ask the members of our profession)—would any writer, so incorrect in his facts, so silly in his inferences, and so very middling in his style and in his moralizings, get employment, at a dollar a week, on any newspaper in America? Would any paper, that had a reputation to make, venture to publish a 'leader' so shallow and inconsequential?

"We mention such mediocrities, at all, only to vindicate our country's appreciation of Jenny Lind from the aspersion above quoted. We put it to our readers—do we see, in the great Songstress, '*a woman who, after all, is merely a first-rate vocalist?*' Is her 'first-rate vocalism' what is drawing love to her from every warm heart in the land? Do we not analyze the character, the qualities, motives, impulses, influences, and moral purity of our object of admiration, while we admire? Has England any one woman to send over—even Victoria herself—who would receive a tithe of the blessing and honor which Americans pay to Jenny Lind? Would Grisi (who, most people think, sings better than she,) receive a hundredth part of the welcome and reward? Is it not the unexampled goodness, the courageous simplicity and nature, the benevolence, which is so more than queenly that there is no word for it, the large-heartedness in all things, the touching humility and angelic loveliness of Jenny Lind—*these, and the American*

appreciation for these—that create the 'Lindomania,' sneered at by the great organ of English prejudice and pomposity?

"Ay—let us go on loving Jenny Lind! Let us preserve and deepen our recognition and appreciation of her! Let us wait till we see a better woman, before we take her from the shrine where we honor her more and better than England honors her Queen. Let America be the *country of fresh impressibility*, where there is no crust of corruption, for genius or greatness from another land to break through, but where all who come are sure to be received kindly, judged fairly and promptly, and rewarded liberally according to desert. In no country (we thank Heaven that we can truthfully say,) has Jenny Lind, in all her gifts and qualities, been, ever before, so completely recognized, and so thoroughly *at home*.

"N. P. W."

PART IV.

ANECDOTES, APPRECIATIVE CRITICISMS, INCIDENTS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

"—— JENNY LIND is once more among us—God bless her!—and we wish we had a more deferential medium than a paragraph wherewith to announce her movements, for she should scarcely be named but in a blessing or a prayer. Instead of a criticism upon her voice, or her successes, let us record a new act of her angelic benevolence—which she has striven with all her ingenuity to keep secret, but which came to us through a private source, authentically, though by the merest accident—and so prepare, once more, the *hearts* of her audience to hear her. During her first visit here, a Swede called, and sent up a note in his native language, requesting to see her. She did not remember the name, as she read it, but when the young man came in, she at once remembered his countenance—an old playfellow, when they were children together at school. She inquired his circumstances. He is a cabinet-maker, residing with his wife and children at Brooklyn. The next day Jenny Lind drove over, and made the wife of her old schoolfellow a long visit. Again the next day, just before leaving the city for Boston, she went again. The

husband was not at home. She gave, to the wife, a note for him—he opened it on his return—it contained a sweetly worded request that he would allow her to give to his children a memento of their father's school friendship with Jenny Lind. The 'memento' was a check for *ten thousand dollars*. This anecdote, we assure our readers, is correct in all its particulars.

"The fashionables say it is impossible to get a visit from Jenny Lind. It reminds us—with the above circumstance—of a proverb we have somewhere seen:—'*The* RICH *draw* FRIENDS *to them—the* POOR *draw* ANGELS.'"—*Home Journal.*

The following was made known by Madame Solari, the lady who received the benefaction:—

"This lady, in a violent effort at some concert, broke a blood-vessel, and was ordered by her physician immediately to the South of France, as the only chance for life. Having no reliance but her voice for a livelihood, she was in the greatest despair, when in the midst of her hurried preparations for departure, the carriage of Jenny Lind stopped at her door. 'I have come to quarrel with you, naughty child,' she said. 'You told me nothing of this, and might have chanced to go away without my seeing you. You will want money. Take this (giving her two notes of £100. each) and remember, wherever you are, that friends have but one purse. God bless you.'

"Frequently has she been known to pass almost unnoticed from her residence, as if to make a visit, has been traced into the back lanes and cottages of the poor,

ascertaining and relieving their wants. Several times, indeed, she has been warned by her more intimate friends to avoid so much liberality, as that which she has been in the constant habit of exercising, as many received her bounty who were totally unworthy of it; but she would reply, 'Never mind; if I relieve ten, and one is worthy, I am satisfied.'

Catalina's visit from Jenny Lind is thus described:—

"A few days before her death, while she was sitting in her saloon, without any presentiment of her approaching end, she received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, 'I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women; bless me, madam, I am Jenny Lind!' Madame Catalini, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview they parted, each to pursue her appointed path—the one to close her eyes with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love."

"Immediately after her retirement, innumerable rumors were circulated concerning her matrimonial engagements. At one time it was a young clergyman—at

another a nobleman, but it was finally settled that a Mr. Harris, a relative of Mrs. Grote, wife of the eminent banker, was to be the happy man.—This obtained general belief, from the fact that Jenny Lind had for some time been resident with and partaker of the elegant hospitalities of Mr. Grote. On the 15th of May, she obtained her passport from the Swedish Minister, and left London. The press were full of conflicting accounts concerning her departure and marriage. One paper affirmed on the best authority, that she had been married by special license at St. Goorge's; another *knew* that she was married in Birmingham; another at Mr. Grote's mansion. But no. The *Nightingale* had flown *without a mate.* Thus left the scene of her great triumps—the *greatest artist,* and one of the *noblest women* the world has known, most probably never to return, but certainly never to be forgotten. Jenny Lind arrived at her home at Stockholm shortly after, where she was received as only she could be; she lived in that retirement in which she delights.

"She is an accomplished needlewoman, and loves nothing better than to pass her mornings in the quiet and natural occupations of her sex; either in tambour-working or netting, or in some other graceful and tranquil employment. Never possibly would you meet or know any one who more thoroughly and wholly partook of all the gentler and more feminine characteristics of the homely woman. This, perhaps, has added more to the effects produced by her splendid and surpassing talents than any of her other qualities. It naturally endeared itself to the English nature, when brought into contrast

with the restless and more perverse nature of other public singers.

"Saving Sontag, none perhaps have ever borne such a reputation, as a private individual, as that which has been accorded Jenny, a reputation, too, which has won her the greater love wherever she has been known. Grisi has had her lovers, and is even now living with the last of them, Mario, while her husband is separated from her. Scandal even touched Pisaroni, who in her day bore the reputation of being the ugliest woman ever seen upon the Italian stage. Nor was Malibran free from the whispers and anecdotes, which destroy a character for virtue. Indeed, with the exception, as we before said, of Sontag, not a singer has appeared in France or England, and earned a high and striking name by the force of her genius, who has not afforded the public the evil influence of her example. This justified the enthusiasm of the public in favor of Jenny Lind, and given her a name more illustrious, even for her virtues, than for the genius which has made her the greatest of living vocalists."

JENNY LIND VISITING THE BLIND.

"This distinguished stranger, yesterday paid a visit of more than ordinary interest to the Asylum for the Blind on Thirty-fourth street. All notice of her intended visit had been carefully kept from the inmates of the institution, none of whom, not even the Superintendent, Mr. Chamberlain, being aware of her purpose till she was presented to him by Mr. John Jay, who, with his family and one or two friends, attended her. This secrecy had

been observed lest Miss Lind's desire to give the pupils a substantial pleasure, should be frustrated by a crowd of visitors, whom the knowledge of her purpose would attract to the place, and who had other opportunities of hearing her sing to better advantage.

"The party arrived at the Asylum about half-past twelve, and upon her expressing a willingness to sing to the pupils a few of her songs, Mr. Chamberlain directed the bell to be rung. In about five minutes the party was asked into the chapel, where we found the school assembled, all ignorant as yet of the purpose of this unusual summons. There were about one hundred and thirty of these unfortunates, whose eyes

'Bereft of light, their seeing had forgot,'

and who strove in vain to gratify the intense curiosity under which their restlessness and intent expressions showed they were laboring.

"When Mr. Chamberlain announced to them the generous compliment, which Miss Lind was about paying them, there was a general expression of surprise and delight. Her fame had obviously preceded her into this abode of darkness, and every one of its stricken inmates seemed to appreciate the privilege that was in store for them, and the wide distinction of her to whom they owed it.

"After laying aside her hat and gloves, Miss Lind then proceeded to the piano, and commenced one of her most choice melodies, the name of which does not occur to us. At first, all other emotions among the pupils seemed to be swallowed up in surprise, from which they did not recover fully even in the second piece. They

seemed to be painfully intent upon every note that fell from her lips, betraying in the play of their features and changes of color, their susceptibility to the variable effects of the music.

"The third piece she sang was the Song of the Birdling. By this time, the pupils began to realize what had happened, and to understand that the famous Jenny Lind had come and was actually singing to them. They now gave themselves up wholly to the pleasure of the music, and when they listened to the vocal feats which have made the Bird Song so popular, they seemed worried that they had no way of adequately expressing their delight. They could not exchange with each other looks of admiration, and they had never learned how other audiences are accustomed 'to wreak their feelings upon expression' in the concert room. It was curious to watch the smile of pleasure creep over their faces, and give place betimes to a stern or sad expression, according to their relative susceptibilities, all strongly contrasted with the comparatively passive features of those who have all their senses perfect to share the labor of observation and the pleasure of enjoyment. When Miss Lind arose from the piano, the pupils no longer attempted to restrain their expressions of delight, but spoke to each other about her singing with as much enthusiasm as if they had just awakened to the pleasures of a new sense.

"We then were invited to walk through the institution, and it was gratifying to perceive that, though our visit had not been anticipated, the most perfect neatness and order seemed to pervade the establishment. The pupils thronged about Miss Lind wherever she moved

and were perfectly happy when she took them, as she did a great many, by the hand and addressed them. All who were presented to her, testified, in their quaint and artless ways, the deepest sensibility and gratitude for her attention. One little girl, of about sixteen, to whom our eyes had been attracted during the singing, by her absorbed and delighted expression of countenance, and by a particularly small pair of hands, which she held quietly in her lap, urged her way modestly through the crowd of her companions, and said, jokingly, that she wanted to *see* Jenny Lind. Miss Lind took hold of her delicate little hand, and said, 'Poor thing, I wish you could see the sky.'—'Oh?' said the girl, promptly, 'I shall see that in heaven, and I shall see you there, too" —'But,' said Miss Lind, 'you may have a much higher place there than I.' The ready response, though confused and rather inarticulate, of the little girl, imported that none but angels would occupy higher seats in heaven than Miss Lind. To another pupil who approached, she said, placing her hands upon her shoulders, 'Are you entirely blind?'—'Yes' was the reply. 'Cannot you see at all?—cannot you see me?'—'No,' said the girl; 'but hearing is the greater blessing now.'

"In reply to some inquiries about musical culture in the institution, Mr. Chamberlain informed us that vocal and instrumental music were taught quite extensively. The piano and the organ, and a variety of wind instruments, were used by the pupils of one or both sexes, a fine band had been organized, and a number of the graduates were employed as organists in churches. He then invited two of the young ladies to perform on the piano

and to sing. No young *debutante* was ever more delighted at receiving an invitation to sing in the presence of royalty, than were these poor things at the opportunity of performing before Jenny Lind, and it is but just to them to say, that their execution was very creditable.

"The pleasure which her visit had conferred upon the school was so great, that Miss Lind intimated a disposition to visit them again if she could possibly find the time. She left about two o'clock, having given in the course of a single hour, to these stricken sufferers, as Mr. Chamberlain very gracefully remarked to them at the close of the singing, 'a gratification, the like of which they had never enjoyed before and in all probability would never enjoy again.'

"We have seen Miss Lind on many occasions, when she was receiving the rapturous applause of thousands, but we never saw her appear to such advantage as when she stood the cynosure of this throng of blind children, upon whom she was dispensing with infinite grace, her tenderness and sympathy."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

One of the most eloquent and admired clergymen of our country, Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston, thus records his impressions of Jenny Lind, in the Christian Register:—

"We had the great gratification of attending the first concert of Jenny Lind, and without professing to be musical critics, and without encroaching on the poetical, metaphorical, and enthusiastic phrases which seem in danger of being exhausted and worn out by her admirers, we feel impelled, like our neighbors, to describe the impression made upon us.

"In many respects, it was certainly different from what we had anticipated. The accessories of the concert were unfortunate. The Tremont Temple is entirely unsuited to musical entertainments. There is so little rebound to the voice, that it seems as if the walls must be lined with cotton; while under the deep, low galleries, its finer tones are lost. In addition to this, the orchestra was of an inferior description. It played out of time and out of tune. The admirable leadership of Benedict, and the remarkable singing of Belletti, were not sufficient to overcome these difficulties. It shows Jenny Lind's power, that she overcame them triumphantly.

"What we did not expect, she owes very much to her personal appearance. Whatever she may be by day, under the blaze of gas-light, she gives the impression of possessing, not beauty perhaps, but a singular, and most winning loveliness both of features and manner. It is hard to describe her. She looked as if she had just stepped down out of a poem. Our readers may have seen some young girl whose approach seemed always to awaken pleasant and kindly feelings in the whole circle around her—all fretted and gloomy fancies vanishing away from before her, as if she were a happy presence—a sudden sunshine,—breaking into the room. Jenny Lind has, beyond almost any one that we ever saw, a countenance which possesses this indefinable charm. She had not been on the stage five minutes, before the audience were converted into her personal friends—not admirers so much as friends. Every one was prepared to be pleased with any thing she did. Had she broken down a dozen times, no one would have believed it, but

would have thought her failure more charming than the success of any one else. How it was, we know not, but while she was on the stage, the idea of a concert-room and its exhibitions and its artistic accompaniments, vanished, while there stood before us, in the midst of friends, a young person of most natural, frank, graceful, simple manners, and a countenance luminous with sunshiny, womanly, affectionate thoughts and emotions. We are confident that to this, and to her character, of which her appearance seems to be the natural expression, she owes more than is sometimes thought.

"But the singing was undoubtedly remarkable. It seemed to us the union of perfect art and perfect nature—both so perfect that it became a kind of glorified nature. In the case of the great singers whom we have heard, they have always appeared to be artists. The art was the prominent thing. In this case we forgot art, we lost all idea of criticism, and leaned back and abandoned ourselves to the enjoyment. It was a very charming young woman singing most exquisitely, so exquisitely that it never occurred to the hearer but that it was as easy and as natural as a bird's song, or the music of a child in the Sabbath twilight of a summer evening. In most cases the music is everything and the woman nothing; in this case the woman was more than the music. It was a beautiful, happy-hearted girl, full of unconscious genius, singing without pretension or effort, as if it were from a joyous love of singing. After the concert you think more of Jenny Lind than of her song. You feel that her music is only a small part of herself.

"The remarkable peculiarities of her singing, to us,

were the equal excellence of her voice on the highest and lowest notes; its wonderful flexibility and power, enabling her to sing, without apparently the least exertion, the most difficult passages, and the absolute certainty and completeness which characterized every note. Nothing was left unfinished, there was no failure, and all was done with such ease, as to leave behind the feeling of delight which follows any thing which is perfect of its kind.

"The impression she makes depends we think, not on any single excellence, but on the harmony and unity of voice, manner, look, joined to the most perfect culture. We think it a memorable occasion to have listened to her. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' We fear that we shall not for some time listen with pleasure to ordinary singing. We never expect to see again in public, one who unites such remarkable qualities both as an artist and a woman.

"Why she pleases, it is hard to tell. She interests people much in the same way as a flower or a tree. No one can tell why it is beautiful, but every one feels it to be consummately so. So with Jenny Lind's looks and singing;—different persons would describe her differently, but all alike feel that she is gifted in some way with a winning and irresistible charm, which attracts alike, young and old, the uncultivated and cultivated. No one will doubt her wonderful endowments, except those who attempt to analyze them; and then only, as one doubts the beauty of a flower after it is torn into fragments."

One other anecdote which we have heard of her is so

pleasing and contrasts so favorably with that which we know of other vocalists that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers. We believe it occurred at Lincoln. Possibly we may be mistaken in the locality but we are not in the incident. One morning—as we believe, the morning previous to her concert—Jenny Lind was taking a ramble in the neighborhood of that city. She had prolonged her walk somewhat beyond its usual length, and entered the cottage of a poor laborer, to ask permission to rest there. It was cheerfully accorded by the wife, who ere much time had elapsed was in a flood of gossip with her temporary guest. She detailed to her all her difficulties and all her troubles, and interested her visitor warmly in the thousand miseries of her local *menage*. The good woman then began to talk about Jenny, in total ignorance that she was addressing the songstress herself. She told her many things apocryphal, and otherwise, which she had heard of her generosity, and amused her by the comments which she made upon them. Jenny Lind, who was meanwhile nursing her youngest child, asked her whether she would like to hear her attempt to sing one of Jenny's best airs. The good woman replied that she should be delighted, as she could then jndge something of the manner in which Jenny herself would sing it. The stranger accordingly sang one of her own charming and delicious Swedish ballads to the delighted cottager, who was loud in her pleasure for a gratification it is much to be doubted whether any but Jenny Lind's most intimate friends ever before had. "And now," said the stranger, rising, "tell any one who asks you, that you have heard Jenny

Lind." At the same time she placed something in the hands of the poor woman.

Such was her astonishment and delight, however, that she burst out in thanks for the unexpected pleasure, forgetting even to look at what the lady had given her. She scarcely knew what she said or did. Meanwhile Jenny had kissed the child she had been nursing, and escaped from the cottage. And what was the astonishment of the poor cottager, on finding that she had placed five sovereigns in her hand. She ran to the door of her humble dwelling to repeat her thanks a thousand-fold. But her visiter was already out of sight, and she was left with the memory of the Swedish ballad and the money—it may be doubted whether the last, however, were not the most acceptable gift to her poverty—to bless the name of the kind-hearted stranger who had listened to the history of her little woes with so much patience and bribed her by her song to a brief forgetfulness of them.

In Dr. Cumming's *Apocalyptic Sketches*—not a very likely book, one would think, to supply us with theatrical anecdotes—there is a story of Jenny Lind, which may be cited in connection with this matter:—"A singer, whose performances have recently made a very great impression on the public mind, and whose personal purity and worth are equal to her artistic talents, made a remark to a friend of mine, who told me of it. 'It is not me they admire, but my voice; and that cannot make me happy, though it gives them delight.' We do not believe the case really to be as it is stated by

Jenny Lind; for no artist has ever attracted so much personal interest towards herself, irrespectively of the art of which she is so wonderful an exponent; but the anecdote is worth quoting as an illustration of the unsatisfying nature of that artistic success, which simply raises admiration of the thing done, and excites no interest in the doer."

THE RUSSIAN, THE PICKPOCKET, AND JENNY LIND.

A young and wealthy Russian officer was sent over here in May, 1847, on an affair of much importance; a few days only were allowed him to transact the business. It was the eve of that musical insanity, the *début* of Jenny Lind. Our Russian shared the anxiety of the million to be present; but, on applying for a ticket, he found they had been all sold. He tried the music shops, &c., but without success. He offered £20 for a stall, to no purpose. This was desperate, he was to leave London the next day, therefore the offer of procuring a stall for Jenny Lind's second appearance was useless to him. The stranger was no common-place person; he resolved, *coute qui coute*, to try every possible means to gain his object, and accordingly, went early and stationed himself at the principal entrance to her Majesty's Theatre. Here he addressed several who were waiting for the opening of the doors, and offered a handsome sum for the relinquishment of their admission in his favor, but all were inflexible. Money was no object; no Russian gold could have atoned to them for the loss of the Swedish Nightingale's rich notes, and our friend had almost begun to despair, when, all at once, he felt an

attempt at his pocket. He quickly put his hand behind him, in time to catch hold of the thief, who had fully succeeded in extricating his note-case, as it was actually in his possession. Our friend, who was a muscular young man, immediately seized the delinquent by the collar, and being a tolerably good English scholar, signified his intention of delivering him over to the police. The poor wretch pleaded extreme poverty, but this would not do; a wife on a bed of sickness, but this was equally unsuccessful; at the details of three starving children (the traveler was a young father) the pickpocket completely succeeded in molifying his captor. "Well," said he, "I forgive you, but only on one condition; as you are so expert in the extraction of property, you must immediately procure for me one of these gentlemen's pocket-books; if it should contain an admission for the opera to-night, I will allow you to depart unmolested, with the addition, perhaps, of a trifle for your wife and children; but mind I shall have my eye upon you, and at the least appearance of your attempting to escape me, I shall give you in charge of the police." The man cheerfully undertook the commission; and in a few minutes our Russian friend was in possession of a handsome pocket-book containing the much-craved for stall-ticket. Admonishing the light-fingered gentleman to be more honest in future, and presenting him with a handsome gratuity for his wife and family, he very soon lost sight of his professional friend in the opening rush into the theatre. The next morning Mr. ——, a respectable old merchant, retired from business, was at breakfast, and was describing to a friend his disappointment the night

before in not hearing Jenny Lind, in consequence of his having been robbed of his pocket-book at the entrance to her Majesty's Theatre, when the servant brought in a small parcel accompanied by a note. On opening the parcel, what was Mr. ——'s astonishment when he discovered the stolen pocket-book exactly in the same state as when he lost it, except that, in place of the single-stall admission, it now contained a ticket for a box on the grand tier for the next night of Jenny Lind's performance. The note contained the following words:— "Sir,—Pray accept the enclosed box-ticket as a small atonement for your disappointment yesterday evening. Having offered the sum of twenty pounds unsuccessfully for a stall, I enclose you that sum for the use of yours. Hoping you will enjoy the treat of which I so unceremoniously deprived you, believe me, dear Sir, your very obliged, FANATICO." The note contained a cheque for twenty pounds.—*Musical World.*

The British papers, some of them, amuse themselves very much with the accounts, (greatly exaggerated as they often are,) sent out from this side of the water, and pretending to describe the manifestations of our people towards Jenny Lind. But the laugh is not all on their side, by any means. In a recent London print we find the following anecdote of Jenny, while she was residing in that metropolis:—

"Being on one occasion slightly indisposed, it was proposed that she should try the water cure, and the hydropathic establisment, Sudbrook-park, near Richmond was the place suggested. This got wind in cer-

tain quarters, and in a day or two the directors were astonished to receive from numbers of individuals of rank and wealth, proposals to enter the establishment immediately. Some were affected with premonitory symptoms of rheumatism, and all thought a week or two's water treatment would be peculiarly efficacious in their cases, especially when united with pure air and cheerful society, and they requested to know if all the patients did not meet at the same table.

"The director was delighted, and foresaw a large accession of those watery enthusiastics who never cease declaiming on the tranquil delights of the wet sheet, and the boisterous exhilaration of the douche bath. But, alas! some trifling circumstance altered Jenny's plans, and the visit to Sudbrook was abandoned. More extraordinary cures than hydropathy ever performed, took place immediately. Rheumatisms fled with the rapidity of a charm, and the only nervousness exhibited by the ladies was lest they should be taken at their words, and subject to hydropathic discipline."

At Bremen, it appears, after a performance, she became aware of an intention on the part of the crowd to draw her in her carriage.

As she desired to avoid the annoyance, she requested the manager, who was a corpulent unwieldly bulk of humanity, to precede her in her own carriage, which was in waiting, while she would slip off in some private conveyance. Jenny's carriage had scarcely moved, when it was invested by a band of students, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the driver, unhitched the horses, and

attaching themselves to the vehicle, dragged it along with shouts of triumph.

The complaisant big gentleman in the inside, believed this demonstration to be intended as a compliment to himself, for having secured the services of Miss Lind. While congratulating himself on this evidence of his immense popularity, the carriage drew up before the hotel, and the manager descended, bowing and smiling under a profuse shower of elegant bouquets, which rained upon him from all directions. When the bloods discovered that, instead of the aerial form of Miss Lind, they had been hauling three hundred and fifty pounds of solid masculine flesh, through the muddy streets, their rage knew no bounds. Their shouts of admiration turned to yells of revenge. They rushed upon the oily gentleman to mob him, but he succeeded in toddling into the hotel, nearly dead with fright, just in time to save his bacon.

JENNY LIND AT THE SWEDES' CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

A sensation of no ordinary character was created in Southwark yesterday, by the visit of Md'lle. Jenny Lind to the Protestant Episcopal Church of Gloria Dei, in Swanson-street, below Christian, better known as the "Old Swedes' Church." The congregation in attendance was very large, and the crowd in the vicinity of the church also large. An excellent discourse was delivered by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Clay, from the text, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—and the choir was full and effective. At the close of the services, Md'lle. Lind received the greetings of numerous

descendants of the pioneer emigrants from her own native land, who settled upon the banks of the Delaware, on the hunting-grounds of the Weccacoes, and were the original founders of the time-honored edifice, within the sacred walls of which she had been permitted to worship. Md'lle. Lind responded to the congratulations and welcome she received in an expressive and silent manner. The associations of the place, and the warmth of her reception, affected her to tears. She expressed her most heartfelt gratification at her visit.—*Phil. N. American.*

"*Apropos* to the Lind lunacy," writes the London Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion, "it is said that Carlyle is about to bring out a *Latter Day Pamphlet*, on it, as he regards it as the crowning proof of the fatuous cant and quackeries he has been denouncing, unexampled since the day the Roman monarch gave his horse gilt oats, and made him secretary of state, and portending a swift return to the universal abasement which preceded the degeneracy of the Lower Empire. However, it is quite a lark to see what a vulture the Stockholm goldfinch is proving to the English warbler. As long as her name is on the wing, there's no use in any other bird uttering a note, for such notes will produce no cash, and well they know it. London is as destitute of vocal music at the present time as if a general quinsy had permanently made the acquaintance of the whole English operatic corps, if any of that awkward squad be still alive, which is a matter no one seems to care a farthing about, though some delirious individuals appear to be-

lieve that the public are very much concerned therein indeed."

The artists of Stockholm have just completed a medal in honor of their great countrywoman, Jenny Lind.

"It is now about eight weeks since Jenny Lind arrived in this country. During that time she has given concerts which have produced nearly $200,000, and contributed to various benevolent objects about $18,255, viz.:—to New York Societies, $10,000; to Boston do., $7,255; to the Chicago Swedish Church, $1000. What may have been the amount of her private charities, we have no means of knowing, but doubtless it is considerable."—*Noah's Messenger.*

[A Boston clergyman, on the Sunday before Jenny Lind's departure, thus glorified her in his sermon:—]

"Why is it that everybody loves that singing lady, now giving concerts in our city? Not on account of the matchless skill of her performances—not because of the bird-like sweetness of her tones, but because, like the Saviour of the world, she goes about doing good; because, by her many acts of disinterested benevolence, she shows that she loves everybody."

JENNY LIND'S INDEPENDENCE.

The London correspondent of the Herald tells a story of the independence of the Swedish singer. It seems that it was known that she was to pass through a German town, and a couple of amusement mongers hired

the only public hall there, and fitted it up in anticipation of engaging the Swedish Nightingale for a concert. They even went so far as to sell several hundred tickets, at exorbitant prices, for the concert in embryo. As soon as Jenny arrived, this pair of speculators called on her, and inquired what they should pay for her services one night at a concert:

"I do not wish to sing for you," replied Jenny Lind.

"But we will pay you liberally for your services."

"I do not wish to sing for you," replied the renowned cantatrice.

"We have already engaged and fitted up a hall, and sold tickets at high prices, and we will pay you three thousand dollars to sing for us one night."

"I cannot sing for you."

"Name your own price—and we will give it."

"I will not sing for you," was the inexorable reply of Jenny.

The gentlemen could scarcely conceal their indignation, as they remarked:

"This decision of yours almost ruins us. We have expended $700 in decorating the hall, and making arrangements for a concert, at which we had no doubt you would sing."

Jenny Lind immediately counted out $700 and placed it in their hands, at the same time expressing the hope that they were satisfied, "inasmuch," she added, "as your arrangements have been made without my knowledge or consent."

The managers expressed themselves satisfied and withdrew.

The next day Jenny Lind announced a concert for the benefit of the poor in that town. The receipts amounted to several thousand dollars, every farthing of which was devoted to charity.

JUST LIKE HER.

On learning that some of the members of her New York orchestra were in indigent circumstances, Jenny generously made them a substantial donation.

THE WRONG BOX.

A good story is told of a party of students who gave a serenade, as they supposed, to Jenny, at Berlin. It was shortly after the production of Norma, when the *furor* run high, and the fair songstress was the idol of the hour. The students attached to this university, had participated in the enthusiasm excited by the young songstress. They determined upon serenading her, and, on the night selected for the purpose, repaired to her hotel, about eleven o'clock, or perhaps somewhat later. After performing a serenade in their most approved manner, the students separated with three hearty cheers, which thundered along the neighboring streets, more than four hundred of these young men and boys having been present. Their efforts, however, had been totally wasted, as regarded the fair singer, she having, but the day before, moved to a little residence beyond the Thiergarten; and, at the same time, was probably sleeping off the fatigue produced by her performance, or, at any rate, sleeping in perfect ignorance of the enthusiasm shown by her youthful admirers.

CHARACTERISTIC.

A pretty incident occurred a few evenings since, which it gives us peculiar delight to chronicle, because it shows the kind-heartedness of Jenny Lind. A poor Swedish girl, a domestic in a family, resident in Roxbury, was induced to call on her far-famed countrywoman, for sake of lang-syne. Jenny received her with the utmost kindness, and detained her several hours, talking about "home," and other matters, and in the evening took her in her carriage to the concert, gave her a seat, and sent her back to Roxbury in a carriage at the close of the performances.

ENTHUSIASM.

A young lady, at the first concert given by Jenny Lind in Boston, was so carried away by Jenny's singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," that she is reported to have exclaimed in a burst of enthusiasm, "O, I would be her waiting-maid, if I could only be always near her!"

The following are the three songs, in which Jenny Lind has been most effective:—

THE BIRD'S SONG.

Birdling! why sing in the forest wide?
Say why! say why!
Call'st thou the Bridegroom or the Bride?
And why? and why?
"I call no Bridegroom—call no Bride,
Although I sing in forest wide,
Nor know I why I'm singing."

Birdling! Why is thy heart so blest?
O say! O say!
Music overflowing from this breast!
O say! O say!
"My heart is full, and yet is light,
My heart is glad in day or night,
Nor know I why I'm singing."

Birdling! Why sing you all the day?
O tell! O tell!
Do any listen to thy lay?
O tell! O tell!
"I care not what my song may be,
Now this, now that, I warble free,
Nor know, yet must be singing."

THE PASTURE SONG.

Come hither, come hither, my pretty herd!
Hu ah! hu ah! hu ah! hu ah! hu ah!
Come bull and cow and weanling brood,
And hasten to taste of the evening food,
For night with her shade creeps darkening on;
Ring shrilly horn on the mountain round,
And follow my cattle the welcome sound;
Hu ah! hu ah! hu ah!
To grateful abundance my flock now speed ye.
Long beside where hearth fires burn
My love has waited my return;
Soon I clasp the treasure,
In ecstasy of pleasure
Paradised upon her arm,
No care can grieve, no ill can harm.
Come hither, come hither, &c.

Soon the simple bread I eat,
And of the sober cup partake,

That hath greater flavor,
Than a court's affected savor;
I have learnt where'er I roam,
No joys exist to equal home.
Come hither, come hither, &c.

THE HERDMAN'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

Here the misty mountain
Hearkens to my evening song;
Barren misty mountain
Hearkens to my evening song;
Toward the peaceful valley,
Happy spot! I gaze and long.
Onward flies my view,
Toward the distant blue,
Fraught with hopeful prayer
That she dwell beneath heaven's care.

THE JENNY LIND METEOR.

We stated in our last budget of items concerning Jenny's movements, that, in company with Professor Everett, she, after spending a pleasant evening, visited the observatory of the University, at Cambridge, and took a survey of the starry heavens through the large telescope. The *Transcript* relates this incident of the visit:—

"Saturn had not yet risen, and Jenny retired from the telescope waiting for his advent with his ring. At last he was announced as having risen, and Mademoiselle Lind again took her stand by the telescope. Scarcely was she looking through it than a brilliant meteor rushed across the face of the heavens, exactly opposite the end

of the telescope. It passed with singular rapidity and left visible its track in the atmosphere long after it had passed. The appearance was immediately noted down by the Custodian of the Observatory, this having been by far the brightest meteor which had been visible there for eight or nine years. Possibly it may be taken as an omen of the singular and extraordinary reputation as a vocalist, which is to attend the great singer on her progress through this country."—*N. Y. Express.*

Prof. Bond, in a communication published in the Boston *Traveller*, concerning the great meteor of Sept. 30th, says that his attention was called to this phenomenon by Miss Jenny Lind, who happening at the time of its first appearance to be looking at the planet Saturn through the great Equatorial Telescope, nearly in the direction of the meteor's path, was startled by a sudden flash of light, no doubt much concentrated by the power of the glass. Probably not more than a second of time intervened before the meteor exploded. From observations made upon it, it is ascertained that the vertical height of this meteor above the surface of the earth was about fifty miles, and its distance from Cambridge one hundred miles in a northeasterly direction.

JENNY LIND.

BOSTON, Tuesday, Oct. 1.

At four o'clock to-day Md'lle. Lind was waited upon at the Revere House by Gov. Briggs, Lieut. Gov. Reed, and the Executive Council of the State of Massachusetts. She entered into a long and animated conversation with these gentlemen, principally on the subject of

Education, and remarked that man's happiness here and hereafter depended upon the acquisition of a sound moral and religious training, and that, holding these opinions, she considered it her duty to contribute all in her humble power to furnishing the means of acquiring these blessings, more particularly to those of her country people who were unable to impart them to their offspring.—*Boston Paper.*

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* writes that caricatures on American subjects abound in Paris. One of them represents a smooth-faced, portly citizen of Philadelphia, easily to be recognized by his broad brimmed, low crowned hat, and the straight collar of his coat. He is followed by several negroes, each labelled "$1,000." He is a Friend going to the theatre where Jenny Lind is to sing, and taking money enough to buy a box ticket. A second picture represents a man mounted on a bench, and gesturing and crying like an auctioneer. "Buy, ladies and gentlemen! going at half price, for almost nothing. Two lots, one is solid as a rock, the other as good as bread. Buy, buy!" Saying this, he touches with his hammer a placard on the front of a house, and, with his hand, the head of a woman kneeling at his feet, with a rope around her neck and wisp of straw in her hand. It is an American, who wishes to sell his store and wife to be able to buy a ticket for one of Jenny Lind's concerts. A third, paints a vast number of young and old men, women, respectable fathers, and mothers of families, and grave judges, all kneeling and extending their clasped hands. Yet they

are not in a chapel of the Holy Virgin, nor even before the miraculous portrait at Rimini during one of its fits of eye rolling, but in one of the concerts of Miss Jenny. In another, we see the notes from the throat of the fair songstress dancing and curling upwards like wreaths of smoke in the air. A crowd of Americans are rushing to seize them, with the laudable desire of bottling them up for the admiration of future generations—in the struggle they jostle and knock each other down and tumble together in rare confusion. But one gets a *sol* and another a *fa*. Another, for their name is legion, makes the honorable members of Congress turn themselves into horses, for the purpose of forming a team worthy to draw the carriage of the Swedish Nightingale.

Henry Tuckerman, one of our most refined gentlemen, and sweetest poets, writes thus:—

TO JENNY LIND.

A melody with Southern passion fraught
I hear thee warble: 'tis as if a bird
By intuition human strains had caught,
But whose pure breast no kindred feeling stirred.
Thy native song the hushed arena fills,
So wildly plaintive, that I seem to stand
Alone, and see, from off the circling hills,
The bright horizon of the North expand!
High art is thus intact; and matchless skill
Born of intelligence and self-control,—
The graduated tone and perfect trill
Prove a restrained, but not a frigid soul;
Thine finds expression in such generous deeds,
That music from thy lips for human sorrow pleads!

H. T. T.

THE SWEDISH SONGSTRESS AND HER CHARITIES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Blest must their vocation be
Who with tones of melody,
Charm the discord and the strife
And the railroad rush of life,
And with Orphean magic move
Souls inert to life and love.
But there's *one* who doth inherit
Angel-gifts and angel-spirit—
Bidding tides of gladness flow
Through the realms of want and woe,
'Mid lone age and misery's lot—
Kindling pleasures long forgot,
Seeking minds oppressed with night,
And on darkness shedding light:
She, the seraph's speech doth know,
She hath done their deeds below,
So, when o'er this misty strand
She shall clasp their waiting hand,
They will fold her to their breast,
More a sister, than a guest.

A LEAF FROM JENNY LIND'S LOG-BOOK.

For the Albion.

THE DEPARTURE—CAPE CLEAR.

Slowly and softly fades the evening light,
And Erin's hills are sinking from the view;
To all my heart holds dear, good night, good night!
Old World, I breathe to thee a fond adieu.

A CALM NIGHT—ON DECK.

Now o'er the broad Atlantic sweeping,
We merrily, merrily bound along;
Our hearts and eyes are vigil keeping,
Inspired by music, dance, and song.

OF JENNY LIND.

Whilst Luna's lamp on high is burning
And ocean slumbers as a lake,
Our prow is silver furrows turning,
And diamonds sparkle in our wake.

A STORM.

The storm is out! the petrel breasts the w
'Mid emerald mountains set in pearly spr
Where many a gallant heart has found a gra
Our noble vessel ploughs her foamy way.

SANDY HOOK LIGHT.

What's yonder star, that studs the ocean?
What light is glimmering o'er the sea?
Why, O my heart, this soft emotion?
"Land ho!"—the birthplace of the fre

THE BAY.

Welcome, great city of the West,
I see thy spires in distance gleaming;
While o'er thy haven's peaceful breast
Thy glorious flag is proudly streaming.

Hail, beauteous land, with strength arraye
Land of the patriot, hero, sage!
In youth with such foundations laid—
What might is promised to thine age!

A POET'S TRIBUTE.

The following tribute to the matchless s
him whose well-directed enterprise has se
New World the rare pleasure of hearing he
pen of the most distinguished female poet c
try:—*Tribune.*

JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

"The praises of *her* who has taught us the melody of the nightingale, and the benevolence of the seraph, is in every mouth. Their admiration, who have been admitted to her society, and felt the power of simple goodness, unalloyed by self, it is impossible either to utter or to repress.

"This is as it should be. It proves that this great people, so intent on acquisition, so bewildered at times by the rapidity of their own progress, have not forfeited the capacity of appreciating excellence in a new form, and on such a scale as the world has never before seen.

"Still, the individual as well as the public mind is prone, amid the tides of enjoyment, to overlook their instrument and source. We sail on the bosom of the broad river to its estuary, nor speak of its fountain amid the distant hills. We transmit our thoughts and wishes through the tension of the telegraphic wires, and forget the man who discovered and rules that strange mystery, 'playing with Leviathan as with a bird, and binding him for the maidens.'

"The benefit conferred on our community by the coming of Jenny Lind, arresting it in the absorption of money-getting pursuits, and binding it together as one great, thrilling, uplifted heart, is like a new and higher sense of existence. The harvest of her exertions showered upon the needy, the sorrowing, the desolate, aiding the holy temple to uplift its spire, and the school to gather the little ones under its brooding wing, to all

future generations, marks an unparalleled era in the history of beneficence.

"While we are the recipients of this high and unique class of gratifications, we should sometimes remember him who has brought them within our reach. It has been said that the gain of gold is his full recompense. This he has deserved by the risk and boldness of his enterprise, as well as his liberal expenditure. But this is not sufficient. Mr. Barnum merits the *thanks* of all who have listened to the Swedish Songstress, or been cheered by her charities. No one who has beheld the perfect order of her vast and delighted audiences—the clockwork precision with which they are seated, and the quiet dignity of their egress, or contrasts it with gatherings for similar purposes at Exeter Hall, the thunder of a congregated London police, and their shoutings to overrule confusion, and the collision of carriages, can fail to perceive the pervading influence of a remarkable mind, as well as the coincidence of a remarkable people. While, therefore, we are made happier and better by our present privilege, let us not omit a just tribute to him through whose efforts and invitation, this angelic guest has been induced to visit our shores."

The American enthusiasm about Jenny Lind is thus sensibly handled by a writer in the Courier and Enquirer :—

"—— Some of our exchanges find matter for reproach in the intense enthusiasm that has been excited in our city by the great Swedish Songstress. They think it indicates a frivolous, flighty turn of mind, quite out of keep-

ing with the solid dignity of American character. They are willing enough to concede a good degree of merit to the distinguished stranger, but yet they will have it that she is making about as much a fool of us as Dulcinea did of Don Quixotte. Now, our good brethren may fancy themselves possessed of superior gravity and wisdom, but there is many a self-styled philosopher that ought to wear motley. We maintain that the homage to Jenny Lind which has been so freely bestowed in this city, and which, we doubt not, will be as freely bestowed throughout the country, does our people the highest honor. It has sprung from the noblest emotions and most generous impulses of the human heart. It is the tribute which man in his best estate always spontaneously renders to transcendent worth. It has its origin in that better part of our nature, which, according to the greatest of ancient philosophers, would yield to virtue, if she appeared incarnate on the earth, its supreme devotion. It is another proof that our application to practical pursuits has not made us the cold, soulless, utilitarian earthworms they have said, and that we are capable of a higher worship than that of the 'almighty dollar.' It is another demonstration that the spirit of art and of poetry, aye, and of true chivalry too, can find a place in the hearts of a people whose physical energies are doing the work of giants. It is true, that in the course of our history, we have been occasionally betrayed into ovations that were undeserved. It is true that we have sometimes paid honors to those who were only worthy of dishonor. But because worthlessness has received what was not its due, is Worth to go without a tribute? Must wreaths

and garlands cease to be, because flowers were strewed on the tomb of Nero? But, as a general thing, the American people do discriminate, and discriminate well, too, in their welcomes to the favorites of the Old World. Jenny Lind has been greeted with a reception such as no other stranger ever obtained, precisely because she is the most worthy of it. An artist, who is as decidedly the Queen of Tragedy as Jenny Lind is the Queen of Song, will, it is said, ere long arrive at our shores. The style of her greeting, we are sure, will prove that the American people can and do draw substantial moral distinctions; that, though the genius be equal, they are disposed to make a world-wide difference between the selfishness and the wantonness of the French actress, and the charity and purity of the Swedish songstress. It may be true that this vehement admiration for Jenny Lind has, at times, manifested itself in a way that was not in exact good taste. No one but a cynic, however, will harshly criticise these little irregularities. When enthusiasm fills the soul, and natural emotions rule the hour, it cannot be expected that the formalities of artificial life will be very punctiliously observed. At such times spontaneous impulse must have a little indulgence; and it is to be judged in much the same spirit that the warm-hearted Jenny herself exhibited when she checked the lash of the beleaguered driver with the exclamation, "Stop! they are my friends, and have come to see me." And it is this spirit and intention, as now displayed, that reflect honor upon our people. We pity the man whose pulse has not bounded in joyous sympathy, at hearing the high, impulsive irrepressive shouts of exultation with which the

people have hailed, and are still hailing, the possessor of so much genius and virtue. How infinitely superior are these tributes to true glory, gushing in all their freshness and freedom from the purest depths of the human soul, to the heartless obsequiousness, and counterfeit lip homage with which rank and wealth are flattered? In these days of cold, formal fashion, and hard, mechanical routine, it is refreshing to behold an honest burst of genuine glowing enthusiasm. We do not wonder that such a display of feeling has gladly stirred the heart of Jenny Lind, and that she has bowed before our huzzaing throngs as she has never bowed before the starred nobility of Europe. Considering the wildly passionate admiration which she has so universally and so justly excited among us, the proprieties of life have thus far been remarkably well preserved. There has been no disposition evinced here in the streets, as by the students of Berlin, to take the horses from her carriage, and deliriously drag her home from the scene of her triumphs; nor within doors has there been any of that brutal violence and indescribable turmoil that so often occurred at her concerts in England. There has been enthusiasm—vehement, rousing enthusiasm—but it has almost uniformly been manifested in a way appropriate in itself, and gratifying to its object. If the same degree of propriety be observed in other cities as has been in New York, our republican reputation will run little risk of discredit. On the other hand, we are sure that this manifestation of American homage to one of the most glorious creatures the world has yet seen, will be remembered and admired as long as the name of Jenny Lind lives in history. Honor,

honor, honor, then we say, to her who sings like the angels—whose purity is as stainless as the snow of her own native hills—whose charity droppeth as bounteously, and yet as gently as the dew of heaven—in genius a St. Cecilia, the idol of the rich, and in goodness a St. Theresa, the servant of the poor."

MR. BENEDICT.

It would be wrong to conclude these Memoranda of Jenny Lind's history, and visit to America, without placing here, for present preservation, the sketch given in the pamphlet published by Mr. Barnum, of the position abroad, and of the productions of her friend and professional companion, Mr. Benedict. We may precede the sketch by mentioning that this man of true genius, though a German, is sufficiently at home in the English language, to have distinguished himself in English literature, and that his Lecture on the Life and Character of Mendelsohn, delivered before a Society at Camberwell, is one of the very best productions of the time. The tributes presented to him by the musicians whom he leads, and the universal regard conceived for him by all with whom he converses, show us that it is not an ordinary musical leader whom we have among us. In the tumult of admiration to the angelic visitant whom he accompanies, we must take care not to forget, that it is only so elevated an errand that could draw, from his important career abroad, so distinguished a man, and that we owe him a generous acknowledgment of what he himself adds to our delight in Jenny Lind's visit. The brief biography we speak of, thus proceeds:

"This celebrated composer is a native of the town of Stuttgart, in Germany. While yet a boy he exhibited so decided a passion for music, that his parents determined

on indulging his inclinations. He was accordingly placed under the tuition of Hummel, at Weimar. Under the care of this master he made an improvement so rapid that in the winter of 1820 he left him to pursue his studies as a pianist and composer at Dresden, with Carl Maria Von Weber. For more than four years did Benedict remain with this illustrious master, treated more as a beloved son than as a mere student. During this period of his life, he accompanied Weber both to Berlin and Vienna to witness the first performance of his *chef d'œuvres* the *Freyschutz* and the *Euryanthe*. In Berlin it was that he became acquainted with Mendelsohn, then a boy, and formed a lasting friendship with the author of *St. Paul* and the *Elijah*. At Vienna he was also introduced to the immortal Beethoven, and obtained through Weber's influence and his own talents, the position of musical director to the Italian Opera. At this time he was scarcely seventeen years of age. Barbaja, who was then its manager, also conducted the theatres of Naples and Milan, and shortly after proposed to Benedict to take the position of *Mæstro di Capella* at Naples, in the theatres San Carlo and Fondo. This was in the spring of 1825. In this position Benedict remained for more than four years. In 1830 he became acquainted with Malibran. This great singer took a warm interest in Benedict's career, and formed a high opinion of his talents. She accordingly urged him to accompany her to England. His departure was, however, deferred in consequence of his engagement to a young Neapolitan lady (whom he subsequently married,) until 1835, when he arrived in England. His first concert stamped his reputation. It

indeed gave him an European celebrity which he has ever since maintained. At this concert Malibran and Grisi, for the first time, sung together. This was in the celebrated Duet from *Andronico*. Subsequently, he appeared as conductor of the Opera Buffa, at the St. James Theatre, and was afterwards engaged for a number of years as the musical director of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. During this time he produced several operas, and it will scarcely be out of place in this brief biography to enumerate his more important works. In 1827 he produced the *Giacinta ed Ernesto* at Naples, in the Fondo. In 1830 the management of the San Carlo produced *I Portoghesi in Goa*. The first of these works was an opera buffa, and the second an opera seria, each of them being in two acts. In 1836, *Un anno ed un giorno*, a charming little opera buffa, in a single act, was given to the public. After his arrival in London, the first opera which he produced, was the *Gipsy's Warning*. This was in 1838. It was only in two acts, but such was the sweetness of the melodies and the art displayed in the instrumentation of the opera, that it at once stamped his reputation, and when in 1844, *The Brides of Venice*, a grand opera in four acts, was produced by the management of Drury Lane—he had already been recognized as one of the greatest composers then in the country of his adoption. Since this he has produced but one opera, called *The Crusaders*, at the same theatre. The talent displayed in this work confirmed his reputation.

"The arrangements and direction of the musical Festivals in London, Norwich and Liverpool, have also been

intrusted to him, and he is probably the only conductor in England who is as well known and as well appreciated in the Provinces, as he is in London itself.

In 1847, he was introduced, as we have heard, to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, who made her first appearance as a singer of sacred music in England, at the performance of Mendelsohn's *Elijah*, at the Exeter Hall, on the 15th December, 1848, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. This performance, which was given by a committee of Mendelsohn's personal admirers, with the view of providing a fund for the purpose of instituting two scholarships in the name of the deceased Master, at Leipsic, proved eminently successful, and deserves commemorating as the first introduction of Jenny Lind to the English public in a new branch of her career. From this time he has gradually become more intimate with Mademoiselle Lind, and being honored with her friendship and confidence, has been induced by her to accept the engagement offered him by Mr. Barnum, to accompany her on her visit to these shores. We believe that this engagement could not have been more wisely offered. Certain are we that it could have been offered to no one more distinguished by his general attainments in his art, or better calculated to shine at the side of Jenny Lind, whether he is considered and valued as an instrumental performer, a conductor or a musical composer.

It may not be amiss to state in conclusion, that Mr. Benedict is the Pianist to their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, the Princesses of Weimar, and Hohenlohe, nieces to the late Queen Adelaide.

ADDENDUM.

As our work is just issuing from the press, we have had occasion to write an article in reply to one which appeared in the "*Courrier des Etats Unis,*" and we think it worth while to add it thus disconnectedly, to the present volume:

ART'S CRITICISM OF NATURE.

Reply to a French writer's description of Jenny Lind's manners at a private party in New York.

THE stars shine by the light their elevation still enables them to receive from the day that has gone past—and, though there would be a severity in limiting ordinary belles to shine in the evening only according to the lofty position given them by their course through the morning, it is but just, that those whose mornings so lift them above us that they would shine in heaven itself, should at least be looked up to with that appreciative deference, which we give more to stars than to lights we can trim and brighten. We have expressed, in this similitude, why a late severe criticism of Jenny Lind's manners and appearance at an evening party in New York society, seems to us as inappreciative and irreverent as it is inaccordant with our own observation of what it describes. Our friend, M. de Trobriand, who wrote it, has, in many previous articles, expressed the same

national pique and national want of sympatny with the Northern Songstress and Benefactress. She has refused to sing in Paris, it is true. She has openly avowed her distaste for French customs and standards. She knew, doubtless, when our friend was presented to her, that he was a Frenchman, and the editor of a French paper which had invariably disparaged and ridiculed her; and, when he spoke to her in three languages, (as he did,) and she answered only in monosyllables, (as was the case,) he could (reasonably, we think) have attributed it to something beside dullness. A fashionable belle might have put aside a national prejudice, to be agreeable to an elegant nobleman brought up at a Court—but it would have been very unlike honest and simple Jenny Lind. For the monosyllables to our friend it is easy to account, thus, without blame to her. For those she gave to others, there is still a better apology, if one were needed —but, let us precede what we wish to say of this, by translating the passage to which we are replying:—

"Jenny Lind danced very little—but once, if I remember rightly, and without evincing any of that ardor of movement which people had pleased themselves by gratuitously according to her. She talked as little, and, take it all together, her celebrity would not have been so great, if her singing had been as disappointing as her personal appearance. We must be excused if we follow her, with pen in hand, even into the drawing-rooms, where she found herself in contact with a public less numerous but more select, and if we put upon their guard, for the future, those who believe, upon hearsay, in the brilliant sayings, the enchanting graces, the affable re-

ception of courtesies, etc., etc., of Miss Lind, as seen by the naked eye, and without the illusion of an opera-glass. When she ceases to sing, and begins to converse, the celebrated Swede becomes extremely national again. She has, in her voice, but two favorite notes, which she never varies, they say, but for the privileged, and to which she adheres, with a persistence which ordinary martyrs cannot break through—and these two notes are *Yes* and *No.*"

In all the countries where she has been, Miss Lind has invariably avoided gay and fashionable society, dividing what leisure she could command, between a few friends chosen with reference to nothing but their qualities of heart, and the visits of charity to institutions or individuals she could benefit. Pleasure, as pursued in "the first society," seems wholly distasteful to her. In New York, however, great dissatisfaction had been expressed at her refusals of invitations, her non-delivery of letters of introduction which were known to have been given to her in England, and her inaccessibility by "the first people." This troubled her, for she feels grateful to our country for the love poured forth to her, and is unwilling to offend any class of its citizens, high or low. From a lady, therefore, with whom she had formed a very intimate and confiding friendship, she accepted an invitation to an evening party, to be given the day after her last concert in this city. It was at this party that M. de Trobriand describes her, in the article from which we have quoted above. The country villa at which it was given is the most tasteful and sumptuous residence in the neighborhood of New York, and a select company from

the most refined circles of society was there to meet her. Before giving our own impression of how she appeared at this party, it may be, not only just, but instructive, to tell how she had passed the day of which this was the evening.

It was the morning after her closing Concert, and among the business to be attended to, (in the winding up of a visit to a city where she had given away $30,000 in charity,) was the result certified to in the following report:

The undersigned, a Committee named by Miss Lind to divide the appropriation of the sum of five thousand and seventy-three dollars and twenty cents, ($5,073,20,) the proceeds of the Morning Concert recently given by that lady for charitable purposes, have distributed the said fund as follows:

New-York, Nov. 26, 1850.

C. S. WOODHULL,
R. BAIRD,
R. B. MINTURN,
WM. H. ASPINWALL,
JOHN JAY.

To the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor	$1,000	00
" Society for Relief of Widows with Poor Children	300	00
" Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum	300	00
" Female Assistance Society	300	00
" Eastern Dispensary	250	00
" Northern Dispensary	250	00
" Eye and Ear Infirmary	250	00
" Hebrew Benevolent Society	200	00
" Home Branch of the Prison Association	200	00
" Home for Destitute Children of Seamen	200	00
" Institution for Education and Care of Homeless and Destitute Boys	100	00
" Relief of poor Swedes and Norwegians in the city of New York, per the Rev. Mr. Hedstrom	273	20

To the distribution of Swedish Bibles and Testaments in New-York	200	00
" Brooklyn Orphan Asylum	250	00
" Relief of the Poor of Williamsburgh	100	00
" Relief of the Poor of Newark	100	00
" Relief of the Poor of Jersey City	100	00
" National Temperance Society	200	00
" Relief of the Poor at the Five Points, by the Temperance Association, Rev. Mr. Pease, President	200	00
" American Temperance Union	100	00
" St. George's Society	200	00
Total	$5,073	20

There was also another matter which formed an item in the "squaring up" of her New York accounts on that day. A paragraph had reached her, making mention of a Swedish sailor who had perished in endeavoring to save the lives of passengers on the wreck of a vessel. Jenny Lind had sent to the Swedish Consul to make inquiries whether he had left a family. His widow and children were found by Mr. Habicht, and Jenny had sent him five hundred dollars for their use. This was mentioned by the Consul to a lady, who mentioned it to us, and by this chance alone it becomes public.

But, while all these sufferers were receiving her bounty, and she was settling with Banks and Managers for the payments—what else was her life made up of, on that day?

It was half past nine in the morning, and three servants of the Hotel, and two of her own servants, had been ordered to guard her rooms till she could eat her breakfast. Well-dressed ladies cannot be stopped by men servants, in this country, however, and her drawing-room was already half full of visitors "on particular

business," who had crowded past, insisting on entrance. Most of them were applicants for charities, some for autographs, some to offer acquaintance, but none, of course, with the least claim whatever on her pocket or her time. A lady-friend, who was admitted by her servant, saw the onslaught of these intruders, as she rose from her breakfast,—(fatigued and dispirited as she always is after the effort and nervous excitement of a concert)—and this friend was not a little astonished at her humble and submissive endurance.

First came a person who had sent a musical box for her to look at, and, as she "had kept it," he wanted the money immediately. Jenny knew nothing of it, but the maid was called, who pointed to one which had been left mysteriously in the room, and the man was at liberty to take it away, but would not do it, of course, without remonstrance and argument. Then advanced the lady-beggars, who, in so many instances, have "put the screw to her" in the same way, that, without particularizing, we must describe them as a class. To such unexamined and unexpected applications, Miss Lind has usually offered twenty or thirty dollars, as the shortest way to be left to herself. In almost every instance, she has had this sum returned to her, with some reproachful and disparaging remark, such as—"We did not expect this pittance from *you!*" "We have been mistaken in your character, Madam, for we had heard you were generous!" "This, from Miss Lind, is too little to accept, and not worthy of you!" "Excuse us, we came for a donation, not for alms!"—these and similar speeches, of which, we are assured, Jenny Lind has had one or more specimens,

every day of her visit to New York! With one or two such visitors, on the morning we speak of, were mingled applicants for musical employment; passionate female admirers who had come to express their raptures to her; a dozen ladies with albums; one or two with things they had worked for her, for which, by unmistakable tokens, they expected diamond rings in return; one who had come indignantly to know why a note containing a poem had not been answered; and constant messages, meantime, from those who had professional and other authorized errands requiring answers. Letters and notes came in at the rate of one every other minute.

This sort of "audience" lasted, at Miss Lind's rooms, *all day*. To use her own expression, she was "torn in pieces"—and it was by those whom nothing would keep out. A police force would have protected her, but, while she habitually declined the calls and attentions of fashionable society, she was in constant dread of driving more humble claimants from her door. She submitted, *every day*, to the visits of strangers, as far as strength, and her professional duties, would any way endure—but, as her stay in a place drew to a close, the pressure became so pertinacious and overwhelming as to exceed what may be borne by human powers of attention, human spirits and human nerves. Her imperfect acquaintance with our language, of course, very materially increased the fatigue—few people speaking simply and distinctly enough for a foreigner, and, the annoyance of answering half-understood remarks from strangers, or of requesting from them a repetition of a question, being a

nervous exercise, for six or eight hours together, which the reader will easily allow to be "trying."

But—though we have thus explained how there were excuse enough for ever so monosyllabic a reception of introductions, by Jenny Lind, that evening—our own impression of her address and manners was very different from that of the gay Baron. Let us tell, in turn, what *we* saw, though our discourse is getting long, and though our rule is never to put private society into print except as hominy comes to market—the kernel of the matter, with no clue to the stalk that bore it, or the *field* in which it grew.

The party was at a most lovely villa, ten miles from town, on the bank of the Hudson, and the invitations were to an "At Home, at five P. M." We were somewhat late, and were told, on reaching the drawing-room, that Jenny Lind had just danced in a quadrille, and was receiving introductions in a deep alcove of one of the many apartments opening from the hall. The band was playing delightfully in a central passage from which the principal rooms radiated; and, while the dance was still going on beyond, and the guests were rambling about in the labyrinths of apartments crowded with statuary, pictures, and exotic trees laden with fruits and flowers, there was a smaller crowd, continually renewed, at the entrance of the alcove which caged the beloved Nightingale.

Succeeding, after a while, in getting near her, we found her seated in lively conversation with a circle of young ladies, and, (to balance M. de Trobriand's account of her monosyllabic incommunicativeness,) we may ven-

ture to add that she received us with a merry inquiry as to which world we came from. This was *apropos* of the "spirit-knockings" which we had accompanied her to visit a few days before, and a remark of her own, a moment or two after, was characteristic enough to be also worth recording. We had made a call on the same "Spirits" since, and proceeded to tell her of the interview and of a question we asked them concerning herself —her love of fun, and ready wit, commenting with droll interruptions as the narrative went on. We named the question at last:—"Has Jenny Lind any special talent which she would have developed but for the chance possession of a remarkable voice; and if so, what is it?"

"And the spirit said it was making frocks for poor little children, I suppose," was her immediate anticipation of the reply—uttered with an expression of arch earnestness, which confirmed us in the opinion we have gradually formed, that the love of the comic and joyous is the leading quality in her temperament.

Miss Lind complained repeatedly of great exhaustion and fatigue, during the evening, and, (as a lady remarked who had seen her frequently in private,) looked "as if she could hardly sustain herself upon her feet." During the time that we remained near her, there were constant introductions, and she was constantly conversing freely —though, of course, when three or four were listening at a time, there must have been some who received only "monosyllables" of reply. We noticed one thing, however, which we had noticed before, and which we safely record as a peculiarity of Miss Lind's—perhaps the one which has jarred upon the Parisian percep-

tions of our courtly friend. She is a resolute non-conformist to the flattering deceptions of polite society. She bandies no compliments. If a remark is made which has no rebound to it, she drops it with a "monosyllable," and without gracing its downfall with an insincere smile. She affects no interest which she does not feel—puts an abrupt end to a conversation which could only be sustained by mutual pretence of something to say—differs suddenly and uncompromisingly when her sense of truth prompts her so to do—repels, (instead of even listening silently to,) complimentary speeches—in fact is, at all times, so courageously and pertinaciously honest and simple, that "society," as carried on in "the first circles," is no atmosphere for her. If she were an angel in disguise, on a mission to this world, (which we are by no means sure she is not,) we should expect the elegant M. de Trobriand—*l'homme comme il faut*, belonging to a Court of Exiled Royalty—to describe her precisely as he does.

But our friend has written one more sentence, against which we must put a *tableau en vis-a-vis*. He says:—"Her celebrity would not have been what it is, very certainly, if her singing had ever produced as much disappointment as her personal appearance." Let us conclude this very long discourse, (which we hope our friends have Niblo-fied with a "half hour for refreshment" at some convenient betweenity,) with a picture of Jenny Lind, as we saw her, a few minutes before she took leave, on the evening of the party:—

The dancing and drawing-rooms were deserted, and the company were at supper. Miss Lind, too tired to

stand up with the crowd, had been waited on by one of the gentlemen of the family, and now sat, in one of the deep alcoves of the saloon farthest removed from the gay scene, with one of the trelliced windows, which look out upon the park, forming a background to her figure. We sought her to make our adieux, presuming we should not see her again before her departure for the South, and chance presented her to our eye with a combination of effect that we shall remember, certainly, till the dawn of another life throws a twilight over this. An intimate friend, with kind attentiveness, was rather preserving her from interruption than talking with her, and she sat in a posture of careless and graceful repose, with her head wearily bent on one side, her eyes drooped, and her hands crossed before her in the characteristic habit which has been seized by the painters who have drawn her. There was an expression of dismissed care replaced by a kind of child-like and innocent sadness, that struck us as inexpressibly sweet—which we mentally treasured away, at the time, as another of the phases of excessive beauty of which that strong face is capable—and, as we looked at her, there suddenly appeared, through the window behind, half concealed by her shoulder, the golden edge of the just risen moon. It crept to her cheek, before she had changed the attitude in which she indolently listened to her friend, and, for a moment, the tableau was complete, (to our own eye as we stood motionless)—of a drooping head pillowed on the still bosom of the Queen of Night. It was so startling, and at the same time so apt and so consistent, that, for an instant, it confused our thoughts, as the wonders of fairy transi-

tions confuse realities in the perceptions of a child—but the taking of a step forward disturbed the tableau, and we could, then, only call her own attention and that of one or two gentlemen who had come up, to the bright orb lifting behind her. The moment after, she had said good-night, and was gone—little dreaming, in her weary brain, that she had been made part, by Nature, at one of the fatigued instants just past, in a picture—than which an angel, thoughtfully reposing in heaven, could scarce have been more beautiful!

Parts of the foregoing, of course, we should never have unlocked from our casket of memories, but as a counterbalance to different impressions of the same admired object, recorded by a pen we are fond of. There is another purpose that portions of the article may serve, however—the making the Public aware how pretended charity-seekers, and intrusive visitors, persecute and weary the noble creature who is now sojourning in the country, and the showing through how much difficulty and hindrance she accomplishes her work. We would aid, if we could, in having her rightly understood while she is among us. N. P. W.

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We say to our readers get the book. Use it as a family volume, and let the young especially study and understand it. Every Churchman—ay, every one who desires to know what the Church is, should have one.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

It will be found a work of an interesting and useful character for those who are inquiring into the peculiar claims and characteristics of the Episcopal Church. It is compiled in a Christian and excellent temper.

From the Protestant Episcopalian—by late Rev. J. W. James.

Church people, and inquirers about our Zion, if they take this book and steadily peruse it, will find themselves frequently saying, "this is the very thing we wanted." To embrace all these subjects in a book of its size, it was necessary to study condensation and brevity; the author has done this and more: he has not indulged himself in spinning theories, in rounding sentences; but has evidently designed to explain and to instruct.

It may be safely and profitably put into the hands of any whose hearts are just becoming sensible of religious duties. We should be very much pleased if we could present a copy to every acquaintance we have.

From the Charleston Gospel Messenger.

Among the many excellent books, which leave all without excuse who choose to continue in ignorance of our Church, we know of none more likely than this, to answer the end designed by its author, of giving "some such compendious views of the doctrines, ministry, and worship of the Church" as may be "put into the hands of those who have neither time nor inclination to read voluminous works, that they may see at once what the Church has taught on these subjects." To such persons, and indeed to every one who would meet with the truth well expressed, and in few words, this manual may be warmly commended.

THE HISTORY

OF A

POCKET PRAYER BOOK,

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

BY THE

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RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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From the Banner of the Cross—by Bp. Doane, under the name of "A Country Parson."

In taking up this little volume, after several editions, now greatly enlarged and materially improved, we seem to be looking into the face of a dear old friend. We set out with him again on his eventful journey, in all confidence that he will bring us out at the right place, and well satisfied that if the road be longer than it was, we shall only have so much more of his pleasant and instructive company. We really do not know a little volume so well fitted to go out with our missionaries into "the new countries," or to follow the faithful pastor in his daily round in any of our established parishes, urban or rural; and for young people—we have tried it on our own—it is scarcely less interesting, and a sight more profitable than Robinson Crusoe. It is a striking peculiarity, and a strong recommendation of this little volume, that though woven together with a thin, a graceful thread of fiction, the staple is all facts—the characters, those of the author's acquaintances, parishioners and friends, and the incidents mostly such as have really occurred in his own eventful pilgrimage. Such we know to have been, among many others, "the Union Church" and "the Lay reading," the visits to the Oneida Indians, first in the State of New York, and then at Green Bay, and the conversation with the good lady, who did not think she had such a naughty thing in her house as a book written by a Churchman, when nearly all the volumes in her library were such. The case of the Congregational minister, who found the Prayer Book "just the thing" to furnish his extempore prayers, is familiar to all who have read Dr. Chandler's interesting life of Dr. Johnson. To all who know any thing of our domestic missions, the names of Davenport, Phelps, and "Father Nash" will be as "household words." And many a time and oft have we sat delighted at the feet of that venerated mother in Israel, now with God, whose Saturday school (still flourishing in kindred hands and a kindred heart,) forms the charm of the fifteenth chapter. The author has enjoyed singular opportunities of acquaintance with the Church in all places and under

all vicissitudes, and possesses a happy talent for relating what he has seen and turning it to good account. Simplicity, earnestness and devotion are blended in his little book with good taste and sound practical sense. To many it will be instructive, interesting to all. It deserves the widest circulation, and wherever it goes, will subserve the best interests of truth and piety.

From the North American and Gazette, July 29, 1850.

Dr. Dorr's Works.—An accident has delayed our notice of the two well known works by the Rev. Dr. Dorr,—*The Churchman's Manual*, and *The History of a Pocket Prayer Book*,—of both which, revised and enlarged by the author, a third edition has been recently issued by the publisher, Robert E. Peterson, Fifth and Arch streets. These books, which carry with them the strongest commendations of Bishop Doane, and the warm advocacy of various religious periodicals of high character, have attained to great popularity, and very large numbers of them have been, and continue to be sold. They are, indeed, beautiful and attractive little works, which cannot but long maintain their hold upon the public favor.

From the Banner of the Cross.

We are happy to welcome a third edition, in such attractive form, of a book which has done so much good by extending a truer sense of the great worth and excellence of the Prayer Book. We have seldom known a happier instance of the use which may be made of a sober imagination, in adding attraction and interest to plain truth.

THE PRINCIPAL PROPHECIES AND TYPES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT,

WITH THEIR FULFILMENT; ARRANGED IN THE VERY WORDS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN DORR, D. D.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

"The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of Prophecy."—Rev. xix. 10.

From The Banner of the Cross.

The Author of this little Work seems to have the happy faculty, no mean one, of giving us just such books as we want for the Church's use. He does not seem to be moved by the mere love of Authorship, that worst form of self-love, but he bestows his labor upon a work to meet some want in the Church. Every teacher must have felt the need of some assistant in this department of Biblical instruction. We speak now of those plainer Prophecies whose fulfillment is a clear exposition of their meaning. Herein, the

Word of God must be "its own interpreter." And in this just view it is presented by the Author of his little Work. The Principal Prophecies and Types are given in one column, and then in another their fulfilment is presented in the language of the inspired Writers. This best of expositions is not diluted or confused with needless comment or labored disquisitions. The Teacher, with very little trouble, can add all that is necessary, such as the time elapsing between the Prophecy and its fulfillment, &c. The Book is addressed "to the Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools and Bible Classes." It is in a form and of a size well suited to its design.—This may be most properly expressed by the Author in the following brief "Preface."

The design of this work is to store the minds of the young with the principal texts of the Old Testament which relate to the coming and offices of our Redeemer, together with such passages of the New Testament as show their fulfilment. It was prepared for the Sunday Schools and Bible Classes connected with the parish under the author's charge. The manner of using it has been to give out as many verses as could be conveniently committed to memory at one time, and make these the subject of instruction and examination by the teachers in their respective classes. The same lesson is repeated each Sunday in the month; and on the last Sunday afternoon, when the children are catechized by the Rector, "openly in the church," they are questioned on the lesson of the preceding Sundays, and such explanations and illustrations are given, as time will permit, or as the subject may require.

After many years trial of this mode of Biblical instruction, connected with the catechising of the young in the presence of the congregation, the author has found it highly beneficial in his own parish, and he doubts not that most parochial ministers would find it equally useful in theirs.

He indulges the hope, at least, that this arrangement of the Prophecies and Types, relative to the Messiah, will be a help to Teachers in their endeavours to lead the lambs of Christ's fold to those good pastures and those well-springs of salvation, where they may be so nourished up in all virtue and godliness, that, "when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, they may receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Philadelphia, June 22, 1850.

From the Christian Observer.

This a very convenient manual for the aid of Sunday School teachers and pupils, in acquiring a knowledge of the prophetical and typical portions of Scripture, which have been fulfilled.

From the Christian Chronicle, July 31, 1850.

THE PRINCIPAL PROPHECIES AND TYPES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, WITH THEIR FULFILLMENT.—This is a small cheap book of about 75 pages, got up for the use of Sunday Schools by Dr. Benjamin Dorr, of this city. It will throw much light on many obscure passages, and will be found exceedingly valuable to the pupils of Sabbath Schools.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

A MEMOIR OF MRS. SHERMAN,

OF SURREY CHAPEL, LONDON.

EDITED BY HER HUSBAND, THE REV. JAMES SHERMAN,

PASTOR OF SURREY CHAPEL.

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This work is admitted by all who have read it to be the best biography ever written; the following are a few of its many recommendations:

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This is an interesting memoir of a Christian lady, whose life was a bright illustration of the hallowed influences of the gospel in the culture and development of all that is lovely and of good report in female character. In the words of the Christian Witness —It is "one of the most tender, beautiful, instructive, and edifying narratives, that for a long time has come under our notice."

From the Episcopal Recorder.

Few Christians will rise from the perusal of this interesting portrait of a Pastor's Wife without uttering the wish that such mothers in Israel were increased a thousand fold.

From the Presbyterian.

Her well sustained spirit in affliction and her triumph in death, illustrates the genuineness of the religious principles which were the main-spring of all her actions. We can commend the memoir as possessing more than usual interest, and as having intrinsic claims to the popularity it has already received.

From the New York Evangelist.

There is much instruction to be derived from the volume, and much powerful incentive to faith and religious zeal. Mrs. S. visited Gräfenberg and the water cure establishment there; and the record of her journeys and experience is very ably made and remarkably interesting. We can commend the work to Christian women as highly suggestive, pleasing and profitable.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

It contains a memoir of Mrs. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, by her husband, and is said to form one of the most tender, beautiful, instructive and edifying narratives that ever appeared from the press. It indicates and displays all the virtues and graces of the Christian character.

From the New York Literary World.

It exhibits a career of activity in the duties connected with an English Dissenting Chapel, and is varied by a tour on the Continent through Germany in search of health, with a residence at Gräfenberg. The details of the latter establishment, with Priesnitz at its head, with the traveling incidents in Prussia, are of considerable interest; a representation of the Continent from a point of view not taken by ordinary tourists.

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES

AND SOME PARTS OF

GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

By Rev. JOHN PYE SMITH, D. D., L. L. D., F. R. S., & F. G. S., Divinity Tutor in the Protestant Dissenting College at Homerton, Member of the Philological, Ethnological, Microscopical, and Palæontological Societies; and Honorary Member of the Natural History Society of Devon and Cornwall, and of the Washington, U. S. National Institute for the Promotion of Science: from the fourth London edition, greatly enlarged.

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Devoted to the truths of Revelation no less than to those of science, and regarding them both as proceeding from the same Divine source, he (the Author) will allow of no compromise, distortion or subterfuge, with respect to either.—*Annals and Magazine of Natural History.*

It places the justly esteemed author in the very first rank of scientific and philosophical theologians, and has already procured the enrolment of his name among the members of two of the most learned societies in Great Britain.—*Lancaster Guardian.*

From the Charleston Medical Journal and Review, Vol. 5, May 1850, No. 3, page 341.—Foot-note to Letter to the Rev. J. Bachman, D. D., on the Question of Hybridity in Animals considered in reference to the Unity of the Human Species. By Samuel George Morton, M. D., Penna. and Edinb.—I regard this (Relation between Scripture and Geology, by the Rev. J. Pye Smith, L. L. D., 4th edition,) among the most instructive volumes that has issued from the press since the revival of letters, and for this reason—that it

constitutes a link between Religion and Natural Science—studies which have hitherto been as isolated as if they were incompatible with each other.

From the North American and Gazette.

This is a work of such established character, and it has obtained so much favor and popularity with the religious reading public that it would seem superfluous to add to its praise. We may repeat, however, the opinion of a friend, a scientific gentleman, of this city, of the highest European as well as American reputation, who says of Dr. S.'s book that it is "one of the most instructive volumes that has issued from the press since the revival of letters." Mr. Peterson's edition is a handsome one, with clear, large type, and it is reprinted from the fourth London edition, greatly enlarged.

From the Christian Observer.

"Geology has claims upon the regard of all enlightened and pious minds." The truth of this remark, uttered by the author of the standard work before us, in advance of the science of the age, many years since, is at length generally admitted. And we are gratified to see a new, handsome and enlarged edition of his valuable work, to advocate these claims, before the Christian public in this country. The enterprising publisher has issued a new edition of it in handsome style, which will no doubt be rewarded by the liberal patronage of the public.

From the Banner of the Cross.

Dr. Pye Smith, who is "Divinity Tutor in the Protestant Dissenting College of Homerton," holds a high rank both as a Theologian and Scientific scholar. The subject of his work is an important one at the present time, when Geological Science attracts so much attention, and when its results are sometimes arrayed against the teachings of revelation. Against this evil this work, by an author who holds to "the certain and infallible truth of all that is taught in the Holy Scriptures, when taken in its own genuine sense," will prove a useful safeguard. It also presents, in an agreeable and popular form, a good view of the discoveries in Geological Science, a subject on which it is the duty of Christians to inform themselves in order that advantage may not be taken of their ignorance.

From the Presbyterian.

We are very well pleased to see the reprint of this well known work, now in its fourth edition abroad; for although the learned author has pushed his speculations beyond our views of fact, he has a profound reverence for divine revelation, and maintains that geology attests the truth of the divine word. His works are therefore worthy of being studied by those who are desirous of pursuing inquiry in the regions of speculation with a safe guide.

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The only Cook Book worthy of a Housekeeper's perusal.—*Graham's Mag.*

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From Graham's Magazine.

This is, on all sides, admitted to be the very best of the many cook books that have been issued by the press of late years. The editor, be she whom she may, understands the art of preparing a delicious meal, of any material, it seems, and our taste has passed favorable judgment upon a fruit cake of most inviting look, and of quality the best. A lady in whose judgment we have the most unbounded confidence, pronounces this "the only cook book worthy of a housekeeper's perusal."

Next to the intellectual feast, which is spread before the readers of Graham each month, we suppose, will come a snug breakfast, a glorious good dinner, or a cozy palate-inviting supper of birds, with mushrooms. Now, without Peterson's Cook Book, the meal cannot be perfection. Of this we feel convinced.

From the Saturday Evening Post, July 6, 1850.

THE NATIONAL COOK BOOK, by a Lady of Philadelphia, a Practical Housewife. Published by Robert E. Peterson, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Here is a book that we can confidently recommend to our lady readers as one that will give great satisfaction—as our female acquaintances who have examined into its merits, speak of it in the very highest terms. It is not, as so many of the receipt books are, filled with receipts that are entirely useless to nine-tenths of the American housekeepers; but is a book calculated for the American *taste*, and plain but substantial and generous mode of living. Great care has been used in the wording of the receipts; so that they may neither be too diffuse, nor too concise.

The receipts for the sick room, some sixty in number, have been prepared according to the directions of eminent physicians of this city, and are an exceedingly valuable portion of the book.

The book itself is got up in a plain, substantial, serviceable style, calculated for use rather than ornament—and we predict will soon become, in fact as well as in name, the *National* Cook Book.

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